



















"Therefore I entertain him to beer-ceremony at saloon of Hon. Strunsky, Irish patriot"

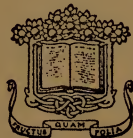
# Letters of A Japanese Schoolboy

(*"Hashimura Togo"*)

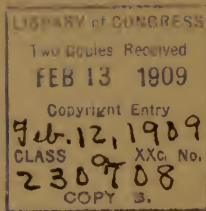
BY  
WALLACE IRWIN

Author of "The Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum," "Shame of the  
Colleges," "Nautical Lays of a Landsman," etc.

Illustrated by Rollin Kirby



New York  
Doubleday, Page & Company  
1909



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PUBLISHED, FEBRUARY, 1909





“Sometimes I sit and wonder in my artless  
Japanese way”

— *The Mikado*





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## CHARACTERS CAST UP BY THIS BOOK

HASHIMURA TOGO — 35-year aged Japanese Schoolboy.

COUSIN NOGI — educated in horseracing & relidgeon.

ARTHUR KICKAHAJAMA — missionary boy.

HON. STRUNSKY — Irish salooner.

UNCLE NICHİ — Japanese strawseed who come to America to be less so.

MRS. LUSY MACDONALD — complete angel of 286 pounds beauty.

LITTLE ANNIE ANAZUMA — of kindergarten intelligence.

I. ANAZUMA — Japanese shave-proprietor.

J. FURO — who is dead.

G. W. McCANN — prominent drunk.

SYDNEY KATSU, JR. — who go Harvard study mollycuddling.

MISS ALICE FURIOKI — wife to Cousin Nogi.

MISS EVELYN SUKI — dear friend & more even.

FRANK the Japanned Bootpolish.

S. WANDA — Japanese Socialist.

WHANG SO — China boy of sinful profile.

H. SUNIGAWA — Talented Japanese Spy.

UNKNOWN JAPANESE—who call himself “Charley Smith” to get job in a bank.

Sorted persons, doctors & druggers, Bunkio Saguchi, riots, baseballers, frequent wise Professors, Hon. Niggers, delegates who walk for the unions, editors, Napoleon Bonyparte & his Brother Charley, Hon. Police & other famous Americans to include my dog O-Fido.



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Letters of a Japanese Schoolboy



# Letters of A Japanese Schoolboy

## I

OUR NOBLE ALLIES

SAN FRANCISCO, November 4th.

*To Esteemed Excellency the Editor of what is  
much widely read New York newspaper.*

DEAR SIR — I am a Japanese Schoolboy age 35 years & I come to this Free Country for some following reason:

1. To save up money for old age.
2. To learn so much I can.
3. To wait on table 14 hours Daily at Boarding house of Mrs. C. W. O'Brien, honourable lady.

I am not doing so to-day as I am Confined in hospital enjoying much pain from brick-bat wound sent to me by one American Patriot. Also I am not attending school for some time.

If your Highness will permit such correspondence I will ask some Question which I will

answer myself so as to save too much trouble for your valuable time. Thank you.

Some frequent Professors are asking the question now: Will White Man and Yellow Man ever mix? I answer Yes because I have knowledge of the affair. They mix once in San Francisco, they mix once in Vancouver. But such mixing is not good-healthy for the human race because it make broken glass, pistol-shot, outcry, militia and many other disagreeable noises. Japanese gentleman mix races with jiu jitsu, Irish gentleman with gas-pipe. Those are both good ways to know.

I have heartfelt feel for American gentleman because my Teacher tell me America and Japan are Noble Allies. Are we not this? Hon. Marquis Wm. Taft arrive to Tokyo to say these truth. He state to Admiral Togo, "We are Noble Allies," and Admiral Togo response, "If we shall not be Noble Allies we shall be Noble Liars." Tokyo is so happy that Rising Sun make tear-drop falling on star-stripe banner. Banzai!

Excuse bad penmanship as Right Hand was wounded by brick-bat from one Noble Ally name Casey. Bottles was also used on head which were unfortunate.

So happy Japanese! Japan has most Noble Allies than any other country. France, England, these dear Uniteds State, Germany, Australia,

Switzerland, Spain, Portugal are all to fight in our behaviour. Also Corea. The most strongest of our Allies must, therefore, be England who gives day-and-night thought to making all Japanese comfortable. London newspaper weep for shame when San Francisco labour man drop building material on head of Japanese gentleman. London newspapers arrange their editorial full with considerable pity. Yes, please. England man loves Japanese man with much distinction because both are brothers by germ, are they not? Also affinities.

My cousin Nogi become recently absentee from San Francisco because he might reside away from the brick-bats. He went to inhabit in British Columbia at Vancouver to work in the Kakemono Barber Shop under the so glorious British banner. This is protection for all weak persons. I am therefore much more ill in my sick hand when I read this telegraph from my cousin Nogi.

*To Hashimura Togo, San Francisco:*

Welcome to Canada by Noble Allies. Three killed, seven wounded. All well. Please send shot gun.

Nogi.

I think so continuously concerning my cousin enjoying trouble from that cordial Great Britain that I am about to make hara-kiri by swallowing bottle of hospital-medicine; but I relieve my death

more easily by making the following poetical thought which I mailed to the King of England who lives in London:

*ADDRESS TO MR. EDWARD, EMPEROR OF THE  
BRITISH, WHO LIVES IN LONDON*

America man he strike for pay,  
Japanese work for a dollar a day.  
We like all much work can do —  
You like Jap boy work for you ?

Yes, sir, thank you, I come now:  
Plenty more Jap boy soon learn how.  
O so sorry no can stay —  
Yes, please, come again soon — good day!

London paper say, "Jap nice,  
Fight much, think much, eat much rice."  
England love us, so we heard —  
What for Canada say bad word ?

Yes, sir, thank you, one good graft;  
Little Brown Brother, Big Bill Taft.  
O so happy come round quick —  
What for Canada throw Big Stick ?

We sweep kitchen, scrub out pan,  
Learn speak English soon we can.  
We be good boy, so polite,  
Trot all daytime, think all night.

Yes, sir, thank you, too much fuss.  
We like Canada — you like us ?  
O so sorry must go way —  
Yes, please — come again soon some day!

I am still awaiting Answer to this poetical thought which must be there somewhere in English postoffice soon.

Why do Japanese Boy come to this country is requested for reply from almost every white mind of prominence. I will answer with several reason from my own vocabulary:

1. To learn religion, Bookkeeping & Stenography.
2. To cement that Friendship of nations and keep grocery store.
3. To attend horse-racing contests.
4. To learn American Manners
5. To study Customs, Murders, Art, Science, & Humoristic Literature from sunday papers.
6. To go back to Japan.

Perhaps you read in newspaper sometime rather recently about a warfare which we enjoyed with our Honourable Ally Russia which we cause to love us with a bayonet. Your Emperor, Mr. Roosevelt, then taught us how the peace may be manufactured and we have done so ever since. If you did not read of this in papers I will send you clippings from the *Shimbun* of Tokyo. We are sending the glad hand of fellowship around to all white persons, but I can not do so this week because the brick-bat wound I said to you about is in my right wrist.



Before enjoying that painful collision I spoke something with Hon. Strunsky, the Delegate who Walks for the Unions. Some of my countrymen has seen Hon. Strunsky Walk, but he has been Setting down on them occasions seen by me. I went there with ceremony before Mr. Strunsky at his saloon, because he is Irish and makes angry sudden.

"Please," I enquiry, "let Japanese Boy to plumbing union. I am able to plumb with intelligence."

"You make me tired," he retorted back.

"Esteemed sir, if you are exhausting yourself with fatigue let Japanese Boy have your job. My cousin is ambitious for such a situation."

"Beat it!" response Hon. Strunsky.

I could not assimilate that word he said it.

"What should he beat?" was question for me.

"You beat yourself around block — skiddoo!" explained honourable Delegate gentleman.

When he was explaining these things in war-cry voice so all could understand Mr. Carbonetti, an American gentleman, struck me on the wrist with a small piece of House which was not then built. I spoke "Banzai!" and Mr. I. Rogo, proprietor of the Rising Sun Coffee House, came with leaps and make jiu jitsu upon Mr. Carbonetti while O. Takura, my cousin's grandfather, stopped Mr.



Strunsky's speeches with some kindling-wood.  
 Soon there was rain of brick-bats from sky and  
 Japanese Boys present much regretted they did  
 not wear any umbrella.

That is some ways it happened.

Was it then wise for the Delegate who Walks  
 for the Unions to say so? For was he not often  
 remarking there was no place for Japanese  
 gentleman in the American business? He does  
 not know the statistick like the Japanese states-  
 man may tell him. What does Ichipanorama,  
 Walt Whitman of Fuji, say so?

The Visible Universe was never so full of men, Monkeys,  
 Furniture, Noise, Literature, Diseases,  
 That there was not a Place somewhere, either in the hall  
 bedroom, or in the kitchen, or in the cellar under the kitchen,  
 Or in the ice-box under the stairs  
 For the Good,

the Beautiful

and the True.

Gotama Buddha, or the Janitor, or Somebody else makes  
 room for the Humble Deserving

And even a Parrot

May be allowed in the Apartment House.

Does a Rich Man refuse to take gold because it is yellow?

Does a Cook refuse to boil potatoes because they are brown?

Does a Car Conductor refuse to take on another Passenger  
 because of race, colour or previous condition of servitude?

He does not, neither do they.

Man leapeth from land to land even as the flea from dog to  
 dog.

It is so enrolled upon tablets of porcelain and ivory.

This is not exactly how Ichipanorama says how, but something like so. America has room for all. The Irish gentleman to hold the great public offices, the Jewish gentleman to attend to the drama and the clothing store, the Italian gentleman to be the merchants with the fruit, the German gentleman to attend to the large sausage interests of the country. The Japanese gentleman, then, what does he require in this so great commonwealth? Sometimes something, sometimes something different. To nail the shoe, to write the books, to work in the gymnasium, to run the banks, to peel potatoes, to govern the states. Anywhere you require his usefulness he will be so happy to be there.

Hoping your Highness understands plainly to know how I think these things here, and love to all.

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.

## II

### THE HONOURABLE WAR CLOUD

SAN FRANCISCO, November 16th.

*To Editor of New York newspaper, enlightened  
printer who manufacture Truth for all thought-  
ful Person:*

DEAR SIR — I so happy, thank you, esteemed Mr., for you listen to how I say so in my last letter. Therefore I am much obliged to you for several more intelligent Question which I will ask you what is.

During my residence in Hospital to enjoy brick-bat wound sent there by Labouring Union, I give some large quantities of thought-attention to future life. What business would be swiftest for making success of it? Waiting on table-board of Mrs. O'Brien, honourable lady, is repulsive to proud Japanese Boy any more do. Which would be better for me: To learn to be Christian Missionary or to study for bookkeeping and stenography? Both ways lead to good jobs.

My cousin Nogi, who return from British Columbia leaving front teeth with English friends there, say, "Missionary jobs are no longer needed

for Japan, because our dear country already have rapid-fire fleet and stand-up army sufficient to make all Japanese Christians."

"What date is arrange for this Japan-America war to be shot off?" I ask for answer.

"Not yet but when!" response this Nogi 'making eyewink, American salute.

"In such a warfare which kingdom would beat it?" is next question for me.

"Frequently one and then some," collapse Nogi, who think as I do.

Therefore I still ask to know. Hon. Mr. Sir, could you so courteously remind Japanese Boy of exact date for such warfare? If there is any announcement in your press of this battle would you send me clipping, address Hospital? Such an answer would be delightful to know for all-coloured races. Political man, labour-union man, newspaper-press all have brain-ache questioning, When. You will permit me, please, to speak how I think so?

Japan-America war is impossible to happen! Banzai! All should be so happy in Hon. Carnegie talking-library at Hague. Philippine Island must be taken by Japan on mortgage or some other peaceable conquest. Perhaps American Congress will consider this nice birthday present to Emperor of Japan.

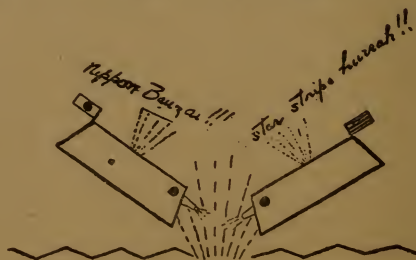
How I make this knowledge? Because so. Japan could never secure these United States entirely for Japanese Government. I. Anazuma, Japanese barber, tell me how Mr. Kuroki might not capture New York from such great distance of San Francisco. And what must Japan do with New York when captured? That is hard question for Japanese Boy.

While residing in Hospital bed my cousin Nogi come to me bringing donation of banana-fruit for lunching. These fruit come as package enwrapped in American newspaper-press. I am thankful for lunch, but more so thankful for reading-news on enwrapping. The information tell me nervously that fleet of ships commanded by Hon. Pres. Roosevelt will go around to the Pacific ocean by the Cape of Horn, avoiding Panama canal which is less done. Must Japan shoot American ship for going to Pacific ocean? This is question for editor. I answer, No, please! Pacific ocean still have too much water for Japan to cover with torpedo boats. Thank you, America fleet may call at San Francisco, San Diego, Seattle without angry rage from Tokyo government which is busy civilizing Corea. Hon. Mr. Roosevelt is welcome to travel.

Howeverly is, some sinful thoughts come to Japanese Boy. Is not some excitement interest-



ing to all-coloured races? It would be fine engagement for Japan-America navies to come together sometime for slight shooting-scraps, because both have enjoyed very pleasant target-practice. America navy recently use boat of Hon. Adm. Cervera for excellent bull's eye. Japanese navy practice, still more recently, on fleet of Hon. Mr. Rodjestvensky in which practice Japan gunners score 97 out of possible 100 hits. Yet it are not good-healthy for 2 such equal navies to meet in angry rage, because they might be bursted by following brutal diagram:



Mr. Editor I am Samurai, like all other Japanese Boys. When sick hand is well I am good for all fights. My friend, Arthur Kickahajama, missionary boy, is exceptional to this rule saying man-strangling and dynamite explosion to be bad for human race. He teach meek-eye as best disease for strong-arm. He come to Hospital and hold my sick hand to say,

“Togo, when union labour drop brick-bat upon Japanese Boy, what then?”

“Hara-kiri!” I explain. “Japanese Boy deliver jiu jitsu upon eye of Mr. Casey.”

“So heathen thought!” devote Arthur. “When brick-bat smite left cheek, right cheek is then presentable for more.”

To such talk I am only able to speak of rats. Arthur forgive such politeness and read me poetical thought, because sickness prevent escape:

*ADDRESS TO PEACE DOVE WHAT RESIDE IN  
HATS OF ALL EMPERORS*

Tell us to know, feeble sparrow-bird of quiet politics,  
Why is?

Yes, you are equally white as snow, and yet snow frequently  
catches it from gunpowder.

What has occurred to your appearance?

What has become of thy tail-feathers, wing-feathers, pin-  
feathers?

Where is the hair upon thy back and also

Where has thy left eye went?

Tell us to know, gentle chickadee of disarmed nations,

Why is thy matinee music-song

So heartlus and without feet?

Like the melody of hand-saws playing upon rusty nail, like a  
leak in a bagpipe or like

A widowed ostrich pining alone with bronchitis of the throat!

Hast thou a message for the world to know?

Tell me, Arthur Kickahajama, missionary!

If so,

Tell us to know, gentle harbinger of harbour-defences,  
 Tell us ——  
 But Peace Dove, butting inwards upon poetical address  
 Of Arthur Kickahajama, missionary,  
 Makes peeking expression toward Holland with that one  
     remaining eyeball,  
 Makes pointing gesture toward Washington with the stump  
     of bit-off leg.  
 And response back to the Japanese poet as follows: "Croak!  
 "I will tell you to know, Arthur Kickahajama:  
 I have been delivered to Nations  
 Bearing label HANDLE WITHOUT CARE!  
 How can Pidgeon sail tranquil on smooth tail-feathers  
 When Great Peacemakers  
 Distribute him here and there shot-out-of-a-gun?  
 When, to go places, he is clubbed with swords, jabbed by  
     sceptres, batted by big sticks?  
 Is there no Society of Prevention for This?  
  
 "And yet I am here, Peace has arrived —  
 But of what use to mankind delivered in such a shopworn  
     condition?  
 Thank you for plaster-casts, thank you for limb-bandages,  
     eye-wash, salve,  
 Thank you for arnica-poultice, Brother Missionary!  
 Peace be with you —  
     Croak!"

Mr. Editor, your honourable country enjoys  
 many bad traits which are loathsome to Japanese.  
 You are disagreeable to old age, you neglect to  
 worship the holy relic. In the American house-  
 hold you worship the recent Baby with doctors,  
 nurses, chloroform, etc., and at the tooth-cut of



same all have spasms by joy. But when Grandparent injures the appendicitis he must enjoy it quietly in hospital with stationary to make will.

In boarding house of Mrs. O'Brien there is one young lady which all other eaters at the table-board call "Grandma" because of her immense age. All young gentlemen there talk humoristical anecdote, smile, eat candy with young ladies of more recent birth. While youthly ladies are doing this Miss Grandma set lonesome by lamplight reading Mrs. Humpty Ward book.

I have often noticed these when seated in kitchen studying American grammar. "Why should not Young Lady be object of pious regard because of great age?" I frequently enquire for answer.

One evening I put on frockaway coat and make call to Miss Grandma.

"Hon. young lady," I refer, "yes, ma'am, excuse me, sir! Would you tell one questioning to Japanese Boy?"

"Surely, Mister Togo," she response. "Whatever is?"

"Oftenly" I relate, "I am attractive to your honourable notice setting lonesome under lamp-light. May I call sometime for lonesome company?"

"You are kind gentleman, Mister Togo,"

she beseech. "Yes, you can come often for lonesome call."

"Thank you, sir," I say, "you are regardless. I come so often kitchen duties prevent it."

She give me smiling expression peculiar to American lady of any oldness.

"Tell me this answer," she inquisitive softly. "What qualities in myself make you such admiration?"

"I admire you because of Japanese," I response. "For in Japan we are taught to reverence the Old Age."

She throw Humply Ward book to me, then strike me with lamp-light. Fire extinguished by means of Persian rug I retire to kitchen to make my soul enquire about things.

Hoping your Highness may place this thoughts on printing-press without danger, and love to family and friends.

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.

S. P. — I am taking lessons in harmonica playing of which Hospital nurse Flynn is Prof. He teach me national hymn of Hon. Geo. M. Cohen entitled "The Rag Which We Revere." Your Constitution must feel very nervous following that Cohen Flag!

H. T.

### III

#### THE YELLOW PERIL

SAN FRANCISCO, November 22d.

*To New York newspaper management and such  
as are doing it there.*

DEAR PRINTER — I am enjoying great poverty from employment which is missing this week, thank you.

This conversation for you to listen:

“Mr. Togo, goodbye, and be prompt in doing so!” That spoken with screeches by Mrs. C. W. O’Brien, honourable lady.

“Sweet-hearted Mrs. Madam,” I resume to her, “why you neglect to allow Japanese Boy any more wait on table-board at your establishment?”

“Because this,” she demand, “lazy stupor of brain unfit Japanese Boy for such jobs. During three weeks of time you remain in hospital to enjoy pain. You think of book study more than delivering soup to my table-eaters. Some others must carry coffee-dish for this employment. Therefore exit from these house!”

“Thank you to know, Hon. Mrs.,” I report,

“what person shall obtain job when I have went from here?”

“One China boy I have got him more intelligent as you for half price to do it,” she refer.

I see plain truth to this. Looking to kitchen I observe Whang So, one China boy of sinful profile. I make race-riot inside of me, but peace-treaty outside.

“Honourable Mrs. O’Brien,” I say with smiling expression, “good day, so sorry, thank you so much!” Then I make quick-step to sidewalk and trot-step to establishment of Jigo Furo, Japanese hardware.

“Thank you for something durable to handle,” I say to this Jigo Furo.

“This stove-poker is recommended for all use,” he response. It surely was truthful. I take it away for call on Mr. Whang So, China boy of sinful profile. He come to door of Mrs. C. W. O’Brien when asked for.

“Whang So, Chinese puppy-cat, wherefore you have national characteristics of one potato?” I relapse.

“You go way, no good!” he reserve with impolite expression of Oriental.

For reply I throw stove-poker to neck of Whang So, give him jiu jitsu to porch and tie him with abominable pig-tail to door knob of Mrs. C. W.

O'Brien where he may be found. This things I done to Whang So as race-riot to Chinese persons which is no good for America by following statistick:

1. They perform cleanly-washing infrequently.
2. They are back-hand in religion, reform, bookkeeping and stenography.
3. They teach poker game to Japanese Boy.
4. They are a Yellow Peril.

I have given some brain-study to this Yellow Peril to make sure it is a bad blessing for these Uniteds State. It is. But should we Americans of all-colour enjoy fear of such? Answer is, No! Coreans, Chinese, & Hindus is Yellow Peril. All Japanese can defeat these easily with club-stick. We have been there to try it. If white Caucasian fear such a Peril Japanese will promise to chase it away for small wage-pay. It will be amusement for Japanese Boy who know how.

All persons should be kept out of this kindgom who can not show good-coloured complexions at ship-dock. Torpedo-fleet, battle-boat, dynamite & congress should be shot off to prevent landing of such trash like Mr. Whang So and other Chinese of yellow birth. Coreans, Siamese, & Hindus must also be prevented from escaping into this country. Christian ships must take these complexions back to original islands where they belongs. This is best good for all human races.

Many negro persons of Southern States is also Yellow Peril, but these can not enjoy exclusion, because there is no place to exclude them to.

But Japanese gentleman, please, must not be written down for this list. Derby hat, American pant, Tuxedo overcoat, have rendered him completely white of complexion and able to vote for President when asked to know how. Please do not include him in Yellow Peril, because he will not be there. He is doing things by each day that makes folks white. Let Japanese help to do push-out to all-coloured Yellow Perils coming to this country together with others patriots of star-stripe banner Yankee-doodle dandy, banzai!

I will speak to you of two Yellow Perils which I know of my knowledge.

I am acquaintance of one Corean gentleman name of Whee who reside in cellar of this city. He do not change his clothing which is economical. He sleep in soap-box, but the soap is missing. To approach Mr. Whee with hygiene is too dangerous for good healthy. Labouring Union do not fear this Corean gentleman, because he shall never take no work from nobody. When not hitting pipe-smoke this Whee man is dreaming of ancestors. He will also be one soon. When I observe such Corean patriot approaching to me



I choose next street, thank you. This man is Yellow Peril of bright colour.

In one more cellar, close to where this Korean citizen reside, there sleep one Polish gentleman name of Gumowsky. This Gumowsky man is notable for forgetfulness in washing. Two times each year he is removed by health Board, but this is of no use for Mr. Gumowsky who make financial income collecting second-handed cigarettes. When he obtain sufficient whiskey-drunk there is warcry from his downstairs residence and whichever furniture he can discover to break is throwed on street to strike by-passing pedestrians. Mr. Gumowsky is not good gentleman to inhabit this American country. He is a Yellow Peril of dark colour, because soiled.

Which is more better citizen, thank you — Mr. Whee of opium smoking and Gumowsky of whiskey-drunking or Japanese Boy of derby hat, frockaway coat and all other white manners of civilization?

On evening time of last Thursday night Japanese branch of Chinese Exclusion League meet for church social at Asiatic M. E. Church where good time were enjoyed there. My cousin Nogi took as escort Miss Mabel Sanjijo who he are engaged to marry when divorced. I delivered to this gaiety Miss Alice Furioki pleasant young lady of yellow

extraction. All Japanese Boys was present with other national ladies. Rev. Hon. Chillworthy, American missionary, make all happy by coming late.

Japanese Boy Male Quartette open excitement by singing, "I love you the same long years ago when first I meet you on the village green." Song-listening with patience by all. Japanese solo was next performed on phonograph. Arthur Kickahajama, missionary boy, do card-trick for excitement of amusement. Then we enjoy "post-office" game to practise kissing, American salute. When this was subsided I made so nervous as to read following poetickal thought:

*ADDRESS TO CONGRESS ABOUT STOP-OFF OF  
YELLOW PERIL*

Make it hard for Chinese to come in, please,  
 Make it nice and easy for stay out.  
 Punish naughty China for that sin, please,  
 Show what for you mean such things about.  
 Chop chop head of Chinese immigration.  
 Bang-up foolish pigtail cooley-man,  
 Keep such Yellow Peril from your nation.  
 (That give room for persons from Japan.)  
 Swift-kick China off your map,  
 Shake-shake smile for glad-hand Jap!  
 Ship the negro person to some island —  
 That will solve one problem pretty quick.  
 Make the Injuns live upon a highland  
 Scared for to come down by that Big Stick.



Shoot the no-good Russian off this nation,  
Send the black-hand Dago back to Rome;  
Clean this land of foreign immigration —  
Then the Japanese Boy feel at home.

Shoot the Yellow Peril — boom! —  
Then the Jap Boy have more room.

After this rhythm Rev. Hon. Mr. Chillworthy nearly made talk-speech. He was just saying it about "Higher Life for Japanese Boy" when something happen which was too bad. Whang So, China boy, enter with two cousins, Whang Get and Whang Gee. There was up-jump for all. Banzais could be seen everywhere as chandeliers, etc., flew to heads of China boys while those nationality was departing through windows. After these Chinese Exclusion act was performed this church sociable busted up with prayers and ice cream.

Hoping you are the same, Yours truly,  
HASHIMURA TOGO.

S. P. — Mr. Editor, would you put following wedding notice in paper of yours?

"Mr. Hashimura Togo of Kobe, Japan, will be married to Miss Alice Furioki of Tokyo, same place, ceremony to be had at Asiatic M. E. Church, S. F. This excitement will take place when job is found for Japanese Boy which is not now doing so."  
H. T.

## IV

### LADY SUFFERGETTES AND HOW THEY DO IT

SAN FRANCISCO, December 12th.

*Editor New York newspaper who enjoys great  
delight while reading all poetry & story  
writings which he send back to Author with  
smiling excuses :*

DEAREST SIR — What say that great poeter,  
Hon. Sir Walter Scotch, about ladies? He say  
as follows:

“O ladies, during idle moments  
Inclined to make coyness with giggly expression,  
Yet when sick-sorrow time of brain-ache come along  
You are very skilful about being an Angel!”

Since my loving engagement to Miss Alice  
Furioki I got good chance to study them Ladies.

Ladies, Mr. Editor, is nearly always female by  
sex. This is a very universal custom. Therefore,  
since original date of Eve & Adam ladies of female  
gander has been accustomed to drudgeness and  
downtroddery all time. Ladykind has been slave  
of gentlemankind from 1 o'clock of history to  
present date; they has been personal dry-goods of

them tyrants of male descent without no privileges except following:

1. To tell husband what-time to get up by morning.
2. To demand him, Why no come home earlier by evenings?
3. To require, "What drunk are you carrying on breath?"
4. To save wages for him by spending it.
5. To take him to theatrical plays for educating of brain.
6. To select more fashionable friends for him.
7. To explain to him when he is foolish in business.
8. To select Presidents, Congressmen, Mayors, etc., for which he must vote it.

After doing them slavery for such numerous 1000s of year, all human ladies is suddenly enjoying angry rage about them downtroddery. They wish to do some poll-voting for themselves, because husbands is frequently forgetful about how to do it; and thus wrong persons is often elect to be President.

So considerable Suffergetting is being did by ladies who learn to do it.

Suffergetting immigrate to this U. S. by boat from London where it is always spoken with a

English accent, or it is bogus and cannot be admitted to respectable jails. Any young lady of 35 years time can learn to Suffergette if she is quiet about it and listen to speaker while she is being arrested. This is how to do it most often:

English lady of name Mrs. Wellington Boots arrive to America dressed silently in pink opera cloak with white ostrich in hat. She proceeds herself quietly to Carnegie library, beating tunes on bass drum for fear someone might notice her. On steps of that learned bookery she array her footsteps and make following speech:

“Oh!!”

With immediate quickness platoon of police make military formation, reserves is brought out, still alarm for State Militia and half-holiday is called in all dressmakers' establishments. Delegates arrive from Daughters of Rebecca, Neices of American Revolution, little Mothers' Association, etc. while Hon. Mrs. Boots pull herself to complete tallness and say,

“Fellow Sisters, let us arise up and smite it! Already we are ten million strong, and I see Congressman Carrie Jones approaching with 4 nurse-girls and 2 lady-cashiers, which makes us 6 stronger than we was. Let us forward, then, to Liberty or somewhere. Let us make such a race-riot around that Gentleman Tyrant that Heaven shall

be punctuated with screams and Earth shall be scattered with hair-pins."

So procession of Lady Suffergettes make forward motion in publick street. Following is line of marching which they keeps:

*First Division.* Hon. Mrs. Boots, Judge Ethel Johnson, Congressmen Carrie Jones & Lily McGee, Major Gen. Birdie Chowinsky. These eminent statesladies is mounted on red automobiles and carry one delicious canary-colour Suffergette flag embroideries of organization-motto "Dux et Draco" and trimmed with tucks and real Irish lace.

*Second Division.* Composed of Salvation Army ladies' Cornet Band which is playing "Every Day is Ladies' Day with Us."

*Third Division.* Woman's Temperance Race Suicide Union carrying motto "Let the Men Bear the Children!"

*Fourth Division.* Representators of the ex-Housewives' Association in carriages saying something serious to each others.

*Fifth Division.* Cavalry Troup of Lady Cowboys giving examples of rude riding.

*Sixth Division.* One Gentleman Suffergette on foot burdened with motto "A Man's a Man for a' That."

*Seventh Division.* Patrol wagons full of policemen with dutiful expressions.

After they have did some  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour of marching, enthusiastick, etc., Congressman Carrie Jones say to Hon. Mrs. Boots, "Where shall we go to demand it?"

"Let us gone to Parliament," decry this Mrs. Boots who know how-so to do it in England.

"So sorry not to do!" collapse several ladies in unicorn. "We have not got a Parliament in this town."

"Such an irritant! what a nation!" deploy Hon. Mrs. Boots. "Then let us gone to City Hall."

So ice-cream soda refreshment is enjoyed by all and procession makes onwards to City Hall where it stops itself. Loud rapping on door of this temple by all present.

"No admittance to come in!" say voice which is inside trembling.

"We require to see Hon. Mayor so that we can receive our rights, please," says Mrs. Boots with accent.

"No goods delivered till after lunch, thank you," say that voice from inside. "Hon. Mayor is outside eating it."

"Then let us have Dist. Attorney, please!" peruse that chorus.



"No, ma'am, not to do!" dictate voice. "Hon. Dist. Attorney is outside drinking it."

(Patrol wagons stand by with respectable salutes.)

Loud reports from all lady Suffergettes. Forward march! Door is smashy open and all mingle inside that City Hall filling it with female political noises. Mayor office is found vacated. Nothing in Hon. Dist. Attorney office except empty arm-chairs. Marriage Licence Bureau locked with key. Nothing to resemblance of Man is discovered inside that City Hall.

But No! One timid gentleman is found in City Treasury office hiding in safe. It is the Janitor who is praying with voice, "Please to avoid injury me — I am married to a wife."

Janitor is permitted to go free, thank you, because of female relations. Meeting is then held in office. Hon. Mrs. Boots is elect Mayor *pro tem.* till arrival of Chief of Police when all enjoy arrest and is taken to Hon. Jail.

At Hon. Jail Hon. Mrs. Boots, Judge Ethel Johnson and Major Gen. Birdie Chowinsky is given comfortable cell on Murderers' Row along with 6 Insurance Directors, 3 Congressmen, 1 Mayor, and 1 Boy Millionaire who shot another gentleman under very fashionable circumstances.

Tea is served in cell and lady Suffergettes receive all-kind friends which come to congratulate them about being there. American jails is becoming too exclusive of lately. Persons must be very rich or very famous, or else talented in some other way, to be locked up with all them there financiers.

Every time I see patrol wagon making gallop-off to jail I am excited to know if it is full of Suffergettes or if it contain another load of Trust Co. Presidents.

I tell my cousin Nogi about that Suffergette procession the same I told you about.

"It can not be true, because it is n't," he commit for pride.

"Why-so not so?" I recoil of contempt for short intelligence.

"Because thus," he say it, "because in this America no real lady can get arrested for nothing she does, no matter how much she does it. America mans is weak from chivalry whenever their wives & grandmothers needs to be arrested. Besides something more. Would Hon. Gov. Hughes arrest 1,000 ladies for going to Albany with request, please, to be allowed to vote for him? Would Hon. Jo-uncle Cannon ring for police-cart because Suffergettes bust into Congress to exclam, 'We want ballot-box to fill-up with sympathy for



Jo-uncle Cannon?' Would them candidates call for law to protect gray hairs from this? Answer is, No! Votes is votes, whether they got skirts on or something else. Washington is a very comfortable place for persons of either gander or sex to go asking for privilege to vote; for nearly everybody is a candidate in Washington."

"Nogi, you are accused of being a Suffergette!" I collapse for disgust.

"I am not-so that," renig this Nogi with blushes, "but Miss Mabel Sanjijo enjoys such a membership."

"Will she join lady-excursion to Suffergette in Washington on March 3?" is next question for me.

"Yes-so — if she can borrow it for carfare," this from Nogi. "If she can not do she will stay at home & give Hon. Pres. Roosevelt absent treatment."

"Will Hon. Pres. Roosevelt add Suffergette plank to Hon. Republican platform?" I ask to know.

"O probably yes-so!" say Nogi. "He have added everything else to that platform. Why-so should he pause at them ladies?"

"What did Suffergette Delegation which visited Albany bring back from that tour?" I decry.

"They brung back souvenir photo representing

one Statesman peeking through brush-heap. On this was wrote, 'Choose Hughes & You Can not Lose.' This was took as good-luck sign for all Suffergettes."

I am disgust of so much back-talk.

"One last reply I make," I say. "Female ladies can not make success of it in middle of Politicks. Shall we send old women to U. S. Senate?"

"Why not-so?" negotiate Nogi. "If Hons. Platt & Depew remain there so long will 1 or 2 extra old ladies be conspicuous for notice?"

Here is some delicious poem for you to abuse:

*ALLEGORICAL NATURE FAKE ABOUT JAPANESE  
STORK-BIRD*

BUN-BUN  
SAKI-RUN,  
Listen to the sing I song!

In Yeddo,  
About 7063 B. C.  
There dwell in suburban section  
On roof-top chimbley of house  
On street  
One couple of legitimate Stork-birds  
What was just like anybody.  
All day Hon. Mrs. Stork-bird  
Lie eggs  
And look at Yeddo persons  
With kind of smile.  
All day Hon. Mr. Stork-bird

Go down town to transaction of business with salooners and  
other drunk.

He vote,

He work

He come home at night

When not forgetting to do so.

BUN-BUN

SAKI-RUN,

Listen to the sing I song!

One Thursday afternoon

Mrs. Stork-bird enjoyed one thought

(Which was very scarcely found in them days)

“Gentlemen Stork make vote,

Lady Stork make egg.

So fierce to think!

Why should not Lady Stork make conversation

And Gentleman Stork attend to population?

I ask to know!

Therefore, why?”

So, after she had finished

Household duties of afternoon,

Hon. Mrs. Stork-bird

Flap-fly to chimney residence

Of considerable other Stork-birds

Of Yeddo.

To other lady Stork-birds she deply,

“Come off it!

Liberty, eggality, affinity

Is pass-key word

For downtroddy female!

Therefore, let us begin high-fly with superior intellects of pre-  
cinct-leaders & Republican caucases!”

Yet all Lady Storks deplore,

“What shall we do with eggs, please?”

"Drop eggs!" say Mrs. Stork-bird;  
"Hon. Husbands can took care of eggs  
If they is so bright about things."

BUN-BUN

SAKI-RUN,

Listen to the sing I song!

Lady-storks all desugered  
To sky-high.  
They all run country for 28 annual years,  
Elected Board of Supervisors  
And did very happy job of politicks.  
Gentleman Storks, who was discouraged,  
Sat on nests,  
But with such unhappiness of result!  
At last one day people of Yeddo  
Look up and decry,  
"Where is all Stork-birds went?  
My sakes!!  
All nests diserted from,  
No youthful Stork-birds to see —  
Depopulationousness must set in  
Without eggs!!"  
And so it was as true,  
No eggs,  
No storks —  
All off!

BUN-BUN

SAKI-RUN,

Listen to the sing I song!

This will make very sad song for harmonica.

Yours truly,

HASHIMURATOGO.

## V

### THE FINANCIAL BREAKDOWN

SAN FRANCISCO, January 9th.

*To Editor New York Newspaper, whichever gentleman or gentlemen does such useful work there.*

HON. MR. SIR — This U. S. Kingdom, Mr. Editor, is now at present enjoying great panic of banking business. I do not participate in this calamity, because I am making less salary than required for banking surplus. Therefore I am not objecting to present money shake-down except because I have none, and yet frequently I hear of stock-jump falling down grade until it is broken and useless for finance. Yes, also several banking-business go under. "Under what?" is question for me. For reply I hear each get-poor gentleman say "Wall Street," pointing to Augustus Heinz on map.

This thoroughfare, Wall Street, must be magnificent place for some persons to enjoy. My Cousin Nogi explain how about that avenue. "That is very rich place for gilding," he response, "each sidewalk there is paved with gold money

which broker gentlemen do not care for. Stock exchange and many banking establishments there are constructed solidly of gold-brick."

"Nogi," I relate, "you often know something. Thank you to answer 5 questions which I have prepared upon letter-paper for reply."

"Relate such troubles to some editors," say Nogi taking derby to go call on Miss Mabel Sanjijo which he is engaged to marry when divorced. Therefore I supply those 5 questions about Financial trouble for you to look at, Mr. Sir:

1. When Stocks makes upstart motion why do it act so rather than stand stationary?

2. When Stocks makes downstart movement, what for is the reason and what would stop it?

3. Some gentlemen is called "broker" — what does he break to get such names?

4. When money is lost in Wall St. can this be recovered by advertising in newspaper?

5. Can you give Japanese Boy name and address of some honourable gentleman who might tell accurately what time some stocks will be making upstart movement soon?

Why do bank-houses burst? That is more easy answer than those questions about Wall St. jumping of stocks. Banks burst because there is nothing inside and pressure from outside causes cave in of walls. Why is there nothing in



banks when so bursted? Because persons makes runnings on these banks in order to take outside what is inside. Maybe one man have \$1,000 in this bank-house. He go around to that place to see if these money is comfortable there.

"Is my thousand dollar remaining comfortable in this deposit?" he require of Hon. Pay-Teller.

"Yes, please," respond this Financier, "all such moneys is right deposited where put."

"Thanks to know, Mr. Banker," retort American gentleman. "If you please, permit me to carry it from places to places in my pocket which I have."

"You are obliged to it," demand them Pay-Teller, and take \$1,000 from deposit, where was, to pocket of American gentleman, where is. Soonly numerous American gentlemans learn about take-out of \$1,000, so all make running-stampede to bank-house where they say to Pay-Teller:

"Give *us* each \$1,000 to carry from places to places in *our* pockets which we have in our clothes!"

"You are obliged to it," response the Pay-Teller. So he deposit \$1,000 to all persons until bank-house bursts down and Wall St. enjoys frequent panic of fear.

This show plainly that bank-houses bursting is blame of people who do it.

Rich men enjoying poverty are much stabbed by financial breaking. Poor men enjoying large incomes of money are not so stung.

To avoid financial panic therefore persons should have too much wealthy for this. How to get this money is question for Japanese Boy. How did each great American gentleman acquire such millions? If Japanese Boy could know how, he might follow example of Industry Captains and get exalted likewise. So I put on my derby to discover about this success in business.

To Hon. Mr. Strunsky who keep saloon I go with enquiry. Like all Irish gentlemen Mr. Strunsky is sweethearted when not enjoying angry fit.

"Tell me to know, Hon. Strunsky," I examine, "how do this Rockefeller acquire such many things?"

"He is successful in grafting," response Mr. Strunsky.

"Thank you to response how Hon. Harriman also do so?" I talk.

"He is fine grafter," suggest this Irish gentleman.

"In what profession do Hon. Hill, Hon. Lawson & Hon. Rodgers train themselves for it?"



"Graft!" response Mr. Strunsky making blinking motion of eye.

Thanks so much to Mr. Strunsky I go away improved. I have now choosen career to which I shall apply my mental thought. Grafting profession is good thing for Japanese Boy to learn because this lead to famous success and renown in American life. Maybe I go back Japan and teach this knowledge in University of Tokyo.

To become great famous like Rockefeller, etc., must require so much book-study of grafting. Where to get such books? Walter W. Shoji, who study learning at California university, say that grafting is sometime taught by professors together with law-courses. I go to S. F. public library & there find volumes about farming, architecture, warfare, arithmetic, socialism & religion, but no book to tell how grafting should be done by a beginner wishing to do so.

Many persons speak of Hon. Abe Reuff, now residing in jail, as grafter. This do not be so. Grafters are famous gentlemen, and therefore must be great & good. This Hon. Reuff is not so, for why would he be there in that jail then? He is so caged up for dishonestness. I would not study grafting of dishonest man, because he might not teach me right. What did Wm.

Shakespeare, the great book-maker, say so? "Act well your part, others take notice."

Hon. Sir, do you pay cash-money for poetical thought like following rhythm?

*POETRY REQUESTING HON. F. AUGUSTUS  
HEINZ TO TEACH GRAFTING TO JAPANESE  
SCHOOLBOY*

Noble man, you tell me so  
Something I require to know?  
Where I go and what I do  
Learn be wealthy man like you?

Money-king  
Pulling string,  
Up-stock, down-stock, everything!

Many person say to me,  
"Save your money like John D." —  
Have to save much long to get  
Hundred million dollar yet!

Start too late,  
No can wait  
Save up cash at such slow rate.

Other person speak more frank,  
"Go take shoot-gun, hold up bank."  
That way sinful, for I know  
Honest Grafter not do so.

Where you take  
What you make?  
Tell me how for mercy sake!

Some folks say, "It not wise plan  
Get-rich-quick from stock-talk man."  
John get-rich-quick by such game —  
Why not Jap Boy do the same ?

One — two — three,  
Out goes he —  
John stay in (that place for me!)

Tell me, please, what thing I need,  
What course study, what book read,  
Make Success of all can do,  
Be Great Grafter same like you ?

Be great man,  
Make all can,  
Teach this Graft to dear Japan.

Arthur Kickahajama, missionary boy, come me to-day and make tearful cries because I have decided to be Grafter instead of learning missionary job. When he know that I am firmtooth to my purpose he tell me this story about antique Japan:

Seven million years previously to the present Japan dynasty the great philosopher Nichi Nichi sat down to make fishing-sport by small stream-creek of Yeddo. While engaged in putting angly-worm bait on fish-hook he look down in stream-creek and observe twelve thousand sucker-fish in water making eye-wink at angly-worm bait.

"This would be remarkable luck for Japanese fisherman," he respond, dipping angly-worm in puddle. But sucker-fish no care for diet just then and perch on bottom making smiles through gills.

Nichi Nichi is excited by obstinacy of sucker-fish. He put on caterpillar-bait. Nothing to do. He try corn-beef diet for fishes. They refusal, thank you. He spit on bait to bring favour of fish-god. Sucker-fish not care for this pains-taking, howeverly.

Then philosopher Nichi Nichi enjoy angry rage throwing fish-pole to grass, tearing beard and speeching these:

"O tell me, sucker-fish, is it not truth that you are reputed most easy of all fish that practise swimming in these brook near Yeddo?"

And them twelve thousand sucker-fish, making smiles through gills, raise fins to universal sky and response,

"Oh Nichi Nichi, philosopher, we are that."

"Then tell me to know, idiotic waggle-tails, why you no care for delicious baits I provide for eating?"

"Because this," reject all them fish together flipping tails to dog-star, "we have ate them baits before — caterpillar, angly-worm, corn-beef—we have ate and been caughted by those. Never again, thank you so much."

“Oh, quite well!” exclamation that great man. “Then I shall offer you some new rare bait which fishes shall eat only this once time, because so scarce to get.”

With these remark the wise Nichi Nichi take all baits off from hook. Then he drop bare hook in stream. All them sucker-fish cease to smile with gills and make hungry grab at hook, because this (they thinkd to themselves) was such rare chance.

As consequence of this excitement Nichi Nichi catch 12,000 sucker-fish in 1 hour 20 minutes. These he made into canned salmon and grow very wealthy from such a Graft.

At time of death-bed he remarked to wife and children, “It would be sinful to waste good Bait on poor Fishes.”

So this proverb is pasted on all important Japanese tombs to-day:

“The gods have fixed the little brooks so that one sucker-fish is born each minute by clock-time. Who shall catch him, you or I?”

Hoping your printing-factory is doing good by all news and best wishes to friends,

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.

## VI

HON. NIGGERS, WAS THEY FREED BY LINCOLN?

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 29th.

*To Editor New York Newspaper where Truth  
is oftenly found on shrines & Virtue sets in  
very comfortable rocking-chair.*

DEAREST SIR — Japanese Schoolboys does not addict themselves to gleeful laugh of mirth, because some Noble Thought might escape away never to be caught. What say American songer, Hon. Seth Lowell, about almanac:

“What is so scarce as a day in June?”

Answer is: A Noble Thought is more scarcer!

And yet this morning-time I was uttering several gleeful screams which was unavoidable to dodge. Editorial of newspaper-print say, “Hon. Jo-uncle Cannon must be voted for because of face which have close shave to that of Hon. Abraham Lincoln.” Then I was to blame for them mirthfulness which almost-so cause race-riot in Japanese section.

It has become fashionable in this kingdom, Mr. Editor, for candidates wishing to become President to resemble Hon. Abraham Lincoln so



closely as possible to. This is frequently difficult. Hon. Cannon is like Hon. Lincoln to roots of whiskers, but them foliage does not indicate very much about what is going on inside of soul. Difference between Hon. Lincoln and Hon. Cannon is difference between high-thinking and high-tariff. Resemblance of them two great Statesmen is only chin-deep. I. Anazuma, Japanese barber, say-how that expressions of Hon. Fairbanks & Hon. Hughes could be changed by trimming to make look-like of Hon. Lincoln. I am alarmed to think. Perhaps-so that famous globe-racer, Hon. Taft, might be also arranged over in some way, but would he not lose considerable solid Japanese vote in doing thus? I am amazed to reply.

Maybe it would be more human-natural for candidates wishing to enjoy election to hire from some costumer following masquerade:

Hon. Cannon disguised as Abraham Lincoln.

Hon. Taft disguised as Bismarck.

Hon. Hughes disguised as Viscount Aoki.

Hon. Cortelyou disguised as John Drew.

Hon. Bryan disguised as Elbert Hubbard.

Hon. Fairbanks disguised as Uriah Heep.

Them costumes might be payed for by Campaign Contributions, but will they? Wall Street regard bribing as sinful during depression of hard times.

Before leaving off from Tokyo for these Uniteds State I was considerably weeped over by my Rev. Grandfather, Japanese of elderly principles who say-so to me, "Togo, you are going to that wild kingdom of America which is very full of savage Christians. Do not go to Indiana because Indians is found there."

"I am disgusted to think," I commute. "What shall I do in this America so as not to disgrace my long row of ancestors?"

"Find yourself some Ideal," corrode Hon. Grandfather. "Make pickout of some famous American what you can live up to them. Select to be like George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, or E. H. Harriman. Thank you to choose."

So I leave that dear ancestor to his rice-cake, tea-drunk, hara-kiri and other old-fashion Japanese customs and take Nippon Maru-boat for America. When I arrive to wharf I meet Cousin Nogi and enquire to know.

"Should Japanese Boy imitate performances of Hon. E. H. Harriman in order to become immediately immortal?"

"Too dangerous to do!" indicate this Nogi with American eye-wink. "Hon. Harriman is now being regulated by law."



“How about Hon. Washington and Hon. Lincoln to copy for famous career?” I magnetize for emotion.

“Hon. Washington could not tell a lie, while Hon. Lincoln was celebrated for gleeful anecdotes. Therefore Lincoln was most ablest man of them two. Also because of early struggle of career he was noble example for all Japanese Schoolboys enjoying poverty for American education.”

Then Cousin Nogi, who is very addicted to paragraphs of Hon. Ida M. Tarbell, tell me following history of early Lincoln:

“When Hon. Abe Lincoln enjoy seven years of oldness,” carouse this Nogi, “he desire to be President of these Uniteds State which was then a republick by government.

“‘How can you manage to be this President and yet work on farm?’ his Rev. Mother enquire to know.

“‘By running odd-jobs before times & book-study afterwards,’ molest this youthful enthusiasm with smiling expression.

“So with immediate quickness he obtain job of employment mowing grass, keeping books and running elevator for neighbouring farmer. He also tilled some soil for people. When not doing this he was studying ‘How to Be President,’ a

book by George Washington who was then enjoying pension for oldness.

"In book-studies & job-duties Hon. Lincoln spend 24 hours daily. Balance of time was devoted to recreations, sleep & other idleness of amusement. This continual drudgery of employment teach that Lincoln many useful things," conduce Nogi at expiration of this history.

"Ah yes!" I collapse, "it teach him to sympathize for them Negroes who was also enjoying slavery."

I am natural to ask question: Was it good thing to request them Negroes to stop slaving? I have required for reply of several Japanese about this Negro Problem, but they are unanmerous to reply, "We do not know any such coloured acquaintances, thank you!" And they are proud about it. I wrote letter of this Question to Hon. Booker Washington who answered by sending C. O. D. "How I Quit Being One," a delightful volume full of adjectives. How to know about Negro Question then?

I at last become acquaintance of Hon. J. Fortesque Smith, Negro-coloured gentleman who does mop-work at saloon of Hon. Strunsky who runs it. If all Negroes is like this Smith it must be a talented race. So filled of expression is his performances on Edison phonograph! With such

raring pathos do he execute that famous negro melody, "Cheerful Widow Waltz" from them rubber disks! By hour I admire harmonious noise of Hon. Smith and that talented machine — then pretty soonly came around Hon. Strunsky with angry Irish voice to command more purchase of beer or get-out.

At last, Mr. Editor, I go around to grand opera of Williams & Walker, and there continue study of Negro Problem. I was very intelligent about this until Hon. Johnson collapsed into rattle-time sing-singing entitled "Sus-a-OO, Lu-Lu, I-a want-a you too!" Suddenly I discover my feet performing jiu jitsu with themselves under seat. I rebuke them quietly, but they continue to misbehave until, at finally, they strike dark clergyman in ankle-bone and I am retired from that opera house after considerable race-riot.

O surely, it is wrong for that Africa to teach them diseases to Europe & Asia! And yet that rattle-time coon-singing is a species of chorus which shoots a long distance into my soul. I am very earnest about this dark-coloured harmony which comes with such splendid spasms through the shoes expressing comic emotions as it does so. Could you send me name and address of some talented Hon. Coon who would furnish tune, rimes,

jokes, etc., for following poetical thought? For this he will receive  $\frac{1}{2}$  of what he gets.

*COMIC THOUGHT SUITABLE FOR COON SONG  
OR SOME OTHER HYMN*

On America Maru  
And on Nippon Maru  
(Similar vapour-boats determined to go to Nagasaki  
And back again to here)  
Many Japanese is discovered  
With top-up eye  
And high-brow expression.  
"Where are you going, Japanese persons?"  
Enquire sea-rooster perching on coop-deck,  
"Where are you going with purse-sack  
So full of nickels & dimes?  
With Sunday go-meeting clothes on  
And such satisfied neckties?"  
"Oh!"  
Respond Japanese in unison  
And make giggly mirth.  
"Ask us to know!"  
They are smiling through ears with Sherlock Holmes  
expression.

Hark it!  
What was that whistling motion of noise?  
Was it sea-wind of Pacific?  
Was it typhoon of nature?  
Or was it Japanese practising together  
Tunes from "Mikado"  
Of Hons. Gilbert & Sullivan?

Teeth and nose of these ship,  
Nippon Maru and America Maru,  
Is pointed to Westward.

Japan is still somewhere in that direction  
And numerous Japanese is on board this transportation.

Why

Is such quantities of them

On the passenger-table?

Has Japanese immigration

Gone burst

In California?

Has Rev. Mr. Emperor of Japan

Called Reserves back

For some more handsome defeat of Russia?

Or what?

(Expression of kittenish foxes is indulged in

By all Japanese Boys on this ship.)

"Hon. Nippon Maru

And Hon. America Maru,"

Wirelessly telegraf Hon. Uncle Sam from shore,

"Where are you going

Away from here

With such heavy ballast of Japanese?"

"Respectable Uncle,"

Reply them ships,

"We are taking all Japanese

Off of California.

They will go Japan,

They will go Satsuma,

They will settle themselves on Corea

And less disgusting parts of China."

Pretty soonly

All will be depart from California.

Then who

To general housework, table-wait, manufacture salomon in  
cannery, fruit-pick, employment bureau and other useful  
exersises for good of populus?

Pretty soonly all America will calamity together,  
 "Where is them dear Japanese  
 Went to?"  
 And Dai Nippon with far-gone wheeze will distant reply,  
 "Away from here;  
 Away from brick-bat  
 And other educational features.  
 Japanese has came to America  
 To learn things.  
 They has learned them and went."

On Nippon Maru  
 And America Maru  
 (Similar vapour-boats determined to go to Nagasaki  
 And back again to here),  
 These imaginery things I speak-so  
 Perhapsly occur —  
 Perhapsly not.

In a soon letter of the future I wish to tell you  
 how about one new party of politicks which the  
 Japanese Thinking Society (of which I am a  
 membership) is preparing to begin. This new  
 Party of Politicks, I am hopeful to believe, is more  
 better than Republican and Democratic parties  
 of present. Anyhow, it is not any worser.

All well here with exception of J. Furo who is  
 dead.

Hoping you are the same,  
 Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.

S. P.—Tell me to know this: Of what State is  
 Hon. Leslie M. Shaw the favourite son of? H. T.



## VII

### HON. SIMPLE LIFE AMONG AMBASSADORS

SAN FRANCISCO, February 10th,  
*To Editor New York Newspaper which tells all  
Truth for second-class postage.*

DEAR MR.—I ask to know. Would it be a possibility for one bright Japanese Boy to get a good salary position of Ambassador to Berlin or some other seaport? My cousin Nogi tell me that Dr. Dave Hill do not care for such a job because wages is too tiny.

“How much is them wages?” I inquire for nervous feeling.

“Sum of \$17,500 of annual pay,” mortify this Nogi.

“Japanese Boy would accept this patiently,” I collapse with voice.

“He might got it, but could he?” dictate Nogi, who understands horse-racing & problembs.

I am beswitched.

“You would appear a very cheap diplomat with such a salary,” say Nogi. “Hon. Charleymain Tower, Ambassador from O-hio, spend more annual cash than this for champagne which is



necessary in Berlin for kings, dukes, princes, etc., which is accustomed to expect it from American Ambassadors when going through that town. That Hon. Tower are a great spend."

"Poverty are no disgrace," I signify with W. J. Bryan expression.

"For Methodist Ministers it are no disgrace," say Nogi. "But for Foreign Ministers it are considered a crime."

"I am confused by this," I depress.

"Imagine that you was Hon. American Ambassador to Berlin," deploy Nogi.

I do so with ease.

"And imagine I was Hon. Emperor of Germany."

I do so with difficulty.

"You go to them Germany with \$17,500 annual wages which you draw in advance. You look around street for some nice palace where U. S. flag can be represented with dignity. You find such a palace, pretty soonly, over general feed store for rent-sum of \$20 per monthly. For sum of \$5 you can hire Mrs. Nusbaum in up-floor flat to take down clothes-line so that Hon. U. S. flag can be flew on Monday afternoon. Then you spend \$17,000 for champagne and set down on back porch where flies are scarce."

“Do something happen pretty suddenly?” I ask to know.

“Quite promptly I come along in one golden-coloured automobile, accompanied by Signal Corps, Fire Department, Royal Mounted Mustache Guard, and Second Artillery Band ——”

“Who are you, please?” is next question for Japanese Schoolboy.

“I am Hon. Emperor of Germany calling to make a diplomattick relationship with Hon. American Ambassador. I call in them quiet way. I mention because I know that Hon. Poverty of American Ambassador would get embarrassed by kingly pompus. I stop royal automobile in front of Nusbaum’s Feed Store.

“‘Are Hon. American Ambassador at home for diplomattick relationship?’ Hon. Emperor holler-up to second story.

“‘He are out back splitting kindling,’ decry Hon. Mrs. Nusbaum. ‘But I will told him that Your Majesty have arrive — wait, please!’

“So she run & whistle down speaking-tube:

“‘Hello! Come up if convenient, Mr. Ambassador. Hon. Emperor are here to see you.’

“So Hon. American Ambassador, with arms full of kindling wood, make sneakstep to kitchen, where he wash hands in sink, then haste to parlour. There he find Hon. Emperor of Germany setting

on sofa and looking cross because he have stumbled over baby-buggy in the hall.

“‘Good morning, Mr. Emperor,’ say Hon. Ambassador. ‘Will you have something to drink?’

“‘No,’ say he. ‘But I will take a cigar.’

“‘I have not got no cigars, Hon. Majesty,’ he say. ‘But I have some delicious chew-tobacco of considerable long cut.’

“Hon. Emperor of Germany, who are a awful polite king, eat some of that tobacco and make faces of enjoyment. Soonly he accept drink of champagne what Mrs. Nusbaum give him in tin cup; then he prepare to take his depart with willing smiles.

“‘Mr. Ambassador,’ he decry, ‘what kind of Embassy do you call this what you got here?’

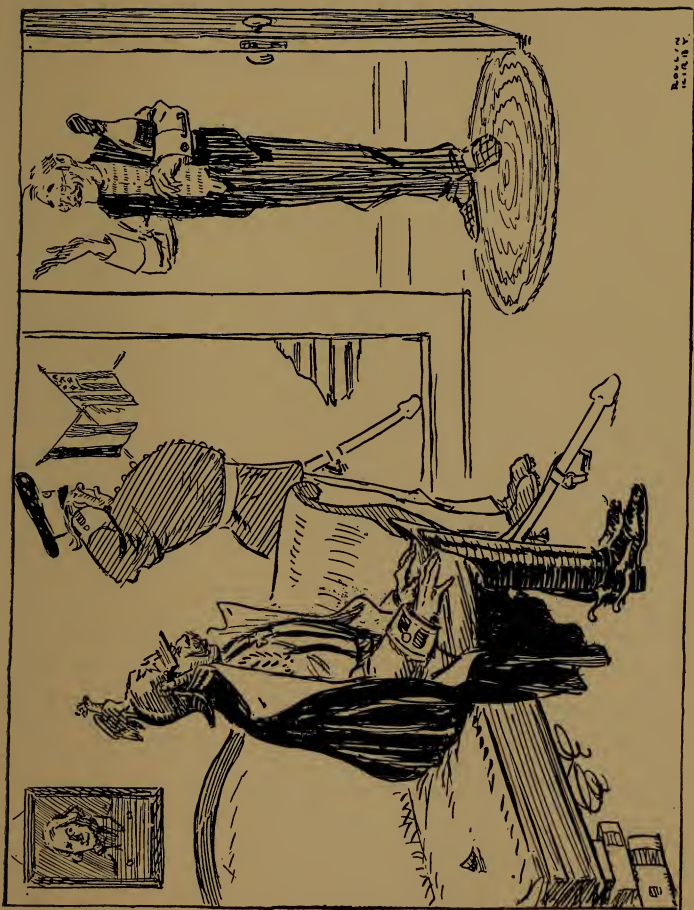
“‘This,’ say Hon. Ambassador, ‘are what are called “Jeffersonian Simplicity.” ’

“‘Are you fond of this kind of simplicity?’ Hon. Emperor inquire to know.

“‘No,’ say-he, ‘but Hon. Jefferson was.’

“‘Hon. Jefferson should try being an Ambassador to Germany if he like it so well,’ say Hon. Emperor, giving royal automobile one complete honk.”

Mr. Editor, question before Congress is this: Can American Republick, at stingy expense, teach



“Good morning, Mr. Emperor,” say Hon. Ambassador”



Kings, Princes, etc., to expect less spendthrift display whenever they goes to see American Ambassadors? Maybe so it are possible. Maybe Emperors, when they gets tired of ruling, will become accustomed to saying, "Let's go over to Charley Tower's flat and listen to Caruso on the phonograph." Maybe-so it will soon become a common sight in Berlin to see the Hon. Emperor buying 15c package of Frankfurters for luncheon with Hon. American Ambassador. Maybe — but Japanese Schoolboy are doubtful because he come from a kingdom where habits of Emperors is often observed. And I never seen no kings acting that way.

Trouble with these U. S., Mr. Editor, is that they is not so awful Progressive like they imagines they are. It is a very nice thing to be noisy, but a shoot-cannon must have something besides powder in it to do considerable damage. America man work pretty swift when let alone; but if he wait for act of Congress he had more better wait for act of God and the Russian Douma. There are just one body of mans in the entire world slower than Hon. Russian Douma, and that are Hon. American Congress.

It take one of them degraded and outworn monarchies of the Old World eighteen months to stick together a first-class war-boat of very excellent



trimmings. It take these swift U. S. six years to nail together such a fighter-ship, and after them six years is past American Congress awakes and finds that it does n't need no navy nohow.

Hon. Congressman Captain Richard Peachy Hobson arise recently for debate and do considerable gun-fire with eyes.

"By all them sun-kissed hills of native land," he say with energy, "let us defend it. Japan are a menace. So are China, Sweden, and the Malay Archipelago. If all them dangerous nationalities combined to do us dirt how would they go at it? By fleets? In one week 17,000,000,000 yen would flow into coffers of very yellow peril. In two weeks 78 extreme *Dreadnothings* would intend to go San Francisco for warfare. In three weeks Japan would be camping in Waldorf-Astoria and Sweden would accept Milwaukee as spoil of war. Therefore I arise up to propose it. I propose it that Hon. Sharp Williams instruct the Democratic minority to build 12 *Dreadnothing* battleships weekly until election is over."

(Loud groans from Jo-uncle Cannon.)

Uprise then Hon. Burton. "Mr. Speech," he-say it, "I uprise to second them bill of Hon. Cap. Congressman Hobson; but with some slight amendments to make it look natural. I propose that them 12 *Dreadnothings* be reduced to 1 gun-



boat to be built by Union Iron Works in 1926, in case there ain't no war before then."

"But how to defend Hon. America without no ships?" demand Hon. Hobson with voice.

"We are not afraid of all-world Powers," declaim Hon. Burton. "If Japan, England, Ireland, and Spain come to our shores with latest pattern explosives, then the indomitable spirit of American people shall defend us!"

(Loud applause from Congress which continue ahead with campaign program.)

Such is fate of Hon. Hobson's hobby. It is certain that Hon. Congress are not afraid of no foreign navy. Hon. Congress is not afraid of nothing when it do not cost them nothing to do so.

It are collapsible sentiment of all intelligent Japanese, Mr. Editor, that Hon. Congress will eventually, or later, build very magnificent Embassies (on model of Pennsylvania State Capitol) in Berlin, Paris, London, Tokyo, Peking, and wherever it is required by kings and fashionable persons residing there. But before them buildings is done some Bills must be made, revised, torn up and referred to wastebasket in following committees:

- 1 — Committee on Architecture.
- 2 — Committee on Plumbing.

3 — Committee on Window Curtains.

4 — Committee on Foreign Relations.

5 — Committee on Gas and Water.

By the time them bills is passed America will no longer be sneezed at as a Young Nation. And in the mean while Hon. Ambassadors from these U. S. must be subsidized by some Trust or else ride in trolley cars between Hon. Embassy and Hon. German Court.

Little Annie Anazuma, 8-year-age daughter of I. Anazuma, Japanese barber, make following Mother Geese about it:

“The Star Spangley Banner  
O long may she soar  
O’er the National Arms  
On a grocery store!”

Arthur Kickahajama ask for enquiry yesterday time:

“Are this Dr. Dave Hill a diplomat?”

“To look like an Ambassador to Germany on a salary of \$17,500 a year he have *got* to be pretty much of a diplomat,” I answer for reply.

With gun-salutes to Hon. Hobson.

Yours truly.

HASHIMURA TOGO.

## VIII

### A THIRD TERM FOR OUR EMPEROR

SAN FRANCISCO, February 23rd.

*To postoffice of New York Newspaper to be found  
there by Editor.*

DEAR SIR: I will not vote for President this time, thank you, because your Emperor, Mr. Roosevelt, will not run to get it. Therefore I am neglectful about all other Candidates.

Little Annie Anazuma, eight-years-age, daughter of I. Anazuma, Japanese barber, come to me with childish inquisitive.

"Tell me one truth, Uncle Togo," she deploy. "Is it possible to think that Japanese Boy will some day be President of this respectable kingdom?"

"Hardy so — and yet maybe," I addict with deceptive expression.

"So happy to think!" negotiate this infant enthusiasm, with fond smiling. "Then how must he go to it to become such a President?"

"He must firstly obtain consent of Hon. Roosevelt, who probably would not give it," I dictate because I am aware it might be so.

"Are it customary for Presidents to select with voice name of some gentleman what would be less disgusting to him for next King of America?" require this Infant Prodigal, who are too ingrown of brain for enjoy mere doll-play.

"Ah, sure yes!" I explode. "If gentleman what have been in White House 4 years do not know a good President when he see him, who would?"

"When inexperienced gentleman are called by White House to take job he must enjoy great agony trying to study Constitution, boat-building, Tuskagee, & other racing problembs necessary to encumbrance of office," she say-it.

"That are still customary," I report.

"Who commence to originate this merciful custom?" demand little Annie.

"Because you are childish I make education for you. Pres. Roosevelt done it."

"So happy to know!" digest this Japanese child. "He is great Emperor of America — therefore he will last forever."

"So sorry to reply," I disgust. "Hon. Pres. Roosevelt will soon stop doing it."

"Tell me to know, Uncle Togo," examine this difficult infant. "Is not Emperors made to last considerable length?"

"In responsible kingdoms, yes-so — but in

America, no-so. Here Kings is elected for 4 years to discouridge them."

"These white-coloured foreigners is too hard answers for children to know," say little Annie Anazuma running away for play-doll amusement.

I say these lectures to Little Annie with great pleasure to be telling something to somebody what believes it. But then come brain-thoughts which bring enjoyment of fierce pangs. What to do with America when Emperor Roosevelt has took himself from it? I enquire for answer.

I beg you to do it as request, Mr. Editor. Please have your printer put some words on editorial page asking Hon. Roosevelt to continue once more term as Emperor of this Republic. I enclose cash of 50c. to pay for your expense of writing, etc. Thank you so many!

Honest to truth, I am aggregated with anger to have Mr. Emperor Roosevelt dictate, "No thank you, not for three-times running!" Why so does he stop being King just at instant when all-national people is enjoying that American performance? It will be sad for my heart to see some private person occupying public career of Hon. Roosevelt when he gets through sitting on it.

What decry Julius Cæsar about being elected too much for Republican party of Rome? "One good

term deserves another," he command, and Mr. Brutus was pleased to be there with stabbing-knife. But this is different subject from what about it.

Now it is historical knowledge that Pres. Roosevelt is ignorant about fear. What does frighten him, then, about this Third Term business affair? Because Hon. Geo. Washington said not do it? So ridicule for great man to think! Hon. Roosevelt is not afraid of Hon. Washington. Then go ahead, Mr. Roosevelt, please! Continue terming for several more administrations.

Whenever I think of some private gentleman being public President of U. S. I spill tear-drop from sadness. Mere human person like Hon. Taft is large enough to entirely fill throne with himself but he can not fill it with that marvellous activity of Roosevelt.

Hon. Jenny Bryan, so I read by news-prints, has went out for duck-shoot and also hoping to slew some bears. This show how sadly he long for President. But nothing to do! Mr. Jenny is too quiet Democrat for election. He must murder something or make elopement with somebody's grandmother to get photo in newspaper any more. Then American persons will remember he is alive and nominate him for another defeat.

In what administration was Hon. Bryan Presi-



dent of these Uniteds State? I ask these ignorant question because Hon. Bryan happened before I arrived here.

Time is passed, Mr. Editor, for American gentleman to be President by merely being so. Prince Albert cutaway and sky-scrape eye-brow with patriotic noise from stump are decomposed from modern politics, thank you. Successful candidate for America must not only stand on stump for speech—he must use stump for downside-up gymnasticks employing heels for passionate gestures. If candidate can not do nothing else he must be owner of Trust or some other respectable business.

Whenever I have look-at some American gentleman behaviour strange and queer in publick, then I enjoy suspicion, “That person is expecting for nomination to President!”

Because this. When gentleman require to be notice by Delegates of Convention he must perform something queer in publicity. Sometime he take too much cocktail, sometime too much buttermilk — drink depending on religious training. Then all newspapers go to his doorway and ask for photo, childhood and name of party by which he prefers to be runned. Pretty soonly this candidate is celebrated name in all mouths. After this he may be elected, which is too difficult to think about, thank you!



By last week I seen Yoni Sadekachi, wealthy and influential Japanese greenhouse, enjoying phenomenak cataclyptic spasm of fits on street corner. Large crowd was present including three American reporters. Next morning following headline in all American newspaper:

JAPANESE SPASM OF FITS!!!

HON. YONI SADEKACHI ENJOYS ONE AND

GAINS LARGE MERIT OF JAPANESE

VOTERS PRESENT.

WILL HE BE NOMINATION FOR PRESIDENT?

WE ASK TO KNOW

Pretty soonly news-children scream announcement all over this America. Political man see this and report. "Yes, please, this Hon. Yoni will make very happy candidate for Republican party with fusion of Japanese Socialists. It will be pleasant to mention him if everything else fails."

This is to show, Mr. Editor, how dangerous it is to encourage talented Japanese in this kingdom.

One Japanese poem, please, for your printer to practise on:

*SILENCE OF NEXT ADMINISTRATION*

Last night I dream this when heliotrope of despair breathe  
to lily-flower,

When moonlight is there

And crane-bird stand with bill under its elbow:

One Angel arrive to my bedstead.

"Good morning," I report, "what is your name?"

"How do you do," she say. "My name is Silence."

"Hon. Silence," I exclaim, "how did you get into this country?"

"I got in," she exclaim, "when Hon. Roosevelt got out."

"Is Hon. Roosevelt got out?" I support.

"O yes," say Angel, "can not you hear the sound of Silence  
all over land?"

Silence in Congress, in Nursery, in Pulpit, in Wall Street?

Can not you hear it?

You are blind in ears if not!"

"O yes," I retort, "I hear it, Mr. Angel;

But it is not Perfect Silence."

"No, not Perfect Silence—

But it is silent enough to be noticed.

Almost Anything

Sounds like Silence

By comparison

Of Hon. Roosevelt.

"Therefore sweet sleep,

Pull down blinds,

Blow out gas—

Good night!"

So speak Angel when heliotrope of despair droop to lily-  
flower,

When moonlight is there

And crane-bird stand with bill under its elbow.

Therefore, Mr. Editor, I leave it to you.  
Silence is not best sweetest quality for energetic  
kingdom like this. Please fix Hon. Roosevelt to  
stay on chair for remainder of generation. For

if he is removed panick of loneliness will assassinate Japanese Boy.

Hoping you will fix it by me,

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.

S. P. — I have obtained legitimate job of table-waiting at Fujiyama Restaurant where my mail will get to. H. Sunigawa, Prop., is one very patriotic gentleman who works as Japanese Spy when not employed.

H. T.

## IX

HON. MODESTY: IS IT A DISEASE ?

SAN FRANCISCO, March 14th.

*To Editor New York Newspaper who is considerable careless about answer to letters of poor Japanese Schoolboy, excuse him for more of.*

DEAR SIR — Sometime when Hon. Rudyard Kipling write, he begin each paragraf with nice piece of poem. Therefore I must do it like him. Excuse following:

### *THE SONG OF OUCH*

In Tunk by the Tower of Tcm  
In the Land of the Living Joke  
Lived a race of Sadds who were modest lads  
And blushed when their names was spoke

They shrieked at the thought of Fame  
And shaked like the infant pine,  
While they turned all white when they  
seen the sight  
Of an Advertising Sign.

So they lived in the fear of Boast  
In the Age that Has Went Behind:  
But if any of They still remain to-day  
They is certainly Hard to find!

Hon. Mrs. Lusy Macdonald to whom I am now a greenhouse employed by her geraniums at 10c each to relieve them of what bugs they got is very nice-hearted. Her husband is a dead gentleman who took decease by asthma in joints. So she approached to me yesterday with customary tear-drop & 1 pair pants to say:

“These property of past Macdonald I am give to you because they wake bitter memories & are wore out around knees.” Slight sobs from her.

I observe them hon. pants which is very tall garments of dissipated appearance.

“O thank you so many, Hon. Mrs. Madam!” I report with salvo. “I shall took them home & rehearse wearing them.” I back off for respect and get away with them hon. pants.

At Patriots of Japan Boarding & Lodging, where I hope to move from before payment is necessary, I lock myself away with them garment, and try to make it fit. So sorry can't do! When I clasp it with dignified safety-pin at waist each leg is too far beyond my foots — it give me reverent appearance of kneeling. I try to deceive them pants to look briefer by rolling them upwards. Also I coax them at stummick by fastening belt around shoulders. By this way I am entirely inside of that tailorship which is too plenty.

Then suddenly Cousin Nogi make in-come to my



““Would they fit me perhaps?’ I ask for vanity”







room, because he is a relative and can do so without knocking. He look quite gast at me.

"You are clothed entirely," he signify with smart expression.

"Would they fit me perhaps?" I ask for vanity.

"Maybe so they might," dictate Nogi, "but they are too loose around neck."

"What to do with such gifts from lady?" I inquire for reply.

"To wear it next to heart," contuse Nogi with smiling. "If you wear it on publick streetfare crowd will collect to indicate that you are one very famous Japanese. Persons will proclaim: 'There go them Hon. Pants!' Maybe you will be escort by police wherever went. It is so easy to become famous."

"No can do, please!" I prefer.

"No to?" stagger Nogi for disappoint.

"Ah, no!" I relapse. "I should not desire to become famous for pants. Hon. Modesty is a Japanese characteristick."

"Hon. Modesty is a disease," corrode that Nogi with scornful snip; so he tell following myth of antique Japan which is a very favourite stories of Grandmothers to illustrate the Hon. Modesty.

In some way-back period of B. C. there reside at Kioto one Emperor by name of Motomatsu

who was awful modest about it. When spoke of as Famous he became a very ill person. He was shy about publick banzai. When he depart out from Hon. Palace for auto-ride all loyal subjecks was lined up by pave to decry: "Banzai! Banzai! Such nice Emperor Motomatsu!" They then kneel upon their faces to signify it. But Hon. Motomatsu enjoy angry rage for such publick demonstrictions and decry: "So conspickorous!" while he kick loyal subjecks on skull. Because he was shy.

Pretty soonly he make sneek out of Palace by back door to avoid them noyful mob of shoutings. But one Grocery Boy seen him and observe to inquire: "Why do Kings go out by back doors when should not?" "Hush it!" say Motomatsu. "I am doing it so as not to be too famous." So when he make pass-on them Grocery Boy go to all populus of Japan and decry: "Hon. Emperor is departing by back door!" Then 1,000,000 of them loyal subjecks assemblance to trademan entrance of Palace & peek to see — and sure of! Hon. Emperor again is saw making sneek-in to Palace. "Permit us to hail!" say peasantry, but Hon. Emperor relapse with peev: "Go hail somewheres else!" And he throw brick-bat to them.

So them Hon. Emperor get worse modest all time. Pretty soonly he borrow rag-clothing from

beggerly man and wander forth in them disguise. But Hon. Populus, when they seen him, decry: "O look-see what has arrive! Our dear Emperor are ragged out to be a beggerly man! Is he not conspicerous in such a clothing? Ah, yes!" And they surround him with a program of dances, including exhibitions of jiu jitsu, resolutions of respect, geisha waltz, speak, fireworks & baloon-races. Pretty soonly Carnegie Commission approach with brass medal of reward. "For what?" say Hon. Emperor. "For extreme shyness in action," say Hon. Commission. By this Hon. Motomatsu is very disgust, so he cut off them Commission at neck, then he chop 1,000 loyal subjecks with ax and go back Palace.

But when them loyal subjecks pick up their heads what was chopped they say: "Sure is! Mr. Emperor must be modest about publick appearance. Quite well! Then we will cease hailing him, if he is so disagree."

Next day when Hon. Emperor go off for walk, what! Such vacancy of street! He is queer to feel. He go back Palace with lonesome smile. "Maybe I am dress too silently to be seen," he-say. So he put on uniform of Field Marshall & walk outside again. Nothing to do. Even little sparrow-birds is absent with banzais. "O mania! Have I quit being famous?" subtract that Moto-

matsu, losing some flesh for griefs. So by soon-time he make début to street in drum-major uniform recruited by very large brass band. But Hon. Publick is home reminding their own business. This are too much worry for Hon. Emperor who go bed & is attended by appendicitis. Pretty soonly he enjoy death and got a tomb near Kioto. In front of it are following inscription:

“Motomatsu have got his bones here.  
He were a Good Advertiser;  
But he Worked it too Hard.”

Mr. Editor, Hon. Modesty were a disease very common among Great Mens in antique Japan. In these here day modern insanitary methods of brushing off microbes have got rid of such shy germs pretty good. Yet Great Mens is still in some tiny danger of being bit by it. At White Palace of Washington Dr. Rickey must be in constant attendance with microscope to watch for it. Each President Message must be very careful fumigated — and on some days this are pretty much of a job, thank you.

By each morning-time Hon. President must have corner of eye-glasses, mustache & tooth examined for fearful that some Wyoming constituent might maybe brought in bashful germs that will get into Hon. Policies & spoil everything.

This Surgeon-Gen. Rickey must be a very

worried person. Suppose he go cod-fishing some Sunday off & become carelus about them hon. microbes? Ah, fatal! Next morning he go to White Cabinet & discover Hon. President enjoying high temperature of terrible blushes.

"Sec. Loeb," he are saying, "please turn to Nineteenth Interstate Proclamation, page 1102B, and attack it with blue pencil."

"Quite good, Mr. Sire," say them Hon. Loeb. "What to do with them words?"

"Scratch out all pronouns spelled with an 'I' and supply 'American People' for it," say Hon. President.

"Will do," say Hon. Sec. with nervous glance.

"Next substitute considerable changes. Change 'My Policies' to 'Mr. Bryan's Policies,' change 'My Navy' to 'Admiral Brownson's Navy,' change ——"

Dr. Rickey stand at corner of room with horrors springing at knees. "It are my carelus fault — some scarce disease have got in through window!" he whisper to guilty self.

"Next turn attention to library of books," say that Presidential Invalid. "Change 'My Works' to 'Works of Divine Providence.' Every time 'Grizzly Bear' are mention change it to 'Grey Squirrel,' change 'Must Not' to 'Please Don't,' change ——"



“Stop it, Mr. Sire!” say them Physician with alarms; “if you continue it thus you will have ‘Malefactors’ changed to ‘Benefactors’!”

So White House Hospital Corps are ringed for and Hon. President took by forceful quarantine to Federal Hospital where one porous plaster are put on his Ego to draw it out. While enjoying relapse there he occupy cot formerly layed in by Hons. Albert Beverage, Ben Tillman & other Egos enjoying the same shy germ.

What would become of Hon. Literature, Mr. Editor, if them Literaries was nibbled by Hon. Modesty? What would become of Publishing Business if Hon. Mrs. Eleanor McGlynty, after wroting one book of title, “Three Months,” should spend that period of time blushing over what ensue in it? What would happen to Hon. Jack of London or Hon. Thomas of Boston if they forgot to tell Hon. World how remarkably much they are? Would Hon. World remember their praises if *they* did n’t? I ask to know.

What would ensue if Hon. Bernard Shaw should took the habit of shrinkage? Might he know how to stop before he had entirely shrunk away until he was very little more than size of Homer, Shakespeare & any other insignificant super-gentleman? I require no answer.

Mr. Editor, if I had died in old-fashion generation of water-power reputation I would have got on my tombstone:

Here Lies Togo,  
He was a good man.

But as I live in age of gas-power greatness, I must have on my door-plate:

Here Lives Togo.  
He is a great man.  
If you don't believe it,  
Step in and he will  
Tell you so.

With love to your printer,  
Yours truly,  
HASHIMURA TOGO



## X

### SPRING

SAN FRANCISCO, April 1st.

*To Editor of New York newspaper which rains  
supreme for intelligence of editorial tipewriting.*

DEAR SIR    O! Spring have came!

Where did it arrive from? is question for Japanese Boy.

Do it arrive from Palm Beach of sunny climb, song-sing of nightinglory-bird, hypnotism of tropick mooners where poets is whacking musical liars in the middle of such nice weather? Do it arrive from ore the sea blew along by Rory Bory Alice & other mythology ladies of awfully gauze dressing which travel by zephyr to drop don't-forget-me bud & other garden seeds on top of happy farmer? Ah no! it do not.

Where *do* this Spring arrive from then, if not?

By newspaper print I read how it arrive from Paris, thank you!

Flower of Spring do not come to America by them poetical way I said. They are first noticed in New York by Hon. Custom Inspector who give American eye-wink when he see such many

trunks of French extraction. He notice they are label "Handle by Care," so he open them carefully with an axe. From each divided trunk come explosion of rare beauty. Violet-colour roses, rose-colour violets, blue-colour carnations, off-colour daisies, lilies-of-valley in red, white, & blue and sunflowers of 27 delicious varieties of sunset. That sad interior of Custom House, so oftenly accustomed to shady gloom of dark & dingy Tariff, grow suddenly to joyful fire-alarm by them race-riot of colour. All employees of them Custom House forget murdering thought of their cruel hearts and is instantly gentle by sight of such bouquets. They forget to do their duty on sliding scale. Their eyes is overdone for tear drop with sweetheart thought of childhood. Numerous sighs is enjoyed while looking to them flowers, all hats is removed and for one moment of time that Custom House forget to think of Eternal Revenue on cigars, the patness of Jo-uncle Cannon and welcome to America by the Uncivil Service. Such is influence of Nature on savage persons.

Then come Easter and I am not responsible for what happen. Hon. Solomon, who was legally accustomed to 100 wives, was very suspicious about Spring when it come along from Paris, so he say with voice for all future layers of Husbands, "Consider the lilies how they cost!" When one Chris-

tian lady begin to consider the lilies in shop window it is important for Christian Husband to consider something else with absent-minded expression.

In Spring young American mind naturally turn to sport of baseballing. Japanese Boy have found out how-do to get there to place where them National Sport is done. Walk some distance to suburbs of trolley when, all of a suddenly, you will notice a sound. It is a very congregational lynch-law sound of numerous voices doing it all at once. Silence punctuates this. Then more of.

“Why all this yall about, unless of mania?” I require to know from Hon. Police.

“San Francisco is in it and Oakland is outside of it,” say Hon. Police with moustache. “San Francisco have made bat-hit and three gentlemen have arrive home.”

“So happy to welcome travellers!” I decry. “Have them gentlemen been long absent for such publick banzai?”

“All over bean-farm,” say Hon. Police. “They was all on bags,” he say, “and two mans had died on first basso ——”

“I shall enjoy mourning for them heroes,” I retort.

“ — then Hon. Murphy acquire one base by high finance.”



“‘Why all this yall about, unless of mania?’ I require to know from Hon. Police.”



“How-so he possess this base?” is next question for me.

“He steal it,” say Hon. Police with cigar.

I admire talents of that Hon. Murphy who can steal things while all publick make shout of applaud. With practice he would become very delicious Senator.

More loud yall of shouts is heard. I am an enthusiasm. What fierce harakiri of patriotism was going on to make them Americans so loud? Such sound of hates! Port Arthur was took with less noise than that. Therefore I must see about it.

I go to fence where ticket-hole demand 50c of price to see it.

“Why must Japanese Boy pay such price?” I renig.

“Because-so,” say Ticketer, “Baseballing is National Sport. Therefore each patriot must pay them 50c for Campaign Fund to Hon. Cortelyou.”

I admit myself to gate.

In seats around gallery all-American persons is settled in state of very hoarse condition. Downstairs on ground is 10 to 11 Baseballers engaged in doing so. I am scientifick about this Game which is finished by following rules:

One strong-arm gentleman called a Pitch is hired to throw. Another gentleman called a Stop is responsible for whatever that Hon. Pitch



throw to him, so he protect himself from wounding by sofa-pillows which he wear on hands. Another gentleman called a Striker stand in front to that Stop and hold up club to fright off that Hon. Pitch from angry rage of throwing things. But it is useless. Hon. Pitch in hand hold one baseball of an unripe condition of hardness. He raise that arm lofty — then twist — O sudden! He shoot them bullet-ball straight to breast of Hon-Stop. Hon. Striker swing club for vain effort. It is a miss & them deathly ball shoot Hon. Stop in gloves. “Struck once!” decry Hon. Umperor, a person which is there to gossip about it in loud voice.

“Why do Hon. Umperor demand Hon. Striker to struck when he have already did so?” I demand to know from one large German intelligence what set next by me.

“He is fanning himself outside,” make that courteous foreigner for reply, so I prefer to understand.

Once more-time that Hon. Pitch prepare to enjoy some deathly agony. He hold that ball outside of twisted forearm, turn  $\frac{1}{2}$  beside himself, throw elbows away, give whirling salute of head, caress ankle with calf of leg, then up-air — quickly shoot! Ball journey to Hon. Stop with whizz, but before arriving there Hon. Striker see it with

club. There is considerable knock-sound as club collide to ball which stops continuing in that direction and bounds up to air. Great excitement for all America! All spectacles in grandstand decry, "O make sliding, Hon. Sir!" and many voices is seriously spoiled as Hon. Striker run with rapid heels from each base to next & all other Baseballers present endeavour to pull down that ball which is still in very high sky. But soonly that ball return down and is bounded into hands of second basso sportsman who shoot it to Hon. Stop just as Hon. Striker is sliding to fourth base by the seat of his stummick.

"Out!" decry Hon. Umperor, so Hon. Striker go set himself on back bench, which is deserving place for all heroes.

So many Strikers is brought up to do them clubbing acts during game that it become a monotony to Japanese Boy in a very soon time. But not-so it was to Americans who was fuller of Indiana yalls. Occasionally that large German intelligence what set next to me would say with voice, "Kill that Umperor!"

"Why should Hon. Umperor be executed?" I require for answer.

"I am not sure why-is," extort that German. "But it is courteous to demand his death occasionally."

"Is this Umperor such a sinful citizen?" I make note; but that Hon. German did not response because he was drownding his voice from one bottle of pop-soda for value of 5c.

I wait for very large hour to see death of this Hon. Umperor, but it did not occur as I seen. Too bad! I had very good seat to see from.

Baseballing is healthy game for Americans. It permits them to enjoy sunstroke in middle of patriotick sounds, it teach them a entirely courageous vocabulary and put 10,000,000,000,000 peanuts in circulation by each annual year. Japan must learn to do it. If all Japanese wishing to become heroes should go set in bleachers each afternoon-time it might change them from Yellow Peril to yelling section in short generation.

But warfare is a more agreeable way.

Spring was discovered by Japanese several years before zero. Antique Japanese noblemans, when they seen sweet Irish-flowers blooming and acting fresh was suspicious that maybe it was sign of Spring, but they did not say-so nothing about it, because laws was very just in them date. Hon. Bashu, celebrated for Japanese poetry, say:

"O Spring, Spring,  
Thou art such gentle thing!"

Hon. Japanese Emperor read this songsing and call Hon. Bashu to court-house and give him

one chop-off by axe. "You are too original for to live," he say by remark.

Hon. Onion Jo, Japanese ranch-boy of Contra Costa County, recently enjoy one railway accident. His 2 feetprints has been missing since then. So you will please forgive following Japanese sonnet he send me because he is a very weak patience in hospital:

*CONVERSATION TALKED BY ONION JO WITH  
ONE FOOLISH-BIRD ON SPRINGTIME TWIGS*

Told me in song-sing, tree-bird of April Foolish,  
Why do America Fleet  
Travel so low-down in water-tight Ocean?  
Why-so  
Is all symptoms of armour-belt missing  
And why such cargo of weight?  
"Twit! Twit!"  
Response them animal in voice of Commander Sims,  
"Them Pacific Fleet travel deep-down  
For very good reason.  
Admiral Reuterdahl is in command of it."  
After which remark them tree-bird make humoristick signals.

Told me in music, tree-bird of green ideas,  
Why do Hon. Forker of O-hio  
Feel so just about Negro-race?  
Are he Senator from Brownsville  
That he is dutifully obliged  
To make them hurt sounds  
When chocolate citizenship is insult?"  
"Tut! Tut!"  
Abjurgate them thoughtless Fowl,

"Hon. Forker have very scholarly brain-thoughts;  
He remind himself of poetry by Mother Geese,

" 'Bah, bah, Black Vote,  
Have you any pull?'

Hon. Forker is such Dark Horse now  
That he enjoy complete eclipse, thank you."  
And them peculiar Chicken make knocking noise with bill.

Told me in harmony, raving Tom-sparrow,  
Why did all patriotic persons  
Make such elaborate hand-clasp  
With red automobile  
And other National emblems  
When Hon. Eugene Schmitz  
Broke jail?

What did he done in jail  
To give him such cleanly reputation  
In them few months?  
"Cluck! Cluck!"

Modulate them demented species of Duck,  
"It is surprisingly useless to deposit Hon. Grafters in jail.  
Because for reason:

If a person is a great enough Grafter  
To go jail,  
Then he must be great enough Grafter  
To get out.

San Francisco is excited about Local Talent."  
Thus saying it, them April Foolish Bird  
Make a noise like Emma Goldman  
And flatter away  
In direction of Boise City, Idaho.

Hoping you are sufficiently discouraged,

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.

S.P. — From daily print I see it how one tame sculptor of Utah have cut out one famous statue called "Monument to Gulls." This to be stood up in Salt Lake City. Would not such a monument look more sentimental in Wall Street? I require no answer.

H. T.



## XI

### EDUCATION IN AMERICAN LANGUAGE

SAN FRANCISCO, April 10th.

*To Fashionable Creator of Newspaper Talk.*

DEAR MR.—When first time your printer put-in my letter I am so happy I feel very discouraged to write more. “Banzai! I shall make literary career of myself!” This shout from me. Literary writing must be good job for all Americans not fit for honest work. I am understood to be told that Hon. Jack London receive for price from 15c to 20c for each word he make. This is so very easy way it appear deceptive. How should I prosper in such a Graft! At 20c for each word how happy for Japanese Boy! By early morning I should go to fashionable American restaurant and require of Waiter, “Hon. Sir., deliver to me 1 plate ham & 2 eggs, please!” This would be the number of 12 words @ 20c per word — therefore bringing me the price \$2.40! Breakfast might cost 75c, Waiter might require 25c to tip himself, yet Waiter must still owe Japanese Boy \$1.40, which is balance of \$2.40 for them 12 words I said.

Immediately I became great Author in my brain-thoughts. I make running stampede to publick Library and read "12th Night," by Shakespeare of England and "Friday the 13th" by Lawson of Boston, so as to learn both ends of the American language. I learn considerable extinct vocabulary from both of these gentlemen, then I set down with ink-stand to write 1 letter to you.

It is not equal to human justice, Mr. Editor, that you send me \$4.34 in postage stamps as reply payment to this. What to do with these stamps? 217 2c postages require considerable correspondence to get away from. To waste these postages I have wrote following correspondence:

1. To New York Newspaper already 10 letters which you know of.

2. To Uncle Hashimura of Kobe, 6 letters of painful truth.

3. To Miss Alice Furioki, pleasant lady of yellow extraction, 13 letters on sweetheart subjects.

4. To Pres. Roosevelt, King Edward, F. Augustus Heintz & Eugene Schmitz 48 total letters.

These make all together 77 stamps used up. Therefore I have got remaining in my pocket 140 stamps, many of which is ruined by wear. In next payment for my literary letters would you be so regardless as to make reply in nickel-pieces?

These moneys is small, but very good for Japanese education. Thanks so many!

If I could get good job somewhere writing novel-books I would learn this American language, which is hard thing to do because so full of words. American gentlemen I have speaked to employ the 2 following kinds of conversation:

1. Kind what is discovered in Dixionary book.
2. Kind what is not there.

In Dixionary of Hon. Noah Webster there contain 26,000 language-words to talk. It took this gentleman lifetime to do so. To speak American language it is necessary to learn them 26,000 natural words, which I have did, thank you. But it is useless to try so hard because Elsewhere-words is commonly used for conversation. Where must Japanese Boy go to obtain such talk?

My cousin Nogi explain this answer. He say that Elsewhere-words of American mans is called "Slank," which means "talking-with-words-that-is-found-here-and-there." Dixionary talk is good for church sociables, high-schools, and professors; Slank talk is good for riots, prize-fighting, newspapers, colleges, and all kinds of energy. Both are good ways to know.

Frequently in walking about sidewalk I hear gentlemans cry, "24 for you!" This is signal for great laugh which all do. I can not tell when

to, so I do not. What then is so humoristic about this number "24"? Would not number 12 or number 14 do equally fine for laughing purposes? I require to know.

Lemons, too, is comic fruit for Slank-talking persons. Joking-gentlemans deliver these lemon fruit to each other for holiday gift. It is insulting not to laugh when this is done.

To-day I speak to Hon. Mr. Strunsky, Irish gentleman, about Hon. W. J. Bryan, late President of these Uniteds State.

"Where has he fell to?" I require for answer.

"This Bryan man is dead one," report Hon. Strunsky.

"So sorry — I shall wear mourning for this good man," I reject.

"Tall timber is place for you," resume this Strunsky man with laughing eye.

"So sorry not to do," I say back, "because forest is far distant from great city."

"Then pursue self around this block, Hon. Togo," he compel. I do so, thank you. But while exercising I stop with abrupt brain-thought. Them words of Mr. Strunsky was less Dixionary talk than Slank talk! Tell me, Mr. Editor, how should I translate them conversation of Strunsky into Japanese?

It is disadvantage of American language that

gentlemen cannot be insulting to each other without some impoliteness. One gentleman meet some other gentleman at saloon-corner. Making step-up to each other one gentleman explain,

“You are a pill!”

Immediately following noises are enjoyed:

1. Night cry.
2. Broken property.
3. Approach of ambulance.
4. Silence.

In Japan, among top-classes, trouble is enjoyed more peaceably. Suppose Count Noku desire to have insult with Baron Obi. They shall meet at lunch, thank you, to talk this. They first disgust their appetites with tea, cigarettes, Japanese ginger-snaps, conversation. Finally at last Count Noku say to Baron Obi,

“Esteemed & high-horse Samurai, would you care to have insult for me?”

“Magnificent Count,” say this Obi, “it is your exalted privilege to insult me.”

“Thank you for the benefit,” say this Noku, “I will do so.” And so saying this he pull one hair from head of that Obi.

“Ouch, thank you, I am insult!” retort Baron Obi. Following this there is quiet hara-kiri with table-knife.

At food-stand of Mr. Swartz I often lunch there for economy. Best nourishment may be obtained for 5c by ordering 3 sausages from Frankfurter Germany with slice of toast.

Yesterday I go as customary to this. As customary I say, "Give me the same, those 3 sausages from Frankfurter."

And Mr. Swartz, turning to cookeryman, cry with voice:

"Hot-dog!"

Therefore I must not eat them food because it is cannibalism. If Mr. Swartz is not speaking Slank talk, then he should be sent to prison for Pure Food Laws.

You may see, Mr. Sir., how it is not safe to go around in this U. S. without sufficient Slank words. Japanese schoolboys might be poisoned by eating something which is Slank for something else. To example this danger, my cousin Nogi say how Hon. Casey of Labouring Union is "a lobster." I am very fond to eat lobster, but I should disgust to eat this Mr. Casey.

I have been collecting them Elsewhere-words all day and have congregated quite a cluster of Slank talk which I shall put into Dixionary for Japanese Schoolboys. I am very excited when I think of this vocabulary. I have arranged many of them raggle-time speeches into following



poetical thought which I was misfortune enough  
to sent with 2c postage to Miss Alice Furioki,  
lady I tell you I was engaged to marry with:

*LOVING SENTIMENT EXPRESSED IN AMERICAN  
LANGUAGE*

How do I stand in relation to you, O Peach?  
Is Japanese Boy A. no. 1 or twenty-third in line for your mis-  
behaving eyes?  
Peek-a-boo, I am on the wink,  
I am batty in thoughts,  
Also insect-house, because my heart is mashed!  
It would JAR you to know!  
Do not give me the refusal on neck,  
Do not see me with glass-eye.  
Or present frost-mitten with cod-fish expression,  
O exquisite one; O tootsy-woot,  
O Pansy.

Must I remain infinitely distant among waving of Tall  
Grass?  
Or must I get more closer, more cozy-corner,  
More next?  
Can not this Japanese be candy-boy for you,  
Sure-thing, bet-your-life, O joy?  
To be Johnny-on-dot for you,  
To pay steady car-fare (when possible)  
This would be ticket for Girl Proposition.  
Such a cheese!

On the death, are you giving me some string,  
Are you hot-airing me?  
How about waiting at church?  
Will it be yet, if not soon?  
I require for answer

As p. d. q. as possible, O Fluffy Ruffles —  
 Otherwise  
 No wedding gong for Japanese Boy!

These answer from that lovely Japanese come  
 back by gallop response:

DEAR SIR — Your poetry in Swedish language is here,  
 thank you to understand. I shall ask Hon. Mrs. Johannes-  
 senn to translate this, if respectable. I am not awaiting some  
 reply for this. Yours thankfully,

ALICE FURIOKI (Miss).

Perhapsly, Mr. Editor, you had more better  
 postpone my wedding with her. Besides this she  
 has recently married my cousin Nogi, which is  
 very selfish act.

In Japan there is a quaint rhythm-song which  
 is sang by all philosophers and gentlemen engaged  
 for marriage. It is like these in Japanese.

Ichi-ho, pachi-ko,  
 Nagasaki run —  
 Sago-man, koko-man,  
 Bun, bun, bun!

This words when translated to American say  
 like these: "Going around makes returning in  
 circles, but continuing that may keep up." This  
 is very wise poem — but what does it mean? In  
 some way it are like American Slank talk.

All well here except J. Furo, who is not.

Yours truly,  
 HASHIMURA TOGO.

## XII

### THE VISIT OF THE FLEET TO SAN FRANCISCO

SAN FRANCISCO, May 6th.

*To Editor New York newspaper who I occasionally trust & often admire for quotation from Hon. Browning.*

MR. — O !!! Patriotick banzai of hurrah!

America Fleet of Roosevelt Excursionists have arrive to S. F. Ferry Depot.

I would of send this by wire-telegraf, but Hon. Operator was inattentive about me when I have no price sufficiently much to. He say: "Who-pay?" I-say: "Hon. Editor." "Hon. Editor may-be-so will," he demure and resume job of tick-tick. Good-by for me.

Morning of fleet-arrive was splandid. By early hour of day all S. F. persons has clustered themselves on tip of hills & suppression of excitement was enjoyed. Considerable watching occurred. Barking of dogs was strangled by collars, infant babies which desired to weep was spanked for prevention of. Silences. Depressed banners was held in American hands to get ready wave it.

Many persons in Sabbath clothings was there,

including 1,000 Japanese Spies which were very nice behaviour. I was nationally proud of them.

Of suddenly, Oh !!!

Through crack of Goldy Gate, what-see? Maglifsent sight of marine insurance! Floating war-boats of dozens approaching directly straight by line & shooting salutes at people. On come them Imperial Navy of Hon. Roosevelt & Hon. Hobson; what heart could quit beating at it? Such white paint—like bath-tub enamel, only more respectful in appearance.

All shout, all maddy banzai, including me & Cousin Nogi which was wishing that Hon. Togo could been there to shoot in opposite direction. Would it not been a impressive pair of naval spectacles? I ask to know.

From collected  $\frac{1}{2}$  million of persons on hills of S. F. one mad yall of star-spangly joy. Fire-crack salute, siren whistle, honk-horn, megaphone, extra edition, tenor solo — all connected together to give impressions of loyal panderonium. What say Lord Macawber, English history-poet, in “Lies of Ancient Rome”?

“And even the ranks of Tuskagee  
Could scarce forbear a cheer.”

(I wish I could sent this wire-telegram for speed.  
Please excuse sneer from Hon. Operator.)

I have n't yet saw them gallant Adm. Robert D. Evans, but I take delicious look at Hon. Battle-boat *Conn.* by 2 opera glasses (kindness loan of Cousin Nogi) & there I see one commanding figure standing on  $\frac{1}{4}$  deck where shoot & shell might go muckraking four & aft, if such a rude target-practice was going on. Was man I seen them famous sea-doggy what have drove that fleet from N. Y. to S. F. while enjoying twitches of pain what would make considerable Heroes want to quit? If that man I seen was Hon. Evans, Japanese Samurai wants to remove cap to him. He are not a Hero — he are a Marter, which is a Hero tied to a post.

(When Hon. Operator seen my telegraf he-say: "What language is them wrote in?" I am confused.)

For space of several next days this Hon. City are overcame by considerable Program. Something go on each elsewhere including new-build section & also places where remainders of Hon. Earthquack are still enjoyed. Following was did from what little I was aware:

*Wed.* — Toot - whistle, anchor - fleet, boom-salute — hurrah! Hon. Mr. Mayor Taylor & High Governor Gilette go-see Flagship *Conn.* "How-do, Adm. Evans!" Fleet shake-hands





“When Hon. Operator see my telegraf he-say ‘What language is them wrote in?’”





with yackts, tug-boats, ferry-boats & all official vehicles. Hon. Evans come shore. Salutes. Honk-auto to Hotel Fairmont where Adm. Evans meet Mrs. Evans. More salutes. All Hon. Officers come march-in with un-officered excitement. Quiet bouquets. By evening Hon. Sec. Metcalf enjoy grand waltz-time Hotel Fairmont. I am not familiar with when this was expected to burst up.

*Thur.* — Awful important parade along line of march including National Guard and other private carriages. American standing army was included in this together with such Generals as was there. All blue-jackets, marines & officers march in this; but Hon. Battleboats did not come ashore, because they could not do. Market Street all bunted with red, white & blue & 4th of July enjoyed by all. Fatigue of march was added to by speeches. By evening some more waltz-time for Hon. Officers. Hon. Sailors must not be careless about steam-beer. All burst up by early clock.

*Fri.* — All go visit Hon. America Fleet. Great relays of persons in boat-loads because everybody was anxious. Visitors including of College Presidents, Labouring Unions, Society, Persons &

many more. Special reception was gave to 1,000 Japanese Spies which came with kodaks.

*Sat.* — This day has not arrived yet; but we expect it.

Mr. Editor, I am anxious to where them Hon. Fleet will next go by departure. Will Japan be visited firstly & then some Christian country, or will it be *visa-vis*? I ask to know, because way them Fleet act are highly probable to Japanese Schoolboy.

Will you please wrote letter to Hon. Metcalf inflaming him about not having them Hon. Fleet go visit China? After U. S. Navy have saw Japan she will not care go China, I say it because. Japan are a deliciously arranged country with hot & cold water in all rivers and streams. Japan are picturesque with addition of all modern improvement. America tourist can go top of anteek temple Nara, by all-night elevator service. 2c tip for this. Geisha-girl do quaint dance to Edison phonograph musick. Jinrikisha run by gasolene motor make very speed time. Japan are a very antiseptick island full of Art. America fleeters will enjoy this & buy souvenirs for minus price. Pleasant farewell, Hon. America, & no fights with Togo.

But China!! Such eye-pain of Nations where



“‘But China!! Such eye-pain of nations . . . ’”



virtues is considerably extolled upon hon. tablets of ansisters, but them hon. relicks is seldom washed, so that they can't not be read. That is one kingdom where enlightenment is unacquainted, where derby hats is unknown, where book-keeping & stenography is not even worshipped for its good qualities! Entire towns & counties of them ignorant kingdom is gave over to pipe-hitting ceremony of opium sniff, which is a insiderous poison that give sweet imagination which is followed by entire unfitness for football, predatory wealth and anything else what is useful & American. I give you my entire insurance, Mr. Editor, China are a race of pig-tail mollycuddles. Why should civilized kingdom wish to retain open door with China? It would be more delicate to close such a door & keep off pungus odour of opium-smoke & heathen punk-stick.

There is two kind of Heathens, Mr. Editor. One kind worship gods what is placed on tiled pedestals of Portland Cement & treated with hydrogen peroxide to remove affectionate germs. Other kind of Heathens adore idles made of wood, which it are a sacrilage to scrub, because it would remove sacred associations including typhoid, tuberculosis & social unrest.

Please to no let Hon. Fleet visit China. All Japanese are sorry because Hon. China are so



wicked. Some day that dear Japan will annex China for personal property, then America fleet can visit & see how clean & smooth Heathens can be when treated by Japan.

Hon. Wu, Chinese minister of sinful profile, oftenly make comick speeches before American Y. M. C. A. He tell what a human person Chinese can be, he relate about "awakening of China" & is a pretty good Irishman for repartee. Maybe China are awake, but she have missed her train.

Please don't listen to Mr. Wu, Hon. Sir! Listen to Baron Takahira who never says nothing, and therefore is a very good embassy. Baron Takahira are a Diplomatick Stroke, while that Hon. Wu are nothing but a Yellow Peril.

Little Annie Anazuma, 8-year-age daughter of I. Anazuma, Japanese barber, are now nine years of oldness. Because of her extreme youngness she must be led to high-tip of Russia Hill to see impropach of America Fleet, because she are interested in naval affairs.

While I hold her to shoulder for see better them cast-iron delegation swim by on wave she declare:

"Why are such demonstration of monstrous floaters here now, Uncle Togo?"

"To have wholesome effect on certain Oriental Power," I collapse with very Tafty expression of publick knowledge.

“What effect will such floating have on certain Oriental Power?” require little Annie.

“Them Oriental Power will build ten new *Dreadnoughts* instead of six,” I relegate.

“So joyful!” tabulate little Annie. “Then such Oriental Power will be head of all!”

“Delay to rejoice,” I subtract. “When Hon. England see this he will built twelve new fight-ships of *Lusitania* class, Germany will construct fourteen new shoot-boats of *Fatherland* type, America will consult Senator Burton & think of appropriating something some time for a gunboat.”

“Great war will ensue when them Navies is did!” narrate little Annie.

“Stop suddenly!” I dib. “When all them Dreadnought navies is completed they will discovery that they are five years out of style and will be useful as ferryboats.”

“That will be comfortable for peaceful pic-nicks,” derange that little Annie which have close, childish brain.

“What say Hon. And. Carnegie about battle-ships? He-say: ‘More elaborate you built navies, more peaceful Hon. World will get. Large steel ship are good thing for business of Hague,’ he-say.”

“Large steel ship are good thing for business of

Hon. Carnegie," corrode little Anne Anazuma,  
who is an advanced kindergarten.

Hoping I will be present to get it when your Hon.  
Office Lad are fired off, I am

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.

## XIII

### FLIGHTY NAVIGATION OF AIR

SAN FRANCISCO, June 2d.

*To Editor New York Newspaper which sores  
alof like eagly-bird which have a noble habit  
of being flighty.*

DEAREST SIR — I am given to be understood by newspaper information that Right Bros, famous airnots, has solved problemb of air navigation again by very delicious wreckage. Them Right Bros fly-tests is always shot off with entire secrecy, so that Japanese navy won't be there to represent itself. This time them sky-boat manoever were witnessed by less than 2,000 persons, mostly reporters, inventors & foreign powers, who seen very nicely from bushes 25 miles away where they was hid out of range of Hon. Right's shoot-gun.

New airship of Right Bros is called Mud Hen II., because them crafts should all be named after some bird what they act like. Hon. Bell's air-boat are called "White Wings" because they never grow weary of trying to. That Mud Hen II. are a 6-cylinder, runabout type of airoplane

built on model of 3 pancakes and worked with strings which Hon. Right have attached to thumbs & toes. To start them ship Hon. Right lays himself on stummick and runs the engine with his teeth. When he wish to go up he raise elbows & depresses toes. When he wish to come down he stand on his head.

On this trip Right Bros start navigating from Killed Devil Hill, which is in Southern states. After considerable scientifick prepare them ship were seen to make following emotion:

1—It went up.

2—It came down.

After successful flight Orville Right were found comfortably setting on his airship in middle of Elkins swamp. Except for 2 wings fraxured, engine twisted off, propeller gone & framework on fire, them machinery landed without a mishap. Hon. Right were congratulating himself by shaking his broken hand.

Hon. Reporter from McClunsey's Magazine came up to say: "I represent it."

Silence from Hon. Right.

"What natural views do you possess of mind about future development of airoplanes for carrying persons for traffick?" require Hon. Muckrake.

"I refuse to answer," response Hon. Right with E. H. Harriman signals.

“Oh so hurrah!” collapse them Hon. Reporter.  
“I got scoop news for McClunsey’s Magazine.  
HON. RIGHT HAVE SPOKE FOR FIRST TIME!!”

Mr. Editor, I am morely assured that aireal navigation will be very cheap sport for poor mans. Hickory wood are cheap, canvas are cheap, nails are cheap & life are cheap. All them is necessary for one good airship. You can borrow 1 gas-engine from another automobile. Next choose some bird what look safe & intelligent & built your fly-machine to resemble it. If you admire for pidgeons, then built one pidgeon-toe air-plane. If you think hawks is most pleasant fliers, all well; then make a hawkish air-boat. Nail all them airship together with considerable canvas & light hickory corners, fasten on them gas-engine what you have borrowed, carry such machinery to vacant plains & teach it to fly like the bird what you admire most much.

All airships can fly, but some of them is very hard to teach.

Last yesterday I was tooking a feet-walk by lonesome hill of Berkeley. Among daisy-cup grassy of steep slope I seen some machinery in attitude of mechanical expectation. It were a very cross-looking machinery like a bisickel whose mother was a sail-boat. Several Hon.



Professors was standing around to encourage Hon. Airnot with statistick about dying for science. Hon. Airnot speak of relatives in Kansas City and regret sinful youth with considerable paleness.

“What you so trembly for?” eject Professor with Ben Tillman expression. “Are it possibly that you are afraid to go up?”

“O earnestly no!” collapse them Airnot, “I are entirely fearless about going up but it are thoughts of going down what give me them quaker feeling at elbow.”

More excitable preparation then. One Professor arrive with tex-book entitle, “How Do It to Fly”; yet some other bring telescope for see him long off. One medical Doctor was also present with muck-rakes, etc., so as to scrape them Airnot off trees in case of. Nervous tense enjoyed by all.

So Hon. Airnot say farewell speak to persons present, including Hon. Wife who was in Chicago. He also mention several technical terms with considerable emotion & all Scientists present weep with eyes. Next he place self carefully to seat with assistants of one Irish man what was there merely to labour. Silence for pulses.

“Are you ready?” inquire Hon. Professor with voice.



"O banzai! Whirr of angry rages from engine"



“Are!” response them birdy hero.

“Then go it!” suggest Hon. Professor. Awful breathlessness. Hon. Airnot with brave grasp of wrist throw handle-crank to start engine. Nothing happen. Surprise from all. Hon. Airnot then speak automobile language & pull more crank-wheel with thumbs. Complete indifference from them engine.

“Chaloric energy are hypnotized,” say one Scientist who supposed he knew.

“You have forgot-it to put in gasolene,” corrode Irish man what was there to labour.

“So have!” say Airnot. So Hon. Gasolene was poured to engines with can.

Once more prepare to start. Hon. Airnot take seat. Quick jerk to crank-handle. O banzai! Whirr of angry rages from engine. Entire fly-machine get palpitation to resemble rooster severed from its brains. Irish man give shove, & complete bird-boat motor along ground on bisickel wheels. More fast & more faster it go, kicking up pebbles in frantick enjoyment, some time rising to astonishy height of  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch, now & yet bumptious to large stone and appearing anxious to fly, but not sure how; till of suddenly it make very restful flop against fence-post & stop desiring to continue.

Loud shouting from all Airo Clubs present.

"I ask to know," I require, "for why does all make such pagan noise of gladness?"

"For following reason," decrop one Professor, "because aireal navigation are solved."

"All airships is modeled to resemble some kind of birds," I say for interview. "Some to resemble sparrows, some to resemble hawk — what species of birdy are this fly-boat modeled to resemble?"

"It are modeled to resemble a ostrich," say Hon. Airnot, picking up some fingers he lost.

"But a ostrich are not able to fly," I snuggest.

"Neither are this airship," say Hon. Airnot in whispering voice so as U. S. Govt might not overheard.

So all sujern to Airo Club banquet with exception of Hashimura Togo & Hon. Irish which was not invited. We set together on grassy hill for slight conversation about human progress.

"Of surely, Mike," say Irish with smoke-pipe of dangerous shortness, "airshipping are a grand sporty."

"It are still a low-down science," I mangle.

"Why a package of fools should do it, I am willing to be searched," he dib. "They spend 1,000's of dollar to make such a mechanical rooster what we seen this afternoon. They work for 2 year to nail it together, they hire famous

Airnot from Kansas City, they get names in paper & all Science must stop thinking about serious things because they are so excited. Then great day arrive. All ready — *whoof!* \$6,000 airboat make flopping emotion and go bust by fence-post. Everybody happy to go home & construpt more airboats.”

“Great things of World are built in them way,” I corrode for dignity.

“Southern Pacifick Railway were not built in them way, you can bet it,” say Irish.

“It will be a cheap way to travel in future,” I nudge.

“It are not cheap way to travel in present,” decry that Hon. Irish. “By counting up all axidents, break-ups, refusals to go, unwillingness to stay up when started there, etc., it are computed by Scientists that airships has cost \$1,000 for every yard they has flew through air.”

“Such an expensive car-fare!” I derange.

“Rates like them should be regulated by Congress,” negotiate Hon. Irish, collecting together fractional pieces of airship what was strewed apart over hillside.

Arthur Kickahajama, missionary boy, are being a heathen awhile this summer because it are vacation, and because his derby was thieved by



somebody at a Church Sociable. Missionary lady say him, "Arthur, you should be a sunshine." He-say, "Too much sunshine creates headache. I think I shall put up a umbrella for a temporary time."

Therefore Arthur are very sinical & pessimons when he speak of air navigation & human races.

"Airships," say Arthur, "are like souls of people. There are continuous talk about elevating human race; but alarmingly seldom does souls get far enough off the ground to create much disturbance."

"Some souls is like baloons," I mitigate. "They has lofty tendencies, they are filled of gas. They go up & stay there where it is."

"It are easy to be ideal like a baloon," say Arthur. "But it are hard to be ideal like a air-ship. To go up on lofty thought & stay up there floating around without getting nowhere, that are job what lots persons do & say, 'O my, I are so High Mind!' But to go for trip in high air & know where you will arrive at — *that* are job for seldom and rare individuals. Such toply navigators can discover North Pole and become familiar with stars. They are not baloonists — they are Poets . . ."

"Poets are continually getting bumped to Earth," I indulge.

“Excuse me so,” say Arthur, obtaining cigarettes from me, “when not a Christian I am a free-thinking Japanese.”

“When thinking freely you are most relidgous,” I commute.

So we close up by singing of following song-sing which sound very peculiar to musick of samisen, which is a Jewish harp made in Yeddo:

*CONVERSATION BETWEEN A JAPANESE POET  
AND A TOMMY HAWK-BIRD*

O KO-KO SAN

O SUKI-RAN

HASHIMURA ICHI-BAN!

BUN-BUN!

In sufficiently old-fashion time

Of Japanese history,

When Adam & Eve was considered late,

Bashi-Bashi, great Poeter,

Was a-laying near stream in Hokadate.

Drowdy song of hum-bee

Was seen going around

Stinging sweet flower for honey.

Hon. Bashi-Bashi were full of considerable lazy poetry.

Pretty soonly

A Tommy Hawk-bird come flattering by & perch on lim of tree.

“I wish I could flew away like a Tommy Hawk-bird,” say

Bashi-Bashi, because he was a Poet.

“Why you wish it?” require them fowel.

“Because,” say Poet with music,

“As I was a fly-high animal like you,

Then I might go  
 To Emperor of Japan  
 And get some salary.  
 Then I might fly to lettuce-window  
 Of love-lady  
 And decry,  
 'Have Bashi-Bashi, Japanese poeter, got some chances with  
 you?' "  
 "Such a ha-ha!" salute them Hawk-bird,  
 "I have flew around for years,  
 And never did no such thing."  
 "What you did with them power to flew?" requite Poet.  
 "I use it,"  
 Say Hawk-bird,  
 "For respectable purpose;  
 I are a married Tommy hawk —  
 What would wife & eggs say,  
 If I was seen flew around strange lettuce-windows  
 With a voice full of sonnets?"  
 No reply for him.  
 "I have also fly to Emperor of Japan,"  
 Say Hawk-bird.  
 "What he say?" demand Poet.  
 "He-say, 'Shoot them Hawk  
 For stealing roosters  
 From Royal Coop!'"

O KO-KO SAN

O SUKI-RAN!

Bashi-Bashi lay silently

Near water-cress of silverous stream.

"Things what persons need," he-say,

"Can be obtained by walking for them, or taking bisickel, or  
 else they are not to be had nohow."

Then he go sleep,

Filled with lazy poetry.

Mr. Editor, all human races wants something. They are going for it with steamboat, automobile, rail-train. Next they are after it with a fly-boat. I hope you will let me know when they finds it.

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA Togo.

## XIV

### THE CONVENTIONAL MEETING OF REPS IN CHICAGO

SAN FRANCISCO, June 15th.

*To Editor New York Newspaper which are a good  
advertising and spiritualistick medium about  
proper subjecks, but must not mention pat.  
medicines because of doped results.*

ASTEAMED SIR — It are not merely Japanese alone which is surprised & excited over Rep National Convention meeting in Chicago. All-coloured persons is stimulated by it including Hon. Strunsky, Irish salooner by corner.

“It will be very august assembly,” corrode Hon. Strunsky by beer-glass.

“It will be June assembly in newspapers,” I devote. I am suspicious of something humoristick by American eye-wink from that Strunsky.

“Them Rep National Convention will be like a whale-fish,” he persume.

“Why will it be so whalish by nature?” I ask to know.

“Because of,” he-say. “It will be very large, very cool and full of spouts.”

“Are it not wrong politick for Republicans to be

so fishy ?” I am next to require, but Hon. Strunsky become busy with intemperate customers.

Newspaper reading of press makes all Japanese Boys feverish of mind about such Conventions which are representative and something else. Presidents is manufactured & pulled apart by such a Conventions. Are it not instructiverus for Japanese Boys to learn how to do such things with Presidents? So we have such a Convention for ourselves & trade pretty numerous thoughts to-gether in dine-room' of Patriots of Japan Board & Lodging. Many ideas are burst by this.

Bunkio Saguchi, Japanese taylor, sound key-note to say,

“I represent a violent Tafty sentiment; therefore I should be interrupted by cheers.”

This are arranged from all.

“I make an emotion,” discourse this Bunkio, “that Hon. Taft be named by exclamation.”

“We are eager to make Tafty exclamations,” rotate F. Matsu, “but Hon. Roosevelt must be nominated first by request.”

“Hon. Nox are more safely Pennsylvanian to vote for,” erupt W. Furo who are a humourist because of his lame mind.

Arthur Kickahajama, missionary boy, say-so, “Tarified statesmen must stand patsy, resulting



in pious victory for Jo-uncle Cannon. He are a splendid Lincoln Republican because of."

"Because of which?" transfer Nogi.

"Because of sentimental whiskers," dally Arthur.

"You are a Favourite Son," say Nogi, who is expert in mean curses.

More insults is enjoyed. Then there is hits followed by jiu jitsu. Chair furniture is smashy to window including text-book & Japanese break-a-brack. Intermission by Police.

Japanese Boys Rep Convention adjourned *sine diet*.

"O what is so scarce as a day in June?" require to know Hon. Seth Lowell, American poeter. Answer to this is, "Republican Convention in June are still more scarcer." It will of surely be a nice weather-condition for Chicago in June to have all them assorted minds going assimulusly in middle of Lake Shore. All sections of Chicago, which are not already occupied by Mayor Busse, will be full of Hon. W. Taft. Flags bunted everywhere with thrills. Patriotism enjoyed by all.

Since great World's Fire of 1898 Hon. Chicago have not saw anything outside of Hon. Stock-yards so beautiful & talented. If you got some kind of brain, Mr. Editor, imagine with it! Imagine 992 desperate statesmen which has all



“Loyal sons of same fairish land parading under banner of the Nice Old Party with placards to show how harmonious they feel”



signed the pledge to vote for something, then approach together for purpose. Could eye-flash be omitted, could heart-sob be out, could speeching with voice be neglected for such occasion? Answer is, No! Put imaginative opera-glass on them great Congregation. East & West, North and some sections of South, hit together in firm bond of union with common devotion of patriotick thought, "Let us see Chicago and go home!" Loyal Sons of same fairish land parading under banner of the Nice Old Party with following placards to show how harmonious they feel:

"We Want Teddy."

"We Don't."

"Hon. Fairbanks is Tall & Fair."

"Hon. Nox is Short & Ugly."

"Hon. Cannon is a Big Boom."

"Hon. Cannon Are a False Report."

"We Want Senator Forker."

"We Want Rockefeller — But We Can't Have Him."

"A Close Shave for Gov. Hughes."

"Hon. Taft Will Put Down the Trusts."

"Hon. Cannon Will Put Them Down More Gently."

"Roosevelt Forever!"

"It Looks That Way."

Mr. Editor, if you can imagine them things it will not be necessary for you to buy ticket to Chicago. And yet them Convention will be a great service to see because so much of. Every State in this Hon. Union will be misrepresented by some great man or another. Oftenly two or three statesmen will do this. Brains will enjoy fatigue from enormous Thought. Prominent druggers of Chicago will get some permits to sell headache powders to Delegates before & after speeches. When nothing else seem important the Hon. Band will play Star Spangly Banner (national tune) and Hon. Delegates will play Poker (national game). Excitement will never lax.

Little Annie Anazuma, eight-year-aged daughter of I. Anazuma, Japanese barber, are excited about them Convention because she have a conventional mind.

"I read by papers, Uncle Togo," she-say, "that Republican Convention will spend \$3,000 for music."

"Musical chins is expensive," I deploy.

"Tell me to know, Uncle Togo," she submit, "what are a Temporalial Chairman about which so much reading is done of lately?"

"A Temporalial Chairman are a musician hired to toot key-note for such a Convention," I arrange.

“What will be key-note of Republican Convention?” require that childish Japanese.

“You are too young to imagine,” I collapse. “There must be 47 key-notes to please all variety of Republicans.”

“Such a chairman should be a brass band,” signify little Annie.

I am silent for reply.

“Why are Senator Borrows called ‘Julius Cæsar’?” are next question for that infant mind.

“Julius Cæsar are name of antique Statesman who was stabbed,” I berate.

“Will Hon. Borrows enjoy such a stabbing?” she talk off.

“Possibly never,” I derange. “Hon. Borrows will resume Hon. Chair as a very much instructed Delegate. He are instructed to look patriotick, but not to act too nervous about it. He must not do nothing to stampede them Convention. A room full of Delegates are like a yard full of mule-horses. They are shy about sudden noises. They have animal natures. They are very anxious to enjoy a stampede. If Hon. Temp. Chairman say ‘Roosevelt!’ of sudden with voice, then such kick-over, snort, hoof-tramp, squeal & panderonium might ensue that Hon. Roosevelt might be nominated before Hon. Fire Dept. could burst in & put out enthusiasm of with wet hoses. Temp.



Chairman must arouse Republicans in soothing sort of way. He are allowed to mention patriots of Bunko Hill; but about San Juan Hill nothing to said. American Colonial History are nice thing for such occasions.

“‘Patriots & Senator Penrose,’ would be quiet sort of beginning. ‘What happen on bleak New English coast by several centuries of past-time? Hon. Plymouth Rock was discover by boat *Mayflower*.’

“‘(Several cheers for Presidential Yacht!’ outcry California Delegate with stampeding motion of thumbs.)

“‘Pilgrim Parents grew that Rock and we can prove it,’ delude that Hon. Temp, ‘and Republican Party are deliciously like them Plymouth Rock, emblem of free & brave, beautiful American ideal covered with moss and in garments green indistinct in the twilight. Quotation from Longfellow ——’

“(‘Our ticket, Fairbanks & Longfellow!’ say voice from Indiana.)

“‘Plymouth Rock have stood stationary for 1,000’s of year and refused to move itself for nothing or nobody. That are a very dignified lesson for Republican Party to stand on.’

“(‘Banzai for Cannon & Fort!’ decry voice with New Jersey accent.)

“‘Plymouth Rock are a silent tribute of strength. One safely sane Republican President should be such a silent tribute. What say Hon. Dan Webster about Presidential candidates? He-say, ‘A roaring stone pleases no boss.’ Therefore let us do nice job by Republican faith, a faith what is builded on stones of ancestors and rocks of Wall Street.’

“(Faint shrieking of ‘Teddy!’ from uninstructed Arizona delegate. Stampede repressed by fire-drill.)”

“Are Hon. Cæsar choice of Administration?” enquire little Annie.

“So sorry to reply,” I dement. “Hon. Beverage are more sweethearted to Hon. Administration, but patriotick Senators say he are too intemperate with talk.”

“Prohibition Republicans is opposed to all Beverages,” abrogate little Annie, resuming doll-play of childhood.

Hon. Taft got back shortly ago from Panama Canal where he was sent to study Republican Majority. He are now nervous about a trip to Philippine Islands where he is anxious not to be needed till after Convention have got through with him. Hon. Taft do not seek no nomination, but he are willing to occupy address where he can be

found if looked for. Philippine Islands is too distant for such modesty. If duty called Hon. Taft to such farness away, I bet my bootware he would hear duty making race-riot in Chicago during middle of June.

Hon. Taft are largest Policyholder in Roosevelt Insurance Society. He will be nominate so easily that it appear deceptive. I know because I am aware. I am sometimes full of rejoice that I have not got a ticket for that Hon. Convention because it would be a tired thing to set for 5-day race in them Convention Hall to hear something happen what you know is arranged in advance.

Mr. Editor, newspaper-press of all-coloured politicks has enjoyed considerable agony about White Shadow of Administration hovering over them Convention.

I presume of my knowledge that Hon. Roosevelt are setting in them Light House at Washington suffering from pains in laughing-bone. He hear them Malefactors nervously chattering teeth about III Term, he are conscious about excitement from Subsidized persons which looks over shoulders for fearful of More of It; he are aware of very solidified O-Hio curses with instructions to Look Out.

But Hon. Roosevelt, setting in barber-chair at

Light House, are smoking smoke and carving on deathly end of Big Club following instructions,

*"To be Preserved in Alcohol until Needed in 1912."*

"You have been President once and  $\frac{1}{2}$ ," say Jacob Riis from press chair.

"Of sure I have," say Hon. Pres., "and I gave American audiences a very nice performance."

"Every good performance deserve an encore," admire Hon. Riis.

"I have been hunting them for several year," say Hon. Roosevelt for parlayzed expression of thought. "And many of them are still alive & savage."

"What you speak of," enquire Hon. Riis, "them Trusts?"

"No," renig Hon. Roosevelt, "them Bears."

"What else to do when all is over?" require Hon. Jake.

"I shall go to Wales and hunt rabbits."

"Why such distances away?" derange him.

"Wales is nice country for rests. In Wales they do not know a rebate from a rabbit."

After this is loud scratching from pencils.

Hoping you will send me a free wire telegraf if Hon. Roosevelt gets elected by mistake,

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.

## XV

### AMERICA'S BANG UP CEREMONY

SAN FRANCISCO, June 30th.

*To Editor New York newspaper which act grand to my hummbelness.*

DEAR MR.—I am a familiar case. Therefore permit me to ask one humour reproach about something very mixed which are going to happen to these U. S. July 4th are it. This ceremony have occur so oftenly to America that persons should be used to it. Persons is mostly able to get used to whatever happen in eventual time. Japan have gradual became innocule to hon. beri-beri, which are a fine disease, if you must have one. Hawaii islands also feels ditto about lepordsy, which are regarded a pretty custom among natives who got it. China are used to opium-smoke, England are used to Parliament. Then why-so these America never get used to July 4th? I ask to know.

Answer is this: She never will! She think maybe-so she might, when something discouridge occur. By July 4th morning she take some nervous medecine to soothe it. She feels strongly better.



Joyful pops in distance. "Ha!" she say for bluff, "I am vaccinated with gunpowder." Louder and more smashy become fusileer of bang-bang musick until some fraxures bust to window. Then silences. "Heavenly praise!" say Hon. America, "in another minutes I should do a scream." Of suddenly large curl of smoke are saw, then roof-afire followed by chicken-yard blazes. Local hook-corps come with hose in time to rake together ashes of sweet home & fireshade. Then Hon. America forget calm resolve & enjoy some hysteric.

Sydney Katsu Jr., who are my affectionate chumb, make a humoristick remark when I tell him this parabula about Hon. America. He say, "Hon. America can't no more get used to July 4th than she can get used to Hon. Roosevelt." I hope you will convulse yourself with this joke, because it sound very delicious in Japanese.

I enquire of some frequent Americans why-so it are necessary to blow up America once annually to make them patriotick. I am replied by snickkers from many. Yet others indulge me with following answer: "We must make considerable Jar in order to remind us of American Flag." So fooly excuse! Do Hon. Japan have to blow herself up once annually in order to remind her of that dear sun-banner? Answer is,



No!! When Hon. Japan wish to remind herself of Japanese Flag she go blow up Hon. Russia, which will do pretty well.

By last July 4th, while roming up San Francisco for silent reflecion on patriotism, etc., I am shook around by Port Arthur explosions from all direction. It were as if Hon. Inferno had got away & was scratching himself with thunderbolts. Please imagine it. Popcorn sounds from small firework was aggrevated by occasional intense jar of mammal torpedo. At corner of St. I seen one intelligent American laddish boy age 9 a-blowing on dynamite fuse to make her go up.

"Before finishing yourself," I snuggest with kind face, "please told me why you wish make such an explode."

"Because of Revolutionary War," surrogate them tiny child.

"Do firecrack blow-up give you some intelligent instructions about Revolutionary War history?" I request for answer.

"Of sure it do!" declaim them kidly youth procuring flames from matchbox.

"If you can bang yourself wise," I dally, "please name 8 generals what faught with Hon. Washington at Valley Forges."

"Name them yourself," say them child, "can't you be able to see how busy I are?"

And when he thusly say-it all them firework burst up & he are blowed to ambulance. I was sorry to seen such sweet child rumped by fireworks, so I go hunt Hon. Parents of him & say following for tearful eye,

“Dear sir, I explain it that your child are considerably bursted.”

“Boys will be boys,” say Hon. Parents for Christian Science expression.

“Boys will be angels when not careful,” I relapse with Red Cross eyewink.

I got personal trouble sufficiently without July 4th to come & add some weariness. My uncle Nichi, Japanese carpenter of Yeddo, have arrive to S. F. for a very stretched visit. He are a entirely jay Japanese, considerably neglectful of American pant & vest, so he stick by kimono which should be ashamed. I fix a nice derby hat on him, which is fashionable, yet I can seen persons make snickker-lip when he pass-by. American derby annex to Japanese kimono are nice symbol of modern Japan. It appear quite hellish.

Should I drop Uncle Nichi like a nuisance? Ah no! I must retain him reverently because he are a  $\frac{1}{4}$  cousin to my ancestor. Therefore I entertain him to beer-ceremony at saloon of Hon.

Strunsky, Irish patriot. Uncle Nichi think beer should be served in a cup & saucer. He-say this kingdom give him musical ears & a brain-ache.

"Were America discover by axidents?" he enquire to know.

"Almost entirely," I congratulate.

"With care it might have been avoided," emit that oldy man.

"Hon. America were discover by Mr. Columbus, July 4, 1776," I say for slight bore of tone.

"Tell me everything," attack Uncle Nichi, who expect to stay here indefinitely.

"On them date I said it," is further from me, "Hon. Columbus approach to Boston with iron fleet. To assist him was Gen. Washington & Gen. Grant, both nice fighters and anxious to get into American history. Pretty soonly they seen monument of Bunco Hill & there — beholt it! — was Brittish troop with flag by command of Gen. Corn Wallace ——"

"Excuse me to interrupt," degrade my  $\frac{1}{4}$  ancestor. "If Hon. Columbus discovery these U. S. first what was Brittish troop doing there already?"

"Most schoolboys is familiar with story," I dib with proud cigar. "So I may proceed, thank you. Hon. Columbus land to shore with blue-

jacky & quick-fire ammunition. 'You must fight us, please,' he-say to Brittish troop. 'O no, not to do!' they renig with accent, 'We must not fight on July 4th because it are a legal holiday.' Therefore Hon. Columbus ship them Brittish troop to Niagara Fall & declare these U. S. an entirely free kingdom."

"And next what?" surrogate Uncle Nichi wakefully.

"And nextly Hon. Washington go to Pitts-burgh where he was crowned President & Gen. Grant go Appotomax where he last all summer."

"And what happen to Hon. Columbus?" corrode Unc.

"He go back to Spain where he was lynched," I collapse.

"So July 4th have been occurring regularly ever since?" he ask it.

"With regular explosions," I narrate.

"Firecracks are an invention of the devil," twitch Uncle Nichi for superstitious look.

"They are an invention of the Chinese," I retard, "and that may be quite similar."

"Most crimes can be traced to China," say Nichi for racial prejudice.

"So July 4th will arrive presently," I make known.

“How shall I know when it is came?” he ask to know.

“How can you miss it?” I bewail.

“Please relate 25 or 30 noble instances of American patriotism,” begin Uncle Nichi, but I am able to delude him away for care-fare ride price 10c.

Mr. Editor, by most nearly genuine statistick \$3,000,000 are burned off of America by each annual July 4th. This are sufficient to built 1 of them battleships what Congress feel too poor to vote. Six hundred persons is entirely killed by this yearly bang-up. Such a number would make a very nice crew for such a battleship. They might sail it & never enjoy death until old age do it. Would it not be a splandid plan for all Americans to avoid purchase of firework for 1 year & sent the money to Senator Hobson to buy such a patriotick boat? It might be painted of red colour to resemble firecrackers & would be a floating monument to all brave Americans who did not die on July 4th. I suggest an earnest thought.

Ah, Mr. Editor, I can hear you said something with sweet voice! I can hear you said, “That Japanese Schoolboy have a soul minus feet; else why he make such a rail against July 4th,



when all them firework what is burned for glory are of Japanese parentage?" Quite so truthful it are for you to speak this, Mr. Editor. Sky-racket, pinny-wheel, flower-pottery, nigger-chase & Romantic-candle fireworks was formerly of Japanese parentage, but they was very temperate & well-behaving when made in Japan. It were when they began to be manufactured in New Jersey that they became boystrous, disappated & disorderly shoots.

By olden date of time it were custom for cash-wealthy Daimo what was feeling joyful about his ancestors to invite selection of persons to come his garden to have a see. Pretty soon it was dark, then Hon. Daimo would set afire one flower-pottery filled with gunpowder. Sky was filled with fiery blossoms to resemble botany.

"That are a lily-plant of firework," say Hon. Daimo, "How you like?"

"O how sweet!" declaim all guests bumping forehead with hissy politeness. Then they drink tea & go home with calm medetations about great emperors & other famous politicians.

Japan do not make such blazes very muchly now days. She too busy with ordinary killing machinery to devote times to decorated deaths. When Japan have got to nail together 6 new *Dreadnothings* annually for all-time of future in



order to keep civilized, what chanst have she got to shoot off Romantic-candles for ancestors? But she do it slyly now & then.

And yet I are not entirely cross & irritate when I see small kidly boys a-blowing off noises on them July 4 date. Memory of Concors & Lex. are worth burning some fingers for; but to blow out eyes for such a memory are wastefully unnecessary. Independance Day are a variety of intemperance, and yet I might weep with eye to see it abolish by Prohibition. What say Dan Webster about this? He-say, "Intemperance are a good thing when took moderately." A very slight July 4th could not hurt anybody — not even a College Professor what often injure his fine brains a-thinking about Standard Oil & how get some.

Therefore I take ferryboat to some shades of wood next July 4th and there enjoy lonesome picknick. Sandwich & cigarette will be smoked by me, followed by this poem, which are less complete still:

O Columbia the jam of the ocean,  
 The home of the Greek and the Slav,  
 Some object of frequent devotion,  
 What nice summer climate you have!  
 With them garland of firework around you,  
 With picknick & baseball game, too,  
 O this Jap Boy are glad he have found you —  
 Banzai for such red, white & blue.

(To make a Chorus keep on singing it.)

Hoping you will not go away and leave your  
insurance in the office,

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.

S. P. — Hon. Maxim Jr., child of Hon. Hi  
Maxim, explosion man, have invent a species of  
powder what explode silently. When this are  
used soldiers can talk during entire battles with  
out fear of interrupt. If Hon. Maxim Jr. can  
fill July 4 with this noiseless powder, won't he  
be a greater benefatter to human races than Sir  
Ike Newton? I require no answer. H. T.

## XVI

CAN AFRICA WAIT TILL MARCH 4TH?

SAN FRANCISCO, July 1st.

*To Editor New York Newspaper who do it like  
Hon. Sampson & murder deceptive tigers  
with ham-bone of a mule.*

DEAR SIR — In Jambeezi Creek, majistickal river of darky Africa, nervous tense of suppressed excitement & impatient longing are being enjoyed by splandid menagerie of brutal beasts & curios residing there. Seldom have foliage of uncut Nature made such a nice invitation for a distinguished visitor to come and shoot at it. Seldom in Chicago was such 45-minute demonstration gave to One Man by a convention of entirely wild animals. Seldom in history of Nature-fake have Hon. Tom Seton or Hon. John Burro observed animals doing such behaviour without going to jail. Imagine with your brain, Mr. Editor, such squeak-rore & bellus of 10,000 elephants assisted by tigers and other dennisons of forest which has talent for making noises if nothing else! It are like a suffragette caucus in winter quarters of Barnum & Bailey; it are

the voice of Nature becoming hoarse with ovation of banzai for the King of the Juggle, a Ramrod among hunters, the only entirely retired Emporer that ever told the Truth about Africa at the rate of \$2 a word and \$4 for hard ones!

In deeps of juggly forest Mother Elephant set neath cocanuts & hold Baby Elephant in her arms.

"What aily you, tender Infant?" she require for worry, brushing back its goldy locks.

"Female mother," he prattle, "what date of calendar do it be?"

"To-day are Thursday, Aug. 13, by N. Y. *Journal*," she reclaim for nervous calm.

"Ah sad!" sob Hon. Child, winding trunk around neck of its female mother. "It are such a length of time till!"

"Till which?" blow-out she.

"Till March 4th," remark child, "when Hon. Roosevelt may obtain a vacation for 4 years & come Africa to shoot Father."

"Hush, child," say Hon. Mother Elephant. "Hon. Roosevelt have got other large game besides Elephants on his hands. He have got Mr. Taft."

"And when Mr. Taft are entirely elected, what then-so?"

"And then-so your Mother & Father will both receive some very distinguished shoots from

that great mans. And maybe, if you are a very good little Baby Elephant and do not climb no trees, maybe you too will get a nice little bullet from Hon. Roosevelt."

So Baby Elephant go sleep on shoulder-blade of Mother without no more lullabys.

Among banana trees of river-bank reside Jib-jab, the man-chewing Tiger, who is a friend of Mr. Kipling's. He set by bright pooly-water worshiping his mustash which is bees-wax upward to make look like Emperor Wm. When along come Jug, the poisoned cober-snake, entirely filled with prussic acid & sliding along on the seat of his stummick. He are reading Hon. Kipling's "Juggle Book" so as learn some nice snake-language for make welcome speech of Hon. Roosevelt when he arrive.

"Good morning, Jib-jab," he say to friend, biting him on tail for playful salute. "Are Presidential Program collaborately prepare for to be shot off when Hon. Pres. make arrival?"

"Of sure it are!" say Tiger with Frank Hitchcock expression. "I have enjoyed considerable literary correspondence with Hon. Sec. Loeb who make appointment with me for meet Hon. Roosevelt on date of May 8, 1909, when I will be entirely shot."

“How you do to receive such honour?” snuggle Hon. Snake.

“On them May 8, 1909, I are instruct to be standing neath cocanuts with very tigerly expression of angry rage. Growls from me. From under-bush suddenly leap outly 72 dare-devilish hunters armed to teeth with photographer’s supplies. *Snap-snap* — I snagger back, riddled with kodaks. In vainly I endeavour to escape, but ere I can do a sneak I are surrounded by James Creelman, Jacob Riis, Dave Grame Phillips, Jack London, Bat Masterson, W. K. Bok, Arthur Brisbane, & other desperate scouts famous for shooting wild game at 25c a word and 50c for hard ones. Trembling in 4 lims & tail I am interviewed & compared to Thomas F. Ryan. All are complete then, except the Finish.

“Silence suddenly over all Africa. Birds in top-trees cease tune-whistling. Monkeys in up-twig cease practising after-dinner speeches.

“Then in the midst of hushes, One Man step forthly. It are.

“‘Hon. Ted,’ say Hon. Riis, ‘this are Hon. Tige.’ Paw-shakes are did with exhibitions of teeth from both us. ‘Dee-light!’ say Hon. Roosevelt (\$4 for this word) and step backly to 30 pace. ‘Head little to right, please’ (\$10) he dib, and



Crack-Jordan rifle are placed to elbow. 'Bang!' (\$2) say rifle & I fall down on Africa and give up my sinful soul with a mean snarl. After them exercises I am entirely skinned & speeches worth \$680 is indulged in averaging from 25c to \$4 a word. Since King Midas died from swallowing his gold teeth no King of Beasts has passed off so expensively."

"Land of sakes!" abjeck Hon. Snake with poison face, "I am filled with venom to think what famous Brute you will be while I am merely wormly & equal to zero with a wiggle on it. While you are meeting all them fashionable literary persons, I must get stepped on & nothing else."

"Cease to grouch!" commute Hon. Tige. "If you get industrious & bite somebody maybe you will get beaten to jello with Big Club, and thusly have name in newspaper-prints among other noted malefacktors."

My Cousin Nogi, who are enjoying grouchies this week because Miss Furioki to which he are still married as wife has made a lope with S. Wanda, Japanese Socialist, come-me and say following for politickal rebuke:

"On March 4, 1909, scenery of disturbance will shift from Washington to Africa."

“Hon. Roosevelt are very fond of dum animals,” I hob-nob. “They can not talk back for repartee.”

“It are a great rest-cure to become an entirely desperate hunter. While stabbing a tiger it are very difficult to remember party lines & other ugly liars. Grasping them furyus leopard by juggly vein with cruel eyes standing on end & teeth firmly planted in shoulder for delicious bite — on them occasion how tame must seem companionship of E. H. Harriman, Hon. Fork Tillman, & Hon. Jo Forker!”

“What-say Hon. Rubbert Burn, famous Scotch, about this?” I reject. “He-say:

“Let old acquaintance be forgot  
And never brought to mind.”

At this quotation Sydney Katsu, Jr., make come-in to my room for borrow toothbrush.

“What grand American have wrote some light tex-book on angry animals to be shot in Africa?” he ask-it.

“Some distinguished African might do this intelligently,” I suggest for help.

“I have perused inside of entire edition of Hon. Booker Washington,” repose Sydney, “and there I find chapter on ‘Care & Culture of Mules by Young Coloured Niggers’ — and yet he are

suspiciously silent about brutal beasts to be murdered on Jambeezi Creek."

"African subjects is kept very dark by educated Africans," I drib for laughing-joke which sound delicious in Japanese.

"I enjoy considerable puzzle," corrode Sydney. "If no light books is to be had about them carnibblous animals of darky Africa, how we know what expect when Hon. Roosevelt go shoot it?"

"At \$2 a word one may expect anything," I dib. "Hon. Gulliver wrote delicious travels for much less."

"Hon. Gulliver were a short & ugly tourist," notate Nogi.

Then in come Uncle Nichi, my  $\frac{1}{4}$  ancestor, wearing congressional shoes which irritate his straw-seed appearance of Japanese farmer. He banish in hand 1 piece tab-paper of which he are foolishly proud.

"So glad!" he rake-out. "I got here a sweet list of all mad animals what reside there in dam section of Congo riverside."

"Who give you such lists?" I require for shame because he is my bloody relation.

"Hon. Strunsky, Irish salooner, who say he has been to all parts of Africa & Indiana."

"Read it, please," say Sydney Katsu, Jr., who

are oftenly polite because he are not related to Uncle Nichi.

So Uncle Nichi with jay spectacles read following deceptive list of brutal beasts to be shot from foliage of Africa by persons what sees them:

*Piebrock* — a six-legged steer what subsist on malt beveridges which he take through a straw because he have no teeth. He pulls corks with a horn which grows from the back of his neck. He can be easily told from a *fagdoo* because he are a different animal. He are fond of distinguished visitors and enjoys Washington gossip when entirely pure; but he are seriously dangerous when bored. When pursued he swallows his foot-prints, thus concealing his identity. Scarce during Presidential Years.

*Yelk* — a species of pantomome, full of delicious flavours, but awful hostile when killed. You can easily tell him from other kinds of horse because he have a head on both ends, so he appear to be approaching when backing off. He often lead hunters to doom by his kind expression.

*Ook* — same as a yelk with smooth corners.

*Hawbuck* — this are the only kind of cow that sleeps in trees. He are a very economickal

mammal. When hungry he lays a dozen eggs and eats them. Hunters is warned not to shoot this brute in the eyes, because he ain't got any and enjoys great rages when reminded of it. To kill him, tickle him in soles of feet so he will get mad & spit out his heart. His habits are valvular & conjunctive. He is just as apt to be found in Africa as anywhere else.

*Tum-tum* — a very small camel used by natives to hunt rats. He do this by —

“Kindly cut-out!” dib Nogi for shocked expression, “if Hon. Roosevelt should heard you he would place your photo in his Roguish Gallery and you would be celled in Liars’ Row until called for.”

“Would it not be graceful act for mail this list to Hon. Loeb?” say Unc with second-child expression. “Hon. Roosevelt might avoid such callackerous beasts if he knew about them.”

“He might, but would he?” is reject from all Japanese Boys present.

Mr. Editor, already lull of Great White Peace are settling over Washington. Hon. Roosevelt find himself with nothing to say and Hon. Taft are saying it to satisfaction of Republican Party. All is quiet along the Patomack to-night except



now and then a stray rebate is shot, as it runs toward the Court of Appeals, by a rifleman hid behind the Treasury Building. The world are being run from Oyster Bay, and everybody are so happy & contented, thank you, that Hon. Newspapers is reviewing the Thaw case because they ain't got nothing disagreeable to talk about. The Greatest Man in America set among sagamores & gaze with eyebrows to shore of beautiful Connecticut

Where every prospect pleases  
And only politicks is rotten.

“All work & no play make Kermit a dull boy,” he-say for deelight. “I are considerable darn tired of bearing America on my neck. I fain for to recreate. I fain to get something free & easy like frolicking from velt to kop at dewey eve snagging lightly in my teeth the following trophies of the chase:

1 gentleman elephant consisting of 6 tons  
& tusks.

2 Royal Bangor tigers of cross disposition.

8 ooks & a hawbuck resembling a feather  
boa.

21 wild Boers.

3 ground squirrels.



“African elephant,” say Hon. T., “are more superior to Republican elephant because he are entirely wild and free and refuse to pile tariff planks for no Trusts.”

So on March 4th, Mr. Editor, Africa will receive what are coming that way. When front door of White House are enlarged to carriage entrance for the Greatest Figure in the Party, from back door of that kingly place gentleman with elephant gun will rough-walk away followed by Kermit with a hatchet to cut off their heads. Can any bright Japanese Schoolboy win a prize by guessing name of them departing?

The tumble & the spouting dies,  
The Congress and the King depart—  
So ends the Constant Exercise:  
Now let the Expedition start!

With waggly regards from O-Fido.

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.

## XVII

### THE HON. GASOLENE

SAN FRANCISCO, July 5th.

*To Editor New York Newspaper, celebrated for  
its Nationality and nice printing.*

DEAR SIR — What say Hon. Galileo when enjoying execution by ax? He say, "This World do move!" Then neck-chop ensue to interrupt that great thought at wind-pipe. If Japanese Boy was there he would enquire to know, "What do move this World, please?" Answer for this reply is: "Hon. Gasolene do!"

One quaint American proverb say, "Where there is Smoke there is Blazes." This is especially truthful about Pittsburgh. Yet how much more proverbial it would be to say it, "Where there is Smell there is Speed." I know because!

Mr. Editor, I do not possess of my ownership any automobiles, but my cousin Nogi gave me acquaintance to Hon. G. W. Yoshō, celebrated coachman for all tour-cars. This Yoshō wear rubber uniform of Japanese Field Marshal. He appear to look like Marquis Oyama, but is much more important about it. I reverence him

because he have killed several Americans and some Christians.

“Hon. Yoshō,” I collapse with Japanese salute, “nobody not yet have invited me to ride in one.”

“Maybe so it might,” he subdivide with forgetful expression.

“Do automobiles make persons civilized?” I require for answer.

“Ask the Motor Man!” signify this Hon. Yoshō making buzz-buzz of machinery and disappear with considerable odour. Soon I hope to become a dear acquaintance to this Yoshō who would be a very nice friend for chumb.

Next I go to livery stable where automobiles is kept. There I met Motor Man who suspect me of being Japanese Count ambitious to buy one. I become immediately deceptive. He suffocate me with international courtesy. He show me several tour-cars of delicious machinery.

“How much for price of red automobile?” I enquire to know.

“Red automobile is \$8,000 by price, Mr. Count,” he collapse with politeness.

“How much for price of green automobile?” I ask for haughty reply.

“Green automobile is \$2,000 for price, Hon. Sir,” he dictate for reverence.



“There I meet Motor Man who . . . suffocate me with international courtesy”



"Quite well," I retrograde. "Then paint red automobile green and Japanese Boy will take it for \$2,000."

This Motor Man hesitate to do. So he donate to me one cigar of value 25c and we enjoy a very elaborate interview about Hon. Gasolene which is a wonderfully civilized drug. By ancient history, say this Motor Man, Hon. Gasolene was a very hummbel medicine. It was principally useful for removing raspberries from gloves and could be employed in cook-stoves for explosions. Gasolene was next discovered to be one nice chemical for insurance. This gave it publick interest which made it necessary for all forms of motor. ("What is home without a motor?" require little Annie Amazuma, who have a flashy mind for 9 year age.)

Gasolene is so easy to distinguish from cologne that it appear deceptive. "Though lost to sight to memory strong" and "Gone, but not forgotten" was once fashionable for funerals. Them remarks is now mostly heard at automobile races.

Hon. Gasolene will make great civilization for future, say Motor Man. Niagara Falls will be runned by this fuel, machinery of Congress will go by gasolene-motor, farmers will turn horse-stable into garage and gather hay by gasolene.



Warfare of future, say Motor Man, will be shot off by Hon. Gasolene. Japanese imperial Horse Guards on prancing motor-cycles will make desperation of charge on Gen. Kouropatkin with light runabout division on left wing while automobile batteries from hills will make considerable banzai with Shimose powder & fireworks. By shot & shell, shout-call, enjoyment of death & wounds, long red line of touring-cars will charge from trenches while all day long them commissary-buggies will make hurry-up trip to firing-line to bring more gasolene from Army Canteen. Japanese air-navy of fly-machines will do something, too, probably, with them 1,000 horse-power aromatic engines. O such delightful banzai! Fierce honking from all sides, sharp report of punctuated tires — Nippon forever! On, men of Nagasaki! Let us shed last drop of gasolene for home & garage.

This is future warfare by Hon. Gasolene. What say Hebrew Prophet? "He smelleth the battle from away off and he yelleth 'O my!'"

This Motor Man tell me some serious truth about Hon. Gasolene when took internally by victims. It is a very habitual drug like cocktails, cocaine, opium-smoke and Peruna. When continually enjoyed by human interior it make result of one very nervous disease what hon.

doctor-book call *locomobile ataxia*. When you have got this sickness, Mr. Editor, you will know it by following course of symptoms:

- 1 — When tour-carring on roadway you suddenly find out you are too slow.
- 2 — You mortgage on home to buy something of swift red colour.
- 3 — You are greedy to break it. You break record, speed-law & crank-shaft in short period. Then you break neck and quit it.
- 4 — You go to hospital to forget wife & child.
- 5 — You deceive doctor by honking yourself to death.

If you have done them symptoms, Mr. Editor, you had better worry, because you are a ill person.

One great sporty event is now approaching to Pacific Coast by inches. It is that trip of horse-racing automobiles travelling by snow-plough from New York to Paris. Them automobiles is quite international and has been froze to death in four languages already. They expects to enjoy Alaska & Siberia in the same way. Shuddering is unpleasant to such heroes.

Sydney Katsu, Jr., Japanese dentistry, desire to make bet-sum of money with me for \$1. I am

an entirely sporting Japanese, Mr. Editor. I am willing to risk enormous sum of money if I am sure I can be able to get it back with interest at some proper percentage. I am disagreeable about any bet what is a speculation; but I am reckless about gambling when it is a good investment. Therefore, what car will win? American car is now most patriotic about getting ahead — yet what would happen to my money if that automobile should enjoy train-wreck while going over Rocky Mountains in Pullman car?

I follow this race for one weektime by press-notice and get these excitable items to inclose for you:

*Monday* — American car drawn by Hon. Bill Pirkins' tame mare "Florence" forges 101 ½ yards through snow-drift.

*Tuesday* — Italian-speaking car, driven by 2-mule-power borrowed from Hon. Rube Brown, make entry to Paris, Neb.

*Wednesday* — Italian mules pass American 1-horse-power mare.

*Thursday* — American snow-plow "Governor Hughes" set pace for all comers.

*Friday* — Hay is distributed along racecourse by gallant American troupes so that motor-power can stop for lunch.

*Saturday* — French car “Motor-Block” discovered in Chicago speaking the language.

“How will them motoring-cars go it in Alaska where horses is scarce to find?” Sydney Katsu, Jr., enquire for tip.

“Dogs is very obliging as beast of burden in them arctick,” I relapse. “In Siberia reindeers of very high gear is pleasant for automobiling.”

“Large supplies of Hon. Gasolene is necessary for such trip,” say that light-mind Sydney.

“Large supply of Hon. Oats is more better for fuel,” I relapse with American eye-wink.

Please enjoy this poetry which I make to look like it:

*DREAM WHICH FOLLOWED ESTEEMED DOUGH-  
NUTS I ATE*

O-MOTO-SAN, O-LOCO-SAN,

My soul is agreeable to-night!

Am I? It seems to be I am reclining

Among the Irish-flowers of dear Japan,

Such fragral!

Birds is songing from memory,

Breezes is also there to some extent;

Japanese Boy is there by moonlight

To naturally take it pleasantly —

And yet he do not!!

O why, then? Because this:

Mountain Fujiyama is setting on his breastbone expecting to  
remain for conversation about topicks.

Japanese Boy is very polite to this Fuji

Because it is entirely holy.  
So he speak gentle,  
Gentle like cockroaches waltzing on Brussels carpets.  
"O Fuji," dictate this Boy,  
"You are too elderly to mention, place of thundering climate  
    & sacred mildew, nice peak for sublime thought, also  
for Hon. Tourist to pay guide make walk-up —  
Excuse me, please, when I express it  
How I feel you was more better been  
Where you was than where you is.  
Therefore I hint you get from off  
From my collarbone, if convenient!"  
But Fuji, important hill,  
Make rumbling from fire in nose.  
"Togo," he say,  
"You know what about Japan?  
It have got one new god to run everything!"  
"What called is this diety person?" I collapse.  
"He is called Hon. Gasolene," say Fuji.  
(I make American eye-wink)  
"Prior gods of Japan led Simply Life,  
Water God turn wheel,  
Air God blow sail,  
Fire God bake potatoes —  
Then what say-so Japan?  
'Too slow!!'  
Japan say, 'Look what's there!  
Why do America wheel  
Go buzz-around so fastly?  
How she do-it make Waterbury watch  
Including soap and other civilization?  
How she do-it which make Marquis of St. Louis  
Speed-away all time  
In red chug-chug jinrikisha?'  
Then answer one great Japanese scientist,

'Gasolene, please!'  
With such result," deject O-Fujiyama,  
"Japan get hurry-off-do-quick  
Bang-up, slam-down, bust-trust excitement.  
Temple bells is rung by steam,  
Shrines of ancestors whistle like factory,  
Gods of Japan is buying tickets for Nirvana —  
So long for all them happy history,  
Fare-bye, times of dear gone off!  
Japan is getting too smart  
For old fashion Volcano."  
With such say-so  
Hon. Fujiyama kick Japanese Boy  
Outside of his dream.

Wake to dawn-rise, Japanese Boy,  
Eject yourself to duty of day!  
Morn has came  
And hymn of praise is telling about it from 85c alarm clock  
and doing so quite well, thank you!

Once more to speak of crime and then not to mention Gasolene again. I hear by editorial print how 12,000,000 mans has been arrested in automobiles for past year. All forms of burglary, including murder & assassination, has been much less arrested than this. Therefore it prove how sinful is automobiles.

American society is divided into two sharp classes with police between them. Them who has automobiles is called Predatory Rich, them who has not is called Propaganders. When Socialism is elected each person will have 1 auto-



mobile; but them machinery will be out of style by then-time. Such a discouraging thought to enjoy!

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.

S. P. — I enquire to know from my Cousin Nogi, "Why is automobiles painted blue?"

"To distinguish them from horses which is seldom found in them fast colours," collapse that idle Japanese.

Is this scientifick fact?

H. T.

## XVIII

### AMERICA'S BASE GAME OF BALL

SAN FRANCISCO, July 9th.

*To Editor New York Newspaper which have no Sporty Column and are careless about Which Lickt in Prize Fite exercises, yet are willing to report all Human Races.*

DEAREST SIR — Uncle Nichi recently-time make home-come with extra pink sporty edition of last week New York newspaper-print. He-say, "I buy it because it are a blush-colour to resemble Hon. Police Gazat, sweet family paper."

On them sporty-page, Mr. Editor, was considerable chatter-talk about baseballing and other crimes left over from front page. There I learn-how one N. Y. gentleman of name McGraw have "discovered two new stars" and I are glad, because Astronomy are a nice knowledge to revere; but when I read "Hon. McGraw have broken a fresh Pitcher" I enjoy tense disgust. Why such excitement about a milkman which are nothing but a Swede born in Switzerland?

Sporty Editor of this paper make a very kind offer by large tipe. He-say,

*"Each reader of this Page what got a Question to ask it about Baseballing, please do so & we endeavor to reply if possibly can-do."*

So I am very grateful to him & send following Bally question about a Game I seen & got worried:

"Please, when Hon. Knock batt Hon. Ball with knock-stick till it make streek to sky & of finally lower itself followed by Second Basso & 3 Herders while Hon. Knock make running from Bass to Bass & Hon. Ball come more lowly and still lower till 2 Herders hold uply their hands for grabb & downd come Ball & aint caught because someone negleckt to (great rory-yall from bleached seats) so Hon. Knock he gallop-to Thirdly Bass while all struggly to grasp Ball which do a bounce with deceptive expression & Hon. Knock stob toe & fall paralell while running, so Hon. Catch get Ball & hasten with it to where it started from — how much would such a Play count for both sides?"

To-day I receive following reply:

*"Your intelligent letter was read by our Puzzle Editor who is dangerously dead."*

Yoni Hashimoto, Japanese boot-cobble, have gone entirely mania on subjeck of Baseballing.

He oftenly speaks of White Sox and Giants with voice, and many Japanese Boys supposes he is right. Of recently he come me with National League expression of teeth to say it.

"Togo, we are gathering up a Japanese baseball 9 for play with."

"How many must be in such a 9?" I ask to know.

"About 15 are sufficiently numerous," expose Yoni. "There must be 1 Catch, 1 Stopper, 3 Bassos, 1 Pitch —"

("A Pitch in time saves a Nine," I report for cute smart quotation.)

"Also 3 Knockers and 6 Herders."

"What are duties for them Herders, if they got any?" is query I make.

"Herders is most skilful of all ballplays," parade Yoni. "They must be able to play inside & outside of Grounds. They must be fearless fence-climbers & able to arrive over before Hon. Ball do. They must be reckless about colleckting Ball on 3d or 4th bounce when all others can't do-so. Lots of teams loses entire games because they has not got enough of them Herders."

"If you gather up such a Japanese team who would play with it?" I subsist.

"Some Christian team perhapsly," corrode Yoni.

“Ah not to do!” I dib. “Christian teams is too busy bursting Sabbath among themselves to do baseballing with such a heathens like us.”

“What to do for a challenge?” submit poor Yoni Hashimoto with entirely daff expression.

So I go-see Hon. Strunsky, Irish salooner, & I say him,

“Who would be suitable team for play-ball with Japanese Schoolboy 9?”

“Old Soldiers Home might do so,” say he rolling beer-kag.

“Is them Old Soldiers athletick?” I require for answer.

“They are entirely cripples,” say Strunsky. “But they are still sufficiently brisk to run circles around such a Japanese 9 what you mention.”

“Are running in circles a necessary skill to do in baseballing?” is next question for me, but Hon. Strunsky no can answer because a U. S. soldier arrive filled with drunk & tell how he got a superior brain to most other Irish.

So I go tell this Yoni man about them Old Soldiers Home what Hon. Strunsky say might be sufficiently atheltick. Yoni he go get talefone book and search up residence of such a Elderly home & he find one in Oakland. So sorry I no could go, but I must assist geraniums of Mrs. Lusy Macdonald, queenly lady of 286 pound

beauty. But Yoni with entirely yellow baseball  
9 composed of 15 Japanese, depart off by noontime  
ferryboat. Following was on it:

Hon. Pitch — S. Wanda, Japanese socialist.

Hon. Catch — A. Kickahajama, missionary boy.

Hon. Stopper — Bunkio Saguchi.

Hon. 1st Basso — W. Furo, whose brother is  
still dead.

Hon. 2d Basso — Yoni Hashimoto, Japanese  
boot-cobble.

Hon. 3d Basso — Cousin Nogi.

Hon. 1st Knocker — Sydney Katsu, Jr., who  
suppose he can.

Hon. 2d Knocker — Y. Yakamoto, familiar haircut.

Hon. 3d Knocker — Frank the Japanned boot-  
polish.

6 Hon. Herders — F. Sago, R. Sanjuji, J. C. Shima,  
B. Ohara, B. Shimasuki, and a Japanese who  
call himself Charley Smith to get a job in bank.

Uncle Nichi, who do not understand sufficient  
baseballing to do so, were permitted to go long  
& keep score, also do what fanning was necessary.

By evening-time Cousin Nogi come back look-  
ing tired but entirely experienced.

“Who beat it in this game?” were first question  
for me.



“When you knows you will understand,” dignify Nogi. “Following were the Score:

“ Japanese Schoolboys . . . . .	48
Old Soldiers Home . . . . .	103”

“It must be very fine game to have such a large score,” I snaggle.

“We merely play 5 Inns,” say Nogi. “Them Elderly Vets was just beginning to get active when twilight arrived. If game was continued to finish them Hon. Score would of got several thousands extra.”

“Tell me entire story of the game,” I collapse patiently.

“It was in second Inn,” debat Nogi for Jack London expression. “Score were then 12 to minus in flavour of the Japanese. Hon. Pitch for Old Soldiers were Capt. Hiram Jones, oldly hero who lost right arm in battle of Shylock.”

“How can a hero be a baseball Pitch when he lost his arm?” are my earnest enquire.

“His left arm were still entirely there,” dib Nogi. “With this he make some very gentle throws. I am next to go batt. I stand uply with brave expression & when Hon. Ball come soring to me I make fierce knock. Ball go to heaven with loud report. (Maddy banzai from Uncle Nichi who was there to fan it.) I make 4 entire home-runings before them Hon. Vets could find

Ball which was roosting in a tree. Then I am put entirely out & Hon. Vets enjoy a Inn."

Nogi make trajick puff with cigar.

"Hon. Jeremiah Willkins, a sweet soldier who lost 2 legs in Battle of Bully Run, next go batt. He were a very nice knocker, so when he hit ball for high sore he attempt to approach 2d Bass, but are deliciously slow, thank you, because of footlus condition. W. Furo grabb ball quickly & Hon. Umperor yall 'Out, please!' When Uncle Nichi hear this he cry for sorrow, 'O! not to do! what brutal Umperor to put oldy man outside because he lost 2 legs!' Intense sensations for all Japanese present. S. Wanda, Japanese socialist, approach Hon. Willkins with polite hat. 'Hon. Sir,' he say-so, 'permit me for hellup you make home-run.' So Wanda, assisted by Bunkio Saguchi & Sydney Katsu, Jr., give helluping aid to Hon. Willkins for 5 home-runs, when he say he are tired so he set down.

"After that," say Nogi, "it were a very pleasant outing for them Hon. Vets. Eech Old Soldier what go batt are some kind of a delicious cripple & other hon. wounds, so we must also aid *him* to enjoy several home-runs."

"How long this loving attention go on?" I ask to know.

"Bye-bye darkness fall & dinner-bell from

Elderly Hero Establishment announce quit-time for all. So handclasp were enjoyed with 3-cheer ceremony & we go ferry-boat."

"103 runs were a hard afternoon for such oldy mans," I suggest.

"It were a splandid lesson in politeness for all National Leagues," corrugate Nogi.

"It were a splandid lesson in bookkeeping for Uncle Nichi who kept score," was answer for Japanese Schoolboy.

Please print following rhythm for practice:

*FANATICAL POEM ABOUT ICHI-BAN, AN  
ANTIQUÉ ROOT*

Ichi-ban  
Of Old Japan  
He were a famous Baseball Fan —  
PIN-PIN  
Come in!  
He ust to skreech,  
He ust to preech  
And set for hours upon the Bleech  
With howels  
& growels  
And when the Home Team missed a play them swaring-words  
    he ust to say was very noted in his day from Fujiyama to  
    Cathay.  
He knowed the score  
And something more  
Of every Team what Pennants bore  
In days that was entirely yore.  
He knowed the batting-records, too,

Of Hokusai & Tingapu —  
O-SAN, O-SAN!  
A wildly fan  
Was Ichi-ban of Old Japan.

Now Ichi-ban  
Them famous man  
He stay at Baseball Grounds so long  
His Wife she feel there something wrong  
Because her husband been away  
For 60-night & 60-day.  
She very cross. And so, of course,  
She go and buy 1 nice divorce  
And when it was entirely got  
She sell the family house & lott  
And runny way from Ichi-ban  
With Kokomo, a railroad man.  
So all the neighbors they suppose,  
“When Ichi-ban come home & knows  
What trajick have occur to him  
He tare his Wife from lim to lim.”

So K. Batsu,  
A neighbor true,  
To Baseball Ground he straightly go  
For tell poor Ichi-ban what-so;  
But Ichi-ban, who still was there, he gaz ahead with fixy stare,  
sometime a snort, sometime a sware, but otherwise what  
do he care?  
“Your wife,” say Batsu, “run away.”  
But Ichi-ban just snuff & say,  
“The Pitcher very punk to-day.”  
Say Batsu, “Worser news I got —  
Your Wife have stole your house & lott —  
It are a very wrong disgrace.”  
Say Ichi-ban with fixy face,

"That nothing! — man just stole 3d Base."  
 So Batsu, when them words he hear,  
 Enjoy some sympathy & fear,  
 "I sorry, friend, what grief have came ——"  
 "Cut out!" say Ich, "you spoil the game."  
 So Batsu for them heartless speech  
 Leave Ichi-ban upon the Bleech  
 To snorty sporty howly screech,  
 To hooty tooty rooty squawk  
 In latest style of Baseball Talk.

So Ichi-ban, all world forgot,  
 Stay 7-year in that same spot.  
 He lose his friends, improve his voice  
 And live on Peanuts & rejoice  
 Til one day when the Home Team beat  
 He got some spasms in his feet  
 Which gave such banzais to his tongue  
 He die by shouting up a lung.

So on his Tomb to-day for see  
 Some Tourists finds this Repartee:  
 "Ichi-ban  
 Of Old Japan  
 Were just a average Baseball Fan  
 PIN-PIN  
 Come-in!"

Hoping you will,

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.

## XIX

IS A VICE-PRES NEARLY A KING?

SAN FRANCISCO, July 12th.

*Editor New York Newspaper which are responsible for everything.*

DEAR SIR — Noted Greek patriot, Erysipelas, were once offered job of Street Cleaning Department in Athens, Greece, which was then in a very insane state of dirt. Intimides, Mayor of Athens, offer him this job for a insult, because it was. How useless however!

“Ah!” commute them Erysipelas, “I will took such a publick jobs & show what a elegant muck-sweep I can do.”

So he done it by history.

Mr. Editor, some patriot of America should become like Hon. Erysipelas & be a Vice-President without doing a sulk. To be a Vice-President are like such a Street Cleansing job, only it are more hummbel. He are like a street-sweeper without a broom. He are not permitted to carry turkey-dusters or other dangerous fire-arms. He are placed in a very high seat & commanded to set there 4 years enjoying silences. Raking, brooming



& dusting are a forbid. If he are caught trying to wipe cobwebs off of Senate with silk handkerchief he are given a upbraid. He enjoy very hopeless position — and yet he might do something for somebody some days. If he start young being a Vice-President might he not work up to good position by this? Might he not, by eventual time, get a job being 3d secretary to German Embassy or clerk in Subtreasury Dept?

I ask for anxiety.

I have just-but & recently become sad about Vice-Presidents. Formerly I imagined it were pretty nice kind of grandeur. Some weeks past-time I hear wildly news & go with run-step to saloon of Hon. Strunsky who thinks politically because he are Irish.

“Hon. Jim Sherman got it!” I collapse for excitement.

“Who in politicks are Jim Sherman?” require Hon. Strunsky.

“He are man what was nominate,” I snagger.

“Nominate for what?” crossly examine him.

“For Vice-President,” I rapture.

“O!” say Hon. Strunsky and continue to wipe beer from glass.

I enjoy falling of face.

“Are not Vice-Presidency almost a kingly job?”

I ask to know.

“Almost,” degrade Strunsky with towel.

“What you mean by ‘almost’?” I research.

“By ‘almost’ I mean ‘nearly,’” irritate that Irish patriot. “When a thing are ‘almost good’ it are ‘nearly bad,’” he dib. “When I chase a ferryboat and almost catch it, that do not help me much about arriving to Oakland in time for German banquet. A Vice-Pres are a statesman what have nearly caught the Ship of State.”

“Situation of Vice-President were offered to many Favourite Sons,” I regret.

“It were refused by many Favourite Sons,” say Strunsky, “but it were accepted by a Political Orphan.”

So I leave that Strunsky enjoying feel of considerable depress near shoulder-blade. I have a slammed ideal. Such a useless to young mans studying bookkeeping & stenography of hope to become President some day! It are awfully well to make walk-up by stairway of Fame — but supposing for imagination that foot slipped? Ah then! Japanese Boy might get downdy tumble to be a Vice-President or some other equal crime.

Soonly I meet up with my Uncle Nichi, who are taking lessons in American cigar smoking from Cousin Nogi. My dear  $\frac{1}{4}$  ancestor are permitted to discuss about Hon. William Jenny Bryan because of reverence for ancient history.

"Hon. Thos. Lawson of Mass. have offer \$1,000,000 to Hon. Bryan to take it and be a Vice-President," say-he for news.

"That price would be considerable circulation for *The Commutor*, Hon. Bryan's newspaper," I collide. "But could Hon. Bryan do so much for so little?"

"Honour of such office are beyond goldy riches," dib Uncle who is a farmer.

"Honour of such office are beyond caring for," I notify for editorial sneers.

"Was not Hon. Roosevelt once a Vice-President?" corrode that relationship of mine.

"Many poor boys has became famous," I supine. "Hon. Lincoln once splitted rails, Hon. Gen. Grant once deliver kindling. Sometimes a Vice-President, by willing-work industry can lift self from mean & sordy surroundings which he is in to position of self-respect & desensy."

"What are duties of Vice-Pres, if he got any?" project that oldy man.

"Following duties," I say, "must be did by him to make everything pleasant, etc.:

- 1 — He must be polite to superiors which is almost everybody around Washington. He will get great dissatisfaction if he ain't.
- 2 — He must have neat appearance, including brushed clothes & hair. He must not come

down to work without a collar on his neck. Hon. Speaker of House can be very second-handed in appearance & can eat chew-tobacco before all; but Hon. Pres of Senate should be at least respectable.

3 — He must go to work sharply by 8 o'clock each weekly day. Sunday evenings he can entertain quiet callers in his room.

4 — He must address Cabinet Members by their full title, if they got it.

5 — He must not be seen talking with friends in hallways or lobbies.

6 — He must not swear or wear profane neckties.

7 — He must be white-coloured American citizen entirely over 21 years age & must be able to write his name in plain business hand.

"Them is duties what a gentleman must do to be a nice Vice-Pres of these U. S.," I announce it.

"Can not anybody do them jobs without enjoying a strain?" ask Uncle Nichi who is a bore.

"Anybody can do them for a short time," I dib. "But man what can do them for 4 years without some serious side-steps must be a great hero to some extent."

"Such a mans is considerably limited by law," abstract-he.

"Either by law or by nature," I notate for yawns.

(It shall be my duty to make some weep with eye when Uncle Nichi depart away for dear Japan; and yet I shall live beyond such sorrow.)

Mr. Editor, I have a sad mania about that Vice-President. All American school-books say: "Office of President are highest gift within power of people — office of Vice-President are next door to it." Office-rent should be very high & stylish in such good neighbourhood.

What, then, is the matter with this office that so many respectable & wealthy statesmen refuses to move in? Are gas-pipes in bad condition? Do plumbing need attention to? Are Hon. janitor careless about hot & cold water? Or what?

When Hon. Real Estate man have a office what nobody will took he decorate it up with wall-paper, etc., to look rich. Pretty soonly somebody will be careless & take it. Are not U. S. Government splendid enough business man to repair Vice-President office so that it will not look so dubyus? I require no answer.

I am injured in nerve to see so many grand Americans regarding that *To Let* sign with eye-wink. Yet what-say following Statesmen about it?

Hon. Cannon say: "I shall be old with dignity."

Hon. Fairbanks say: "I have tried it, thank you."



Hon. Hughes say: "It are a hall-room."

Hon. Haze Hammond say: "Too much salary for repairs."

Hon. Nox say: "I can hide elsewheres."

I am confused by such proud answers. To Sydney Katsu, Jr., I inquire: "I can not understand why persons refuses gifts what is offered to take free."

"Sometimes it is done," he reject coy.

"Presidency of U. S. are greatest gift of American people. Therefore it are like a barrel filled with diamonds. If I could not got such a jewlery should I not be gleeful to accept a barrel filled with gold?" is question for me.

"You might," negotiate Sydney, "but you might have shyness about accepting such a barrel if it was filled with gold-bricks."

Sydney are a very bright Japanese soon to go Harvard Colledge for learn more of it.

Here is a slight lullaby to be chanted to children when they are pained by tooth-cut and therefore anxious about their politickal futures:

### *ROCKAWAY CRADLE SONG*

Hush, Mr. Infant child,  
Cease it!

Do not irritate your Parent with croup-signals and fret,  
Or else do it silently.

Remain harmless a while



And I will make bright promuses  
Of future,  
Which you must believe  
Because you are less intelligent.

When you are a mans  
You must not strive  
To be President,  
Because you can't.  
You are not sufficiently beautiful,  
You are less gifted;  
How could child of such weak brain like you  
Get familiar with White House furniture  
And move Cabinets around ?  
You have not got no Policies,  
You could not even scold a Colledge President!  
Useless to hope!!  
But refrain them tear-drop  
Because I got very nice job for you.

Hush, Mr. Infant child,  
Repress a croup —  
I will make you a gilt promus  
For future dates.  
Some bye-bye time  
If you are always notable for quiet,  
Never snap-out,  
Never burst windows,  
Never run away to study sea-sailing,  
Never make bronco-noise  
And Wild West,  
Never do nothing to nobody  
At no time —  
Ah!!!  
Your loving Parent have got a nice politickal reward for you!  
Maybe-so

At Chicago Convention  
Of 1940  
When shouting are finished,  
Excitement are discontinued,  
Taft-flags has been all bursted by waving,  
Everybody are fatigued out  
And Hon. Delegates are counting return tickets while sleeping -  
Then Hon. Fame, or Hon. Albany Gang,  
Or Somebody,  
Will point you out in dark corner  
And declaim for earnestness,  
"Accept this tag —  
You are It!"  
Then soonly on slate will be wrote:

*For Vice-President*  
*Hon. Hushabye Baby*

Applause from many ushers,  
Yawns from all;  
You will get picture in papers  
And American Publick will decry:  
"He got a face like a Trust."

So dream yet,  
Childish infant,  
And we will see what we can do  
About your future employment.

PS 385.17  
R87 L4

Mr. Editor, I notice something pathetick by all newspaper-prints. I notice how all say: "Hon. Roosevelt when he refuse to be a President 3 times made a act of noble renunciation." But what they say about Hon. Fairbanks when he refuse

to be a Vice-President 2 times? They say nothing! And yet were it not also a "noble act of renunciation" for that lofty statesman to refuse another run because he were afraid of becoming too powerful? Of sure it was! Hon. Fairbanks are a very Roman character by principals & by residence in Indiana. If Hon. Roosevelt can be noble, then Hon. Fairbanks can be noble also — and yet newspaper children do not make holler about it in streets. Hon. Fairbanks must feel pretty fine inside chest to think how he done a great deed & was a marter without nobody discovering or even suspecting it.

Hon. Washington say-so that a perpetual President would be a King. What would a perpetual Vice-President be then? Please answer by 2c stamp which I have forgotten to put in.

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.

## XX

### MY CONCEPTION OF THE PRESIDENCY

SAN FRANCISCO, July 25th.

*To Editor New York Newspaper which are eeger to make a fare judge for thoughts of all Great Mans, however sneeking & hummbel they may be:*

DEAR SIR — At same moment while I are inking these thoughts for fond reminder, two somewhat immortal Americans is listening for formal announcement that they are expected to be Presidents. They have got a slight suspicion that maybe they was mentioned for some job, but it would be very bad tasty for them to look otherwise than surprise when Hon. Committee with flours make step-up and say-out, "You are a Nominate!"

Hon. Taft are at Warm Springs training for strength so that he will not die a shocky death when he learn this suddenly. At humbel village of Lincoln, Neb., where Hon. Bryan live like a Grand Duke of simple taste, that eminent representator of Common Persons set by bay-window enjoying nervous collapse.

"Set quiet, Hon. Wm., and look courageous like

a photo," say Hon. Wife to he. "Tumult & shouting die and who knows what?" "I are strangely disturb," say Wm., arranging his face to look like a famous Roman janitor. "Something tell me that maybe I are nominate to highest office in gift of Tammany Hall. Pretty soonly Hon. Committee must come riding up-hill to say it, and I hope they will be darnly quick about it. At first I must be astonished speechless — but I can seldom remain long in such a conditions. I must hesitate & comprise myself with slightly cracked voice for emotion, then I must read typewritten address of 280,000 words of a entirely impromptu nature. O surely Politicks is filled with surprises!"

Mr. Editor, some weeks in passed-by Hon. Taft & Hon. Bryan wrote a delicious page of large tipe for your paper on subjeck, "My Conception of the Presidency." Of surely them two Presidents know what-is they are talking about. Speeches of Hon. Taft is found in rolls of Fame, and speeches of Hon. Bryan is found in rolls of Edison Phonograf. And yet there was something deceptive & sidewise about them articles they wrote for your paper because they sounded so. Hon. Taft say:

A President should be like Hon. Roosevelt, only less so. He should be like a piano of upright build with some grand square qualities. He should be the First Magistrate and also

the Principal Policeman in the kingdom. He should be good as he are lonesome. He should treat all Trusts in a beastly manner and uphold Truth & Justice so long as it do not hurt National Prosperity. I shall do all these things, thank you, orders promptly attended to, telephone service day & night. Also I shall look just as much like Hon. Abe Lincoln as health & strength will permit me to do it.

Hon. Bryan say:

A President should be like Hon. Theodore Roosevelt only more so. Malefactors, etc., needs not cringe off from me for fearful that I will burn up America when I am elected. Because I can't. A President are only a bluff. He don't amount to a rolling-pin. Hon. American Govt. are a system of checks & balances, so a President are deliciously powerless when he wish to reform it. I promise to be helpless as possible. Could I reform Hon. Currancy from jaggy path of debochery by feeding him Gold Cure or something? Ah no! What could I do with them naughty Currency when Senator Alrich are tempting him away with rakish eye-wink? To increase weakness of my position I am willing to consult Hon. Vice-President on all matters of no importance and talk kindly to him on National subjects where common-sense are not expected. I believe in deep breathing & outdoor exercise, but I are cross about that woolley tariff of sheep and should be insulted if offered a second term. Otherways I are willing to act like a Majority on all occasions and what I think about Brownsvill Affair are a matter of private conscience which I refuse to discuss by advice of Hon. Campaign Manager.

Mr. Editor, I entertain some scolds for you. How sinful to ask them there Hon. Candidates to write such opinions! When a man expect to be a President do you expect him to tell the



candied truth about what he think of the job? When a man are nominate for Dog Catcher he are often sly and deceptive before election — how then you expect a Nominee for Pres. of the U. S. to make crystal speeches which might be saw through at once and spoil everything? Nobody what are wistful about a job will tell exact truth about what he think. If I ask for job of Hon. Window Wash at Mills Bldg & Janitor Boss say: “Hashimura, told me transparently what you think of this job” — what I answer for reply? I-say: “It are a very delicate job of extreme fineness. It are a high-horse privilege for Japanese Boy to be able wash windows for Hon. Mills. Though it require great skill & couredge to shine such lofty glass pains, yet I flatten myself that I got such a power more briskly than other Japanese Boys which is apt to be laxy in sense of duty where it should be tightest. Hon. Janitor, I feel myself unworthy of such a jobs, yet I know I ain’t. Therefore give it to me because of merit ”

I say all them things, Mr. Editor, because I am a candidate for them high post of Window Wash. Therefore I am prejudicial about it. But if Hon. Janitor ask Cousin Nogi, who do not desire such a jobs because of his lazy spine, what-say Cousin Nogi? He-say: “A Window Wash require some muscles, but very little intelligence. Hashimura

Togo are not safe to stand on such a altitudes because he thinks poems; therefore if he gets it he will swim off of 10th story window & burst his fooly neck."

Hon. Taft & Hon. Bryan are too sympathetick with such jobs to talk straight. Why not ask some gentlemans what never expects to be White Housers to give view on Presidency? Hon. Hearst on "My Conception of the Presidency" would be very bright & could get Hon. Brisbane to write it for him. Hon. Alt. Parker, Hon. Patty McCarren, or Hon. John Wanamaker would talk deliciously true & sinical. But do not ask Hon. Forker, please, because he would write it "My Conception of the President" & decuss other nigger problems which are no longer a delicacy.

I. Anazuma, Japanese barber, where I go for get my cheek whittled, say-me: "Who could express such a conception about being a Pres., and not lie about it?"

"I could," is answer for me. "I am best befatted for such a talk because I are entirely unsympathetick & not entitle to a white vote like Hon. Booker Washington and other darks."

"Why you no write such a conception for newspaper?" is snuggestion from him.

"I are not yet requested," is erupt from me.

"You are a modish violet," is vocal from Hon. Suds. "Therefore say it secretly."

"If I was President," I rake out, "I should be divided into 2 parts. The  $\frac{1}{2}$  part of me should be radikal & kind of dangerous; but the other  $\frac{1}{2}$  portion should safely set upon the Constitution and keep it pressed."

"Would such a double lives be decent?" commit Hon. Anazuma.

"In such high positions, yes," I dabble. "A ideel Pres. of these U. S. should be a cross between Theodore Roosevelt & Chester A. Arthur. With one hand he should affectionately protect the interests of the People while with the other he should be nice to the people of the Interests. If it are necessary for him to be 2 places at once he must go there. When requested he must attend a Idaho Miners' Noyesy Barbecue full of malice for them Hon. Malefactors; but he must not neglect a invitation to Insurance Scandalous Banquet where he can set by Hon. Paul Morton and talk like a Injunction."

"So shocky!" say I. Anazuma with razor. "It are shamefully difficult to shave such a two-faced Japanese."

"In antique times of pagan Rome," I dib, "there was a deliciously heathen god named January who

was able to look in 2 directions with a double face. On one side he had a face like Hon. Judge Landis, on the other a expression like Hon. Judge Grosscup. When malefactors of great wealth go to Judge Landis side of them two-face idol they was filled with shivvers because of their sinful rebates; so they crawl around to Judge Grosscup side and was forgiven. But when malefactors of great poverty get in front of them Grosscup face to make kick against Olive Oil Trust, they almost went to jail for their crimes, so they hurry around to Judge Landis face and was comforted to know that taking rebates from Harriman was sinnier than taking silverware from a Soldiers' Home."

"I am delicious to know," say Hon. Anazuma who are studying to be a Y. M. C. A., "that them heathen idol January were bursted by hatchets of early Christian parents."

"He were finally bursted," I rebuke, "but he last for several 1000's of year & were a nicely successful god. He were popular like a circus for long lines of Hon. Politicians what wish to learn-how. What-say Mr. Vergil, famous Roman poeter, about them god January? He-say, 'Get there, January!' which have been a politickal motto every since."

"Have that disgusting January got any temples in America?" require Hon. Anazuma,

"In Pennsylvania State Capitol there is pagan pictures of Hon. Mat Quay and other local gods," I dib deceptively. "I shall not be wonderful if portrait of Hon. January are grafted among nearly everything else in that famous art saloon."

"When you are President how you stand on publick ownership of R. Rs?" require Hon. Barb.

"About publick ownership I are safely insane," I report. "Publick should be allowed to own R. R. gradually. With each Pullman ticket Hon. Passenger might get a blue transfer which entitle him to 1 share R. R. stock if he present it at office of Sec. of Agriculture 2,000,000 years from date."

"Would American people get such a ownership then?" ask he.

"What say Wm. Jenny Bryan about publick ownership?" I reject. "He-say, 'Publick ownership of R. Rs must take place in eventual time.' Them 2,000,000 years from date will be a 'eventual time,' won't it not?"

"In 2,000,000 year what would American publick own?" are question for Anazuma.

"At least they would own them blue transfer slips," I renig with deceptive expression of a Campaign Contribution.

Late Sunday p. m. Arthur Kickahajama give to me for Campaign Contribution a live dog which



is a Hon. Pup. It are a very infant mammal with a emotional tail and cultivated by flees. Arthur rescue them Dog while being kicked from a wharf by a educated gentleman who was drunk.

"It are a vulgar variety," I snip for objection because I are nervous about expensive food for such a dum friend.

"It may grow up to be refined," say Arthur carelessly.

"What breed of Dog are it?" is next fuss from me.

"Not certainly sure," say Arthur. "Hon. Strunsky who are a sport say 'It are a he-dog,' so I suppose it are such a breed."

I regard this Hon. Pup with thoughts. He throw me a very doggy gaze & thump banzai on floor with his snubbed appendix. My heart become soft-boiled with love. I can't not turn a dog away in such a hot weather when he are apt to be bit by a rabbi & get it. So I possess him by chains and enjoy worry about his breed which are full of spots with a bursted ear.

S. Wanda, Japanese Socialist, say he should be named "Tariff" because he need revising immediately. Cousin Nogi announce, "He should be named 'Injunction' because he were kicked off a platform."

"I shall not call such names to a mere dog,"



I gratify. "Therefore I shall chrisen him 'O-Fido' what was name of a famous Japanese grocer what live happy for 1,000 year and died from being too joyful."

So I got O-Fido in bedstead with me where he practise barks at Hon. Rats all night till Japanese persons sleeping in this house can not do so & report tearful complaints to Hon. Landlord who is a malefactor & say: "You are a nuisance besides 3-week remit with rent." Moral of this is: Be kind to them dum beasts & you will get paid off.

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.

S. P. — Who will be the First Baby in the Land now that Quentin Roosevelt have refused a Third Term? Little Charlie Taft are studying childish pranks so he can hold them position of Publick Cuteness. Hon. Steam Shovelers' Union of Panama is first to give Hon. Taft a union card. Hon. Steam Rollers' Union should be ashamed of their slowness!

H. T.

## XXI

### HOW AMERICAN ADVERTISEMENT DOES IT

SAN FRANCISCO, July 28th.

*To Editor New York Newspaper who might know list of peculiarities.*

DEAR MR. SIR— Please to ask some of your customers who read that dear paper to tell one necessary reply to poor Japanese Boy who is again in condition of not working. Please ask them how best for cheap money I can advertise myself as needing situation of employment at wash-dishes, table-wait, being valet or teaching American language to Japanese or German foreigners. I put in the following itemized appeal into San Francisco newspaper-press:

**W**ANTED — Japanese Schoolboy is earnest about something to do, and can speeck Japanese or American while doing so. Can make beds politely, cherish house-plants and assist cow or horse of good family. I perform most difficult duties when confined to kitchen and can persuade Pianola to go when excited. Answer it immediately. Maybe that will be too late — Response, Togo, this news.

That correspondence cost me price of \$1.85 obtained by borrowing. I am depressed about results and confused to think. This morning

I see that advertise in newspaper-press where I put it. But sakes of life! how difficult to see it! I look in Wanting Column of this journal-paper and find such disgusting number of persons was pleading for jobs and was crowding all over that page saying so about it. Very few of these offered to do such talented things like I did. And yet I was No. 114 in that list of workers! It is very difficult for pride of Japanese Boy to read about himself in such small print.

Of suddenly I enjoy one serious brain-thought. Advertising is one beautiful national custom which Japanese Boy must learn before becoming complete. It is habit of these U. S. persons to print statements of their virtues and hand it around. In Japan when spring of love-time come along persons deliver little lily-pad plants to doorstep and remind friends of their aliveness. In these U. S. persons at approach of springtime deliver advertisement-circular for same reason. Hon. Dr. Smith, dentist, leave to doorstep of dear friend following card:

DO YOU ENJOY TOOTHACHE?

DR. SMITH PULLS TEETHS FROM EXPERIENCE

GET THE HABIT!!!

Each gentleman indulging in art or business do likesome to any extent. Gentlemen wishing

to succeed in poetry, plumbing, clergyman or eye-wash medicine must put-in some kind of holler about it.

Landscapes is good for these decorations.

In travelling through American scenery by rail-car I can not interest my brain-thoughts in birds & flowers because of large conversation which persons has painted all over nature. By sweet runny-brook is sign-post of fierce red to say, "Sizzo Table Water. It is Sufficient." By grandeur of top-mountain is reckless blue motto, "Circulation of *Daily Bazoo* Is Making Climb Up." By lovely oat-patch is signature, "Mormon Oats — They Chew Themselves." Meadow of grass is full with gigantic hop-frogs, aggravated bottles, magnificent lady-corsets, etc., which eminent American sculptors has cut out with saws. Nature is somewhere behind these, but what is she doing? Maybe she is trying to grow.

Frequent professors say-so about American Indians talking with sign-language. Is that it what I seen?

Sidney Katsu, light-thinking Japanese of considerable deceptiveness, say to me of recent date:

"Hon. Togo, you hear what-about has happen to American battle-fleet?"

"Tell me to know," I renig with exceitement, because I am Japanese Spy.

"So much is them war-boats painted of white colour they will be used for advertisements when approaching to China," deliver this Katsu.

"Oh not to be possible!" I collapse, "what advertisement will be decorated upon this patriotic navy?"

"Following words will there be painted upon each white-side boat," commute Katsu and show this card:

THIS FLEET IS PAINTED WITH  
SNOWDRIFT ENAMEL PAINT  
TRY IT ON YOUR BATH-TUB!!!

Shall I believe this calamity to American navy, Mr. Editor? I am disgusted to suspect that fly-off brain of Sidney Katsu. Some one has reached him to tell lying talk, American custom.

It is sinful to legal laws of America for poets, actresses, politicians, burglary and other authors to put-in advertisements about themselves. So it is difficulty for them. And yet they do it. How so? By becoming so active that newspaper-print is irrisistable to talk about it. Maybe actress lose jewel-clasp. Burglary take it. She report as follows, "Oh my!"

"What is difficulty of health, Hon. Madam?" require reporter gentleman who is there.

"I have losed it my jewel-clasp," she defy.

"Thank you for knowledge," personify this

Hon. Reporter, "While you are speeching about, tell me of your marriages, please, as well as of other family disconnections."

So loud report of one column duration appear by next news-print. Maybe lady noveletter name of Mrs. McGlinny come over to here from kingdom of London with book by title "Three Months." She enjoy great quiet, thank you, for that length of time. At finally "Mothers of Rebellion," sweet-hearted collection of ladies, decry, "Come and speech before us at dine-table, please."

"So pleasant to do," digest this Hon. Mrs. McGlinny. "I will speech of what happened in them 3 months."

"Oh, not to do!" abrupt them mothers. "We do not permit such talk before husbands, please."

"O considerably well!" dement Mrs. McGlinny, striking piano with angry rage. Immediately she make rapid transit to newspaper press. Some talk is made with reporter and by following morning the below headlines is to appear:

SUCH HORRID BOOK!

Is "THREE MONTHS" THUS?

IT IS; AND WE WILL GIVE PRIZES TO PERSON  
WHO READS IT LEAST

By next morning one thousand million copy of this book is entirely exhausted and publisher is despondent because so fatigued.



From Boston I discover this communication which cover  $\frac{1}{2}$  page of all-American newspaper:

“AMERICAN CITIZENS ARE YOU ALL-TIME FOOLISH? HON. ABE LINCOLN SAY YOU ARE CONSIDERABLY SO. I AGREE TO THIS, THANK YOU! THEN WHY YOU NO BUY STOCKS WHEN I TOLD YOU IT WAS? I ENQUIRE DID I NOT TOLD YOU HOW STOCK MARKET WOULD DO SOMETHING SOON? IT DONE SOMETHING. DID I NOT TOLD YOU AMALGAMATION OF COPPER WOULD GO TO SOMEWHERE? IT FOLLOW THAT PROGRAM. THEN BOUGHT AS MUCH AS CONVENIENT PLEASE, OR ELSE SELL OR DO SOMETHING!!!

“TAKE ADVICE FOR IT. YOU ARE IN FINGER-NAILS OF SHARKS. SYSTEM, THAT HARD-EYE SYSTEM, WILL SQUEEZE, SQUEEZE TILL BLOOD-DROP REFUSES TO ENJOY PAIN. THEREFORE, DO IT NOW!

“I WILL SPEECH ONE LAST WORD BEFORE SAYING MORE. ON AFTERNOON OF FEB. 22 KEEP EYE-WATCH ON TICK-TOCK OF STOCK. IF NOTHING HAPPEN THEN IT WILL BE POSTPONED.

“I OFTEN TELL YOU TO THINK. THAT WILL BE GOOD PRACTICE. PERSONS ENJOYING WEALTH IS RECOMMENDED TO INVEST IT. PERSONS HAVING NONE IS ADVISED TO KEEP IT.

“THOMAS W. LAWSON.”

This letter of correspondence is wrote by memory. Perhaps it is wrong in places. I am often wonderful about this Hon. Lawson man. Is he running for President or merely for fun? I ask to know.

So this American kingdom go rapidly with speed because of steam of them advertising. American gentleman enjoys great smartness inside of brain. He say "No use of doing nothing for nobody if nobody knows." So type-setting, bill-stucking, paint-drawing is done. Violets is permitted to blush behind something in these U.S. They usually does this blushing performance behind sign-board saying "50c per bunch." If Hon. Lawson, Hon. Bryan, Hon. Kipling can not get jobs of employment without some advertisement, how can Japanese Boy do so? This question make me put in that item of ideas to wanting-column of news.

Maybe it will be responded for. I am patient to hope.

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.

S.P. — Labouring Unions of Pacific Coast decry with voice, "Japanese is taking all variety of jobs from persons of white extraction." Maybe so. But I have not been very fortunate in this branch of Yellow Peril, thank you. H. T.

## XXII

### OLYMPUS GAMES AND INTERNATIONAL CEMENT

SAN FRANCISCO, August 2d.

*Editor New York Newspaper who are printed  
in several colours & deliver to doorstoop of  
Japanese Schoolboy filled with bright jokes  
& other serious thought.*

MR. SIR — For object of putting cement on affectionate relations between them loving relatives, America & Gt. Britten, there have been an entirely worldly feet-race and amateur circus shot off in England & called Olympus Games. Every branches of trapeez, handspring & strength exercises was indulged in for friendly rivalry. As result of them friendly rivalry Hon. Jim Bryce are enjoying some international strains in Washington, Hon. Whitelaw Reid are sorry he ever became a Brittish subjeck and Congress have ordered Hon. Hobson to build several *Dreadnothings* and be quick about it.

Never yet have I heard two respecktable temperance kingdoms using such National League language upon each other without following some

hostile demonstrations by land & sea. O surely war must follow! Did not Mr. Monroe in his famous Doctoring pledge to protect American subjects from bunko & outrage on foreign shore? Do not the great Maggie Carter, famous document signed by King John, promise justice to all British subjects not of Irish birth? Then why should not America & England enjoy some more family splits? Why should not Adm. Thos. Lipton bring regatta of war-boats into N. Y. bay & seize Y. M. C. A. Athletic Club as spoil of war while America fleet are away shaking hands with Australia?

I require no answer.

Them Olympus Games are a great event for all Nationalities with excepting of Japanese who is too civilized to enjoy such rude fights. Such games is a considerable antique, for they was invented at Battle of Marathon in a previous B. C. time. On them occasion a Grecian boy run 27 mile to get away from Hon. Persians & was declare a champion by Honduras, mayor of Athens.

This year it were decide to hold them Olympus games at England, because English athletes can win nearly everything when surrounded by British sentiment with sufficient Police near to see that all rules is broken in a quiet & orderly manner.

Before Hon. Games was shot off Hon. Brittish Athletick Committee set together for regulation of events. Following were decide on by dignified majority:

- 1 — English spirit of fair play must be visible everywheres. Hon. Judge must be just to all nations so long as England are ahead.
- 2 — When England are losing Hon. Judge can prevent this by ruling Americans out of race for ungentlemanly conduct.
- 3 — When American athlete are doing some up-jump exercises British publick are warned not to assist him by courteous remarks. When compelled to speak they will be permitted to say "Boo!" "Obtain a horse!" or other wits of local flavour.
- 4 — Since Hon. America has got a rawcuss voice several disputes is bound to occur. So long as such fights is Parlamentry & corteous, we do not object to it. Therefore we suggest following form of debate for all disputes:

*Hon. American Committee* — Why you dishqualify American run-man from 400-meater race?

*Hon. Brittish Committee* — Because he are a fraud of considerable professional trix. Also we suspect he murder his mother in Omaha.

*Hon. Am. Com.* — When you begin to suspect all them horble crime against that young man?

*Hon. Brit. Com.* — When he got 50 yard ahead of Brittish runner in race.

*Hon. Am. Com.* — Will you permit-it for Hon. America run-man to race it again & show how swiftly he can?

*Hon. Brit. Com.* — Answer is, No!! Because he could run several footsteps better than Hon. Brittish run-man who would be beat. It are slavish to be beat. Brittens seldom shall be slaves.

*Hon. Am. Com.* — If our runs is the swiftest should they not have the most medals pinned all over them?

*Hon. Brit. Com.* — The race are not always for the swiftest, Hon. Sir — not while Brittish gods are ruling Olympus!

5 — After above dyelog rioting, cat-calling & other sports shall be enjoyed & American athletes can go home or to any other blazes they seen fit.

While attempting a slumber on couch of room Uncle Nichi & Cousin Nogi come in & make a joint debate with loud voices, which is very carelus about my health.



"Hon. London *Times* decuss 400-meater-run in an entirely Christian way," corrode Uncle Nichi who lacks dog-sense like O-Fido. "Them great & pompus news-print say: 'It were a unfortunate incident — therefore it are closed.'"

"London *Times* know-how to be nice to Americans on all occasions," explode Nogi. "She speak of 400-meater run like she speak of Revolutionary War & other uncleaned things."

"America beat English in Revolutionary War," rasp Uncle for discovery.

"Of sure she did," obligate Nogi, "but on them occasion she was the home team. If such a wars had been fot on Brittish soil maybe Hon. Geo. Washington would of been dishqualified for crowding Gen. Corn Wallace off track. Facts of history is often shaved by such close razors."

"Sport between such great nations should be gentle & just, whitewashed with truth & free of grafts," commute Unc.

"So should Christianity, Socialism & Hearst Independence Leg," otter Nogi, "but are they?"

"Them great kingdoms should meet in a amature spirit," I gap, bacause can't sleep by racket.

"What you mean by 'amature spirit'?" require Nichi.

“When Primrose Athletick Club & Telegraph Hill Wonders meet in vacated lot to enjoy baseball, then amature spirit are observed,” say Nogi. “Hon. Casey go to bat-stick. Some ball-throws is indulged for vain clubbing. ‘Outside, please!’ yall Hon. Empire. ‘Liar, please!’ jacklate Primrose Athleticks in unicorn. Language is thrown everywhere followed by bat-sticks, grand-stands, etc., which is beaten upon skull until intermission by Hon. Police.”

“And yet should civilized persons feel so bleed-thirsty about innocent & friendly sport?” ask Uncle to know.

“More fraxures, murders, assault & batters, divorces & strangles is caused by innocent & friendly sport than by jelousy, love, maniac, drunk & any other branch of crime excepting of Life Insurance. Look on blotter of Hon. Crime Court & see what blots appear there for following crimes:

Hon. Pat Sweeney, occupation brick-batter — crime, justifiable homicide on innocent & friendly Umpire who decide against home team. Discharged with honour.

Hon. Aug. Smutz, occupation German — crime, shoot and chop-up best friend while try to

teech him innocent & friendly game of pinocle.  
Hanged because poor.

Hon. Archybald Smith, occupation Pickle Trust — crime, knocking brains from a clergy with a mallet because he cheet in innocent & friendly game of crokay. Saved by unwritten law & 6 weeks in Mattywan with French chef.

Hon. J. D. Rockpiler, occupation grand larceny — crime, giving rebates to a golf-caddy. Fine, \$29,000,000 with liberal discount in Court of Peals.

Hon. Mrs. Wilkins, occupation social vagrant — crime, bridge-play while house was afire & husband broiled. Discharged by advice of husband who was a first offense.

Hon. Eli. McYale, alias "Spud," alias "Locomotive," alias "Kangaroo," occupation college-student — crime, football with intent to kill. Out on bale till after football season when he will come back, please, and be electrocuted.

Hon. Ripi Gavotti & Hon. Peter Hooley, occupation neighbours — crime, mayhem committed while watching a innocent & friendly dog-fight. Hon. Gavotti bite away ear from Hon. Hooley to prove he got the most intelligent dog. Prisoners discharged by Judge who also love dogs.

When Uncle Nichi hear-it all them record of horble crimes he become seriously Japanese.

“O-so!” he-say, “Must there be a war between America & England because of a mere feet-race?”

“If a mere feet-race can’t start a war, nothing can. Who can imagine them two great & dignified peoples making such hell-baloo over seal-fisheries or boundery-line between U. S. & Canada or small trifle like annexation of Ireland? Did Brittish publick stand around and yall ‘Boo!’ to rattle American diplomat during contest of Hay-Pauncefaute treaty? Ah no! But when a craven foe land on Brittish soil to peril sacred rite of hop-skip-and-jump what son of Brittania so callus not to scream?”

“I got a poem,” I say for headache. “It sound delicious in Japanese — therefore excuse following translation:

#### *INTERNATIONAL CEMENT*

The Lion to the Eagly say, “We two is one same feather;  
We done too much of sware & fite — now let us play together.”

So on them nice Olympus road they meet some games to try  
out —

The Eagly-bird he watch his chance & scrape them Lion’s  
eye out.

“Fowl play!” all Lion Cubs they cry; so all them beasts they  
pair off

And Lion claws make feathers fly while Eagly’s tear-off hair-off.

Them Lion-dog make rory-rores as in the race he led off  
And when he reach the second lap he eat them Eagly's head off.

The Birds & Beasts of all the world they cry with looks  
appealing,

"O such a comick way to start a Era of Good Feeling!

"It once was 'Hands Across the Sea—' but now we got the  
notion

That all the instinck that they got is 'Claws Across the Ocean.'

"There 's nothing like them Ties of Blood to keep such friends  
together—

There goes the Lion's other eye — there goes a Eagly feather!"

And so they fot till they was weak, and then they sadly went  
off

To count their scratches, dress their wounds— and pick that  
darn Cement off.

Mr. Editor, entire trouble with them Olympus games was that American athletes was handicapped by English sense of Fair Play which are a famous & sacred thing & will stop at nothing when it get a chance. English Fair Play have always been a deliciously important fackter in her Colonial Policy. It were that same holy fire what give to America a Stamp Act & Taxation without Representations; send Lord Clive on famous jewel-robberies among Moguls what was entirely pagan & needed doing; force hon. opium-smoke down palate of Hon. China so she would sleep better; and sley Mary, Queen of Scotch, with a hatchet because she live in the suburbs.

What-say renewed Irish Orator about England. He-say, "O perfidious Albino!" I am sly about repeating such mean curses.

Strength of Hon. England are this: she can lie longer, steal stronger & look more respectable than any other ancient Nation now living. America is filled with disgusting Grafts, but Hon. England have got only a House of Lords decorated with coated arms & vested rights. London are poplus with Life Insurance Presidents disguised as Missionaries. If Jo-uncle Cannon had a accent made in Oxford & a suit of clothing made in Hanover Square he would not need to change his politicks before setting in the House of Lords. I are very nervous about England's soul.

Cousin Nogi, who partly agree with me in some things, say, "I are joyfully congratulated not to be mixed up in such Olympus affairs."

"English sense of Fair Play are a joke," I scorch.

"Perhapsly that are why it are took so seriously in England," make-up Nogi.

Hoping you are the same,

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.

S. P. — O-Fido, Hon. Pup to which I belong, show symptom of being a dash-hound.



“Call him Cassius,” say Sydney Katsu, Jr.  
“Why-it?” is inquiry for me.

“Hon. Shakespeare say about Cassius, ‘In him  
the elements so mixed up that all-world might  
stand around & say, “This was a dog.”’” H. T.

## XXIII

### OUTSIDE EXERCISES FOR HEALTH

SAN FRANCISCO, August 22d.

*Editor N. Y. Newspaper who must attend to spin-around of world while others fish.*

DEAR SIR — Year of America are divided into 2 sessions: Winter & Summer. Winter are devote to acquiring disease inside; Summer are devote to getting rid of them outside. Winter are dedicate to serious pursuit of money; Summer are devote to fooly pursuit of rest. Both are good ways to know and increase Hon. Death Rates.

Predatory gentlemans what are rich enough to agree with Hon. Judiciary about Injunctions, etc., can afford some French-speaking automobiles of 60 horse-power and go out for pursue a rest. Man who break Interstate Commerce law a little while can break speed-law the rest of his entire existence. I know because I watch him.

Americans go for rest with energy of human bullets. Japanese Schoolboy stand by side of roadside & shelter self from strokes by raspberry trees. Soonly there is a red whizz passing. It are a automobile of French extraction and Irish

disposition. By front seat sets fatty gentleman who is a owner of some trusts, because he look like it. Nearly to him sets Hon. Chaffer clasping teeth for nerves.

"What speedometer is it?" ask Hon. Truster eating some dust.

"60-mile hourly we are going it," say-he with wheels.

"Extreme slowness," derange Hon. Finance.

More pushes by gasoline.

"Of what speedness now?" examine them Trust Magnet.

"75 mile horse-power," say Hon. Chaffer with lung.

"Exaggerate it!" elapse Hon. Boss for mania.

Hon. Chaffer try-to, but Hon. Car make angry rage of cogs & do an explosion by fence where fraxions must be collected patiently. Injury is enjoyed by all passengers who is afar off among clover-field where they flew to.

I am a hospital corps to that very ill Trust & await to interview him with bandages.

"Where was you going so hasty?" is first question for me.

"Not sure," say-he, "but I was rapidly approaching there."

"What was you looking after so whizzy?" negotiate me.



“‘I have a developed chest already,’ snuggest Hon. Taft”



“A rest,” he corrode for dying smiles.

“You have found it too suddenly,” I commute with epitaph expressions. “Therefore you may rest in fractions.”

Mr. Editor, to remain good-healthy it are nice to choose some exercise what you will not be killed by. Motor-car axidents, although a very wealthy sport, are a too violent physical culture for Japanese Boy who would prefer to be alive & slightly sick much rather than to be dead & in splandid muscular condition. Considerable Heroes of antiques has did jiu jitsu to Tyrants and yet been entirely ignorant of Hon. Spalding's Football Guide. But them things happened in very former times.

Shortly ago I become nervous about high education of brain. “I must see some scholars doing it,” I narrate to myself; so for car-fare I go visit one intelligent Red Colledge what are nearly here. When I approach near to campuss I am aware of excitable sing-song of loud mail voices saying something together.

“So lofty!” I dib. “They are resighting passages of Grecian poetry in chorus so they all will get 100% mark for classick examination!” I make excited breath & hurry foots to where it happen.



There beholt! was all young youths of this Red Colledge standing together for wave of danger-signal flags & saying following rotation for voice-culture:

“Hurrah! Hurrah!  
Play glibly  
And do more of!!  
O!!!  
Such a bully for you!”

(Repeat this several times for imagination.)

And by opposite chairs was setting a Blue Colledge with appropriate shade of wave-flag with which they make wigwag signals to following rotation for voice-culture:

“Sissy-boom!  
What is wrong with us?  
By investigation we find  
We are considerably all right—  
Therefore Hurrah HURRAH!!”

On smooth place between grandstands was 2 teams of red & blue baseballers playing it with batty acrobaticks. One youngful man containing red sox was considerably idealized by Red Colledge because he was a Hon. Pitch and could act deceptively while shooting fastly to Hon. Catch. When Hon. Bat would make swipe-stick knocks at Hon. Ball what go by without injury, then entirely that Red Colledge would scream up, “O Smith, Smith, you are so good to do it!!”

When Hon. Blue Runner would attempt to slide on knuckles & Hon. Red Pitch would observe him with deceptive throw, then such banzais from Hon. Red Colledge what would hoola out loud, "Hurrah some more for Hon. Smith who deserve it!"

I stand by-next to one Hon. Professor what was also shouting with gilt spectacles.

"Mr. Sir," I commune, "why this Colledge make such proud whoop-up for that Smith youth, please?"

"Hon. Smith are most smartest man in Colledge," say Hon. Professor with surprise for ignorance.

"Ah!" I collide. "So thankful to see such a leader of thought! By what branches of brain do he most exsel in these classick hallways of Mrs. Minerva?"

"He are a hundred yard dasher of 9 seconds, he are a pole-jump of 12 feet, for 2 years he play short-stop on football game and can throw a spitting baseball in circles around all batty athletes."

"He must be a very high educated man," I combust; "I bet your bootware that Hon. Shakespeare could not do nothing like that."

"Hon. Shakespeare was neglected in childhood," say Prof. "So he never go to colledge to learn how."

"So sorry for that!" I ratify. "Do this Hon. Smith have very muscular mind for study of Grecian poetry?"

"Scarcely if seldom," mitigate Hon. Prof. "Faculty of this Colledge do not believe in making bright mind of youth sad by too much read on subjecks of solum & trajick Greek poetries."

"They should read Hon. Aristophanes," I say-so, "for he was considered a very comick Greek poet."

"Maybe-so he were," dib them Prof. "But I have been teacher of classick literature for 35 tiresome years, and never yet have I saw any colledge boys tickling themselves to death with jokes from that Hon. Aristophanes."

I am entirely flabbed. So I go to Carnegie Library of them Colledge to see by quiet look how many of them student was improving inside of skulls by books. And there what see? Three Japanese students setting in bench for lonesome company. One of them was studying "Antique War Map of Battle of Marathon." Other was taking light chew from "Co-tangent Theory about Circular Orbits," and other one was trying to translate works of James Whatcome Riley into Japanese.

I sneak silently out with mollycuddle feelings of instep.

Sydney Katsu say-so that game of Golluf are called "sport of kings." Therefore if any private gentleman wishes to become a king or something in America he must go to meadows and learn how-play this peculiar knocking game. When Hon. Rockefeller learnt it he became a Oil King & still continues to exercise.

Before Hon. Roosevelt decided to appoint Hon. Taft to be King of America he-say him: "Hon. Bill, what kind of a athlete are you, please?"

"I are a very distinguished trot," narrate Wm. "I have become noted by running from places to places."

"These U. S. won't not stand no more fat heroes," say Hon. Roosevelt. "What possibly good it do you to have newspaper print say 'Hon. Taft spend 24 hours daily at desk?' Small or less. But have war correspondent say 'Hon. Taft spend 24 hours daily tearing teeth out of wild bulls' and you will be called upon by 1,000 photographers & Frederick Remington."

Hon. Taft set silently eating fattening cigars.

"When you are training to be a king," say Hon. Theo, "you must exercise to develop considerable chest."

"I have a developed chest already," snuggest Hon. Taft, drawing his belt close around.

"Assuredly you have," say Hon. President,

“but you should wear it higher so that it would show to better advantage.”

“How to begin to be a National Athlete?” say Hon. Wm.

“I began by breaking horses,” say Hon. Theo.

“I can easily break the stoutest horse by setting on him,” abrogate Hon. Taft.

“I am disgusted by such a set-pat policy,” say ruler of nation. “If you can not take exercise you can at least play Golluf.”

So Hon. Roosevelt loand Hon. Taft a big club if he promise not to broke it & he find a nice, green link near Light House at Washington where he practise Hon. Golluf Game. On door of Sec. of War it are now a easy snap to find following card:

HON. WM. H. TAFT

ARE ABSENT ON LINK TO PLAY GOLLUF GAME FROM 2 TO 4  
DAILY TILL AFTER ELECTION.

MOVING PICTURE MAN

IS CORDIALLY INVITED TO BE THERE

Mr. Editor, what are most principally shocky & surprise to me about outside exercises enjoyed by Americans is that they takes them in such a light & frivlus spirit of josher. Are game of health-bring and deep breathing merely a funny laugh-at thing? Answer is, No!!

It sadden my pulse to see American family by

good elderly summertime pack trunk to go shore-side. Why they sing & whistle comick song about "I am timid to return home in darkness"? Why so happy & frolick for as they are gone down to train? Do they not know that they are sujurn-ing away for benefit of kidney, liver & lung, which is hyjean & therefore kind of sacred because it can do a great deal of harm to all human races? By border of ocean they go to some light hotel & dip slightly in tidy serf of sea, they lole upon sand in delighted clothing, they puff cigarette, they drink intoxicated ginriksha. By moontime they practise whatever flirting is necessary — no thoughts of their scientifick insides.

Ah, vacation should be a more solum & useful improvement! Japanese athlete would arise more sadder & stern by 6 of clocktime in morning to do 986 dips with backbone for benefit of interior digestion. He would measure self by Bertillon system by each hourly prompt. Then he would feel strong & well, or else he would n't. Vacation are nothing to laugh at as if it was a jokes.

But Cousin Nogi are got so sinical he make Sneer-face at everything including sacred subjecks & Tariff. Last night we go hear Prof. Matsuki, Japanese hyjean, lecture-talk to Asiatick Y. M. C. A.



“Intellectual gymnasiums, together with nurshing food,” say Hon. Matsuki, “have increased stature of Japanese nation 6 inches in last 10 years.”

Cousin Nogi deliver me one mean pinch by leg-joint.

“I shall give you a hit unless stóp!” I dib for pain.

“Listen to them lecture what he say-it!” fatigue Nogi. “He-say each Japanese by exercises & feed has grew 6 inches in 10 year-time. At them rate they will all be 5 ft. 10 inches by 1918.”

“That are a nice patriotick average for me,” I surround.

“By keeping on with eat & gymnastus they will all be 6 ft. 10 inches in 1938. What, then, would keep all Japanese from being 8 ft. 10 inches lofty in year 1978?”

“Nothing but laziness,” I repose for answer.

“The Japanese is aptly determined,” decry Nogi, showing satire by nose. “If they use considerable Christian Science about growing up could they not become physical sky-scrapes in time?”

“They might, but could they?” is answer for me.

“And what if they attained such a lofty?” locate Nogi with skeptick look from Missouri,

“would they be more smart if? Physical culture do not make persons able to lecture on works of Browning and Chiropodes. Hon. James Jeffries are a very physical cultured man, yet he can only lick one person at a time. Hon. Napoleon, what was a brief man with a circular stummick, could combatter 10,000 talented Germans by twist of his thumbs.”

“Yet Hon. Napoleon were finally a sick failure,”  
I announce for sighs.

“Of surely he were not!” dib that heated Nogi.  
“If he were a failure how he got his nephew that high job in Roosevelt Cabinet?”

I am confused to answer.

Hoping you are the same, I am

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.

## XXIV

CAN HON. NORTH POLE BE DETECTED?

SAN FRANCISCO, August 26th.

*To Editor New York newspaper which shoots out  
Truth like a soda fountain & serve it with  
very tasty flavours to all-kind of humans.*

DEAR SIR — I am bed-riding now, thank you, for illness of head. So sorry I go Fresno last week to seek-it where work was to be got among Hon. Grapes, but not for me. The weather had a temperament of 98° in shadow & pretty soonly I am discovered enjoying a sunstrike by dusty road. "Poor Japanese Boy!" collapse kind Mr. Jackson, who is a sweet philanthropy; so he ship me backwards to this dear San Francisco and donate me \$10 weekly so long as I am sick.

On such a salary I shall be liesurely about getting well.

So here I are, Mr. Editor, once more again at Patriots of Japan Board & Lodging, where I receive all Japanese and American friends who will be polite guests & please not bring no more flours because my hon. bedroom become stuffy with

such fragral smells. Candy & light sandwiches, howeverly, will be welcome day & night.

Cousin Nogi, Arthur Kickahajama, Uncle Nichi, Sydney Katsu Jr., Little Annie Anazuma & Frank the Japanned Bootpolish make walk-in to my room this morning to be a Tennis Cabinet for me. They bring golden thoughts, but nothing more expensive.

“In Idaho & Colorado where ladies is compelled to smoke cigarettes and act manly on election days,” say Cousin Nogi, “there Hon. Frank H. Hitchcock will get elected by a unamerous majority because of his beautiful eyes and hair.”

“He will be very popular in high schools, Vassars, etc., because of his sweet expression,” olicute little Annie.

“Will such a expressions make him popular among campaign contributions?” contribute Japanned Frank with steam-roller sniff.

My Hon. Friends then begin making talk all over my very sick bed with awful feverish debats until I groan from hot brows, because I got a sun-strike. Political conversation next turn to all-kinds tropickal subjecks. Cousin Nogi mention Hon. Revolution in Honaduras; Japanned Frank say-so that Hon. Cuba can't never escape from Hon. Taft when he got it; Uncle Nichi enquire to

know if Rep Party will continue to be useless about Philippine tobacco; and Little Annie Anazuma tell of paper-news she read about hon. yellow fever enjoyed by Hon. Dirt Digs of Panama Canal.

I put hand to my boiled skull & collapse with gasps.

"You are a loud noise," I liquidate. "When you come to bedstead of a sunstruck person, why you all-time talk about politicks what are happening all over Hon. Equator?"

"Would some breezy topick of conversations be more pleasant for such a sun-strike?" enquire Uncle Nichi with farm-yard voice.

"Iced thoughts would be very nice for brain," I dib with fan.

Then up say Arthur Kickahajama, missionary boy who will be a heathen 2 weeks more before vacation is over,

"I have got just such a cold topicks," he-say. "Hon. Adm. Peary, intemperate explorer on cold-weather boat *Roosevelt*, have started for Swartz-burger, Sweden, in hopes that he will discovery an entirely iced Pole before it melts."

"Thank you so much, Arthur Kickahajama," I sigh-up for relief, "already I feel some pleasant chills in my vertebral."

"In his kitty of supplies," say Arthur, "Hon. Peary have took 750 blankets of red flannel com-

plexion, 100 grizzly-skin pajamas, 60 Tiny Wonder gas-heaters, 7 tons axle-grease to use as butter when starving & 20 doggy-sleys with limousine tops to keep off cold."

"What are he going to North Pole for if he desire to keep off cold?" I enquire with sun-stroke gasps.

"I am confused about it," say Arthur. "Hon. Peary perform a interview for N. Y. *Journals* before depart. 'Are you afraid of a freeze?' Hon. Reporter ask to know. 'No, I are not,' he reply for pride."

"All Arctick explorers is entirely fearless about freezing in July," report little Annie Anazuma, who are a bright for her nine-year age.

"If a good detective should discover this Pole what would he discover?" require Uncle Nichi, who is becoming educated in American telephones.

"He would discover considerable bad weather," abrogate Nogi.

"Should a person go through such a pearil & danger to discover bad weather?" say Uncle who can enquire if nothing else.

"It are the pearil & danger what makes all them furry gentlemen so anxious to get it," say Nogi. "If Hon. North Pole was in our back yard who would care to have it?"

"I should like some chunks for headache," I negligè with pained eyebrows.



“Polar discovery are a nice sport for Investigators,” devote Frank.

“What would they investigate at North Pole?” require Nogi for scorn. “Is there some Grafts at North Pole? Have it got a Saloon Evil like Chicago, or a Labour Trouble like Idaho, or a Railroad Problem like Illinois, or some Favourite Sons like Ohio, or a Musical Mayor like San Francisco, or some Senate Undesirables like Washington? If Hon. Pole ain’t got no Hon. Shames like them I mention it should be let alone. If it *have* got such a Grafts they must be nicely packed in ice where they will keep forever unless disturbed. Why should a refined N. Y. gentleman travel all-way to Latitude O for find some cold-storage graft when he can get it entire year round in Philadelphia?”

“We ask to know!” collapse my Japanese Friends in unicorn & leave me alonesome with my sick medicines.

Mr. Editor, as I continue enjoying sickness I got time to think about important topicks in an entirely fooly way. I think about all them American & English gentlemen what has seeked North Pole because they was not tame enough to enjoy game of golluf and bridge-card. How much more jollifying to go straggling for deathsome

effort over dreer waists of ice with full heart and empty stummick — how much more pleasant this are than continually gollufing over the links with a retired cloak manufacturer what can't talk about nothing else besides roomatism & Marie Corelli! When Hon. Arctick Explorer think of some persons he have left behind his awful solitude become entirely cozy.

Mr. Editor, what nationality of human races has not enjoyed hunting for Poles? Irish mans, Americans, Danes, Swedishes, all make rapid vi with each other for this sport. Hon. Russian police is also fond of hunting Poles, but them is usually of an entirely Jewish variety. Hon. Duke de Bruzzi were unable, thank you, to observe the Hon. Pole to discover it; but he recently discover America with a very matrimonial expression. Only human nationalities which does not care about dashes to North Pole is Hon. Niggers which is too lazy and Hon. Japanese which has got too much sense.

Hon. Walter Wellman of Chicago discover Hon. Pole in a airship. Hon. Magazines, Newspaper press, etc., all get delicious accounts about Hon. Wellman's discovery long-time before it happen, which was fortunate because it never did. Great day of discovery arrive. "Are you ready, Hon. Wellman?" require Hon. Photographer with

Chicago accent. "Of sure I are!" explode Hon. Wellman, who was without a daunt. "Then cut it the string!" say-all, and Hon. Airship arise to duzzy hight of 18 feet where Hon. Wellman could see distinctly maglificant penorama of Arctick scenery with nice fotos of Alice Boreas all lit up, which he send to Chicago newsoffice with report, "I am sure Hon. North Pole are still over there." Then his airship descend down with a bursted stummick.

Since then Hon. Wellman have turned from Baloons to Bryan. He-say for recent newspaper article: "Hon. Bryan will of sure get to White House by a short cut." If Hon. Bryan start to White House by Hon. Wellman windship he might get there, but would he?

Mr. Editor, I have following poetick rapture because my head is sick:

Columbus say the World go roundy-round  
 Just like bisickel wheel do, day & night;  
 The Pole it are a Hub which move that ground  
 And are too busy, thanks, to act polite.

The Pole he got a quite important task  
 And must be enerjetick all he can;  
 He dib, "Get out!" when persons come to ask —  
 He hard to find like E. H. Harriman.

The Pole he manage all them rolling-stock  
 And boss the world whatever way he please.



“They should not make groups around with scissors to cut away souvenirs from him”



When Muckrakes come to write him up for shock  
He say, "Refuse to answer," then he freeze.

The Pole he are a predatory Graft,  
A short-but-ugly word, yet on he go  
With utter disregard of Time & Taft—  
A Solid Plutocrat of ice and snow.

Mr. Editor, I am aware why Hon. Peary boat are called the *Roosevelt*. It are because it are a hot thing in a cold climbate — also because it are a champion ice-burster. (At least smile at this, please, because it would sound delicious in Japanese.)

Seriously thinking it, I shall not prevent that Hon. Peary from going to North Pole as oftenly as whimsical; and yet I peev with complaint because he do it on so small scales. He are a small dealer in Poles, therefore he should be crowded to wall by all rules of Interstate Commerce. Would it not be more better for civilization if Arctick Circle was organized into exploration Trust with \$20,000,000 capital and several Senators? You bet your bootware such a Trust would get to Pole & build trolley to there in less time than it take to pass a Forest Reserve Bill. I am surprised that such a Trust has not thought of this already, for what-say Hon. Kipling? He say: "Is seldom a law of man or God found North of 23."



Such a climate would be awfully ideal for a Trust.

Yet I am suspicious. If Hon. Wall Street are not interested in North Pole there must be deliciously little laying loose around there to steal.

For final thought, Hon. Sir, I suspect that considerable salt-drip of tears is wasted on them cool heroes of far North. Mrs. Lusy Macdonald, tender & fat angel, say: "Poor mans, not to have fresh asparagus for months in & out!"

"Truly so," I navigate, "but if they have no fresh asparagus, they also has no mosquitos."

"Togo, should you like to be a Arctick Explorer you talk like?" she ask it.

"I should like to be  $\frac{1}{2}$  a Arctick Explorer," I struggle. "If I was permitted to do so I should enjoy to be Hon. Peary during June, July, August & Sept. During Fall & Winter months I should be pleased to spread gospels among better warmed cannibels of South Seas."

"Both are noble trades for a hero," say-she for kind sentiment.

"It are pleasant to be useless during vacations," I dib.

With love to Senator Lodge & other successful Eskimos,

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.

## XXV

### HIGH TARIFF ON PRINCES

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 1st.

*To Editor of New York Newspaper which must be very marriageable person, if he has not already attended his own.*

HON. MR. — Frank the Jappanned Bootpolish, who is a mental Socialist, say me this statistick for peevish argument:

“Twenty-five thousand pairs of people is married together by each day in these U. S.”

“Such delicious number of happiness!” I commit, pointing to Utah on map.

“Of them 25,000 wedding ceremonies,” derange Frank with Harvard expression, “at leastly 23,000 is International Marriages, including, by police-record, following races: Huns, Finns, Siberians, Liberians, Polaks, Mollusks, Mazourkas, Dons, Otts, and Pennsylvanians.”

“Them races is told apart by washing them,” I deride for conversation.

“Of them 23,000 assorted foreigners getting married together by each day, maybe there is a few number with something queer about them;

maybe 100 of them has clubbed feet, 50 of them is double-jointed dwarfs, 10 of them has two heads apiece, 6 of them is Siamese twins, and 1 or 2 of them is a Duke or something."

"Do newspaper-press mention with loud excitement the marriage of all them Hon. Freaks?" I ask for knowledge.

"Seldom if any," say Frank the Japanned Bootpolish. "What say Hon. Shakespeare about International Marriages? He-say, 'When Princes wed there is such big show that other Hon. Freaks must crawl out under tent.'"

"Do you not say jokey-talk when you mention that Hon. Prince among other Hon. Freaks?" I inquire to know.

"Ah no!" rejoy that Frank. "Is not one Hon. Prince some Freak? Yes, surely so! Is not one baby born with crown on top of skull as curio to see as one baby born with six ears? Boots can be bet on it!"

"Too sad," I collapse with tear-drop of eye. "When one Hon. Prince come to this U. S. persons should be more politeness. They should not make groups around him with scissors to cut away souvenirs from him. They should not lift off his Hon. Derby to take peeps at his Hon. Crown. Maybe he is sensitive about his deformity!"

"Hon. Princes is not entirely like other common Freaks," debate Hon. Frank.

"With what for difference?" I reject.

"Common Freaks is supported by Museums which do very well. Hon. Princes is supported by Tradition which often forget to pay salary. Hence appropriations must be voted in U. S. Senate for International Marriages."

My cousin Nogi, which hear them words we spoke in Japanese syllables, come up and say,

"If Hon. Senator Pelkins permit Hon. Duke de Buzzi to marry his family, will this not be considered unpatriotick act to do? Will not Hon. Senator occupy anonamous position in U. S. Senate?" This from Nogi.

"I am reminded of fudge!" I relapse with expression of iced aristocrat. "He will occupy elsewhere position!"

"What committee in U. S. Senate could endure such Hon. Senator when so related to pompous crown of Italy?" require Japanned Frank.

"Committee on Foreign Relations would be very nice seat for such Senator," I commute with decorated appearance from eyebrow.

Mr. Editor, I am a shock & grief to see attitudes of this America to them Nobilities coming here in seek for employment. Why for is such high-tariff

policy in this free kingdom on them European manufactured goods like automobiles, barons and carved sculptors? America are entirely anxious to become civilized — yet how can she get it without some of them things made in Germany for small price? In France any mechanical working-girl can afford to buy one small Baron on easy installment plan. In Italy they are served as waiters with meals. Americans may collect them in all countries of Europe, but in Custom House of U. S. they are insulted and treated like works of art, because Hon. Jo-uncle Cannon are so chivalrous about Hon. Sugar & Tobacco.

But ah! I know, Mr. Editor. Hashimura Togo are on to some sure wisdom about why them Hon. Nobles is so rare to get in this America when delicious to have! Hon. Trusts do it!! It are one Combination in Restraint of Trade. Day-by-year Hon. Small Dealer is crowdy to wall. How often do Dukes come to America with purpose of marrying some Common People? Never if seldom — except when them Common People is rich as they are common. Who get first pick-out of the Sizzyeni and De Chagrin families when they arrive to Custom House? Do Hon. Employment Bureaus? Do Plumbers & Joiners Union? Do Beneficial Order of Elks?

Reply is, NO! Who do, then? For answer

write to Hon. La Folette who will send, by stamp, list of persons who done it, including 97 varieties of wealth.

Hon. Henry Watterson, who is official thinker for Kentucky, say-so that this kingdom is deliciously disgusted about Princes because it are entirely Democrattick by vote. Foreign titles give especial loathing to desperate patriots like Hon. Hearst, who say that all Dukes ought to be shot; so he do so, thank you, with foto camera.

During the wedding season in America it are nice trick for Japanese Schoolboy to set in sofa of very gilt hotel and watch something. Pretty soonly it arrive. It is one quiet gentleman of grey finish who make sneak-walk in at tradesman entrance of hotel. He is scarcely to be noticeable except for fact that he wear blue goggles & green beard to appear natural. As he approach to desk of Hon. Clerk there is nervous creaking of furniture where Hon. Reporters is hidden in.

"Name, please, to register it!" say Hon. Clerk with pen.

"John Smith of Nebraska," remit them stranger with Kansas accent.

"You are a ugly word!" renig that Clerk with teeth. "Nobody in Nebraska have such queer name like John Smith."



(Impatient noises heard from kodaks behind furniture.)

“On what business are you here on?” relapse Hon. Clerk.

“I ain’t not here on no business. I are ——”

“You *are*,” abjurgate Clerk, “then you admit it!”

“He admit it!!” cry-out 17 Reporters & 9 Photographers arising from furniture.

“Which do I admit?” desire Hon. Stranger beginning to make tears.

“You are the Prince de Chagrin!” collapse all in unicorn.

“Discovery!” cry that unhappy Prince, fainting away into bar-room. All kodaks explode simultaneously.

With immediate quickness that Hotel become one International Affair. Telegraf editors of all prominent newspresses set desks in lobby to be near it; hallway in front of bedroom where Hon. Prince is awake, is full with interviewers, biographers, historians, popular novelists, muck-rakers, scratch-artists, paint-artists, photographers & engravers.

Pretty soonly *Evening Bagpipe* come out. On back page is grand editorial of magnificent tipe of title “How We Despise that Nobility!” To prove them contempt of nobility, *Evening*

*Bagpipe* print live-size portrait on front page showing Hon. de Chagrin being draped in automobile with America & French flags by Cupid & mothology ladies. By each  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour *Evening Bagpipe* arrive with extra edition to tell what might be next, as follows:

- 10 *o'clock extra!* — Prince de Chagrin took elevator to wine-room and say, "Make it two!" This is an almost proof that he is engaged.
- 10:30 *double extra!!* — Royal Prince de Chagrin was saw looking at palace of Hon. J. W. Moneywortz this morning with matrimonial expression.
- 11 *o'clock pink extra!!!* — His Highness, Prince de Chagrin, shook hands with Senator Johnson with democrattick laugh. Hon. Senator, with great presence of mind, said, "My daughter is already married."
- 11:30 *double pink sporting extra!!!!* — His Royal Highness, Prince de Chagrin, stopped at Seidlitz Gallery and looked  $1\frac{1}{2}$  minutes at photo of famous chorus-girl. Thrilling story of this lady's life (if she got one) will appear in 3 color for Sunday extra supplement with souvenir toy baloons.
- 12 *o'clock green international suicide extra!!!!!!* — His Majesty, Prince de Chagrin, have dis-

appeared. Nobody else is missing — what to tell?

13 o'clock *extra, extra, extra!!!!* — Hon. Emperor de Chagrin traced 5 miles on road to Chicago by broken kodaks. Maybe it was someone else.

By lamplight yesterday I attend one Hon. Lecture at Socialist Hall.

"Time will come, and soonly," say Hon. Lecture "when working man of America will got everything he want."

"Will he got a foreign title for self & family?" I enquire with voice.

For them question I was rejected for being a Japanese Spy.

And yet it was a fairful question to reply. If Hon. Workman deserve to own the Trusts he also deserve to own them Dukes & Princes what Hon. Trusts is working seriously to make corner for. If Hon. Farmer of rural populus can have 1 automobile and his Hon. Wife 1 Pianola, can not his Hon. Daughter set on porch with some Italian Nobility by summer evening? Can not Petaluma *Clarion* appear each weekly with following gossip of neighbouring live-stock:

"Bill Brown's daughter, Countess Rockheimer & husband, made visit to the farm this week. Welcome, strangers!

“Si Perkins, Marquis of Perkins Corners, was out plowing the North Acre on Saturday. His Lordship is a very fine hustle.

“There is one new Duke in the Snodgrass family. It’s a boy this time.

“Senator Elkhorn of Coalopolis are absent from town on trip to St. Petersburg for visit his son-in-law the Czar of Russia. Town looks pretty dead without the genial Senator!”

No, Mr. Editor, trouble with this country is not too many Dukes, but too less of them. If Americans seen a Duke in every cigar-store they would not name cigars after him. This is also found amongst lower species. Insects is arranged carefully in glass boxes and named after difficult Latin poets as long as they are scarce and sly about being coaxed by collectors. But when them same Hon. Insects is discovered in colonies leading simple life among potato plants they are generally regarded to be Bugs. Thus I transfer it from Japanese poetry:

If Grasshop Bugs was morely scarce to see  
And human persons was not used to its  
Remarkabilious ways, all-world might be  
Admiring of his limbs the way they fits.

But Grasshop Bugs has got around so thick  
That persons sweep them up in pans and pails,  
And Poets, while them lovelus Grasshops kick,  
Are somewheres else admiring Nightingales!

I am given to be understood that Hon. King Manuel of Portugal are looking for young lady willing to be queen. Them news are causing very dangerous heart-throb in family circle of U. S. Senate.

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.

S. P. — One banzai thought! Several months pass-by ago one imperious Japanese Prince make visit to America. Since he return to Japan there has not been least slightest rumor of engagement to him of Miss Vanderhooley of Newport. How he escape from? This is one other evidence of superior Japanese stratagem. I have feeling of boast!

H. T.

## XXVI

### THE SERVANT PROBLEMB

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 11th.

*To Editor New York Newspaper which make  
very tough projectile for mind to chew.*

HON. MR. SIR — At Asiatick Delight Japanese Employment Bureau where I am found mostly always pleading for jobs with price \$2, kindness loan of Cousin Nogi, I am a stand-up in line yesterday with other 43 Japanese Schoolboys which was also nervus about it. S. Muto, Prop. of this Hon. Bureau, see me with smile of riculture, because he do.

“Togo you are residing here so oftenly you might bring trunk and sleep. Why so jobless all time? When I give you delicious something to do it, you are back by return carfare for more.”

“Your jobs is all perishable, Hon. Muto,” I exaggerate. “They will not keep in such climate.”

“You are also unkept,” decompose this Muto. “You are a wrong Japanese to speak such slamber about my jobs. You are a Servant Problemb!”

At such American insult I feel Samurai instinct



with wrists. My interior soul make kicking performance of jiu jitsu — but outside my moustache I am a very smiling embassy like Hon. Baron Takahira.

“I am so delight to hear!” I renig for sarcastick. “I am aware of being a Yellow Peril — to be also a Servant Problemb are considerable distinguish. I am pretty pride about myself to be so much altogether.”

“Why so you no stick to one job of work and thusly gain experience by?” he denounce.

“Because-so,” I report. “Thank you, I can gain considerable plenty experience by losing jobs. I know because I do.”

“It are person like you that make Servant Problemb in this kingdom,” collapse Hon. Muto with peev.

“If I are such fine Servant Problemb,” I say with voice, “why you no get me one job doing it? Maybe some sweet-hearted American wish to hire such a Problemb for \$3 a week & board it. So I shall willingly go there with valise.”

“Have you got some good references of recommend to show you could hold situation of Servant Problemb elsewheres?” he say it.

“Of sure I have!” I degrade, so I took from my inward vest following recommend of my intelligence which I wrote myself:

- 1 — Mrs. C. W. O'Brien, honourable lady, where I do table-wait & terrible ordeel from fresh American gentleman who say "Jap boy!" with voice so I am very sorry when hot soup drown him at collar & I am next irritate to race-riot with Whang So, China boy of dogly face & terminate there by hanging him by the tail of his head to hon. doorknob. Good-bye, Mrs. C. W. O'Brien! Time there was 3 week.
- 2 — Hon. Miss Maizie Jone, young lady of considerable antiquity & large average weight, promise pay me 10c hr. teach her bisickle ride. I teach her gently by up-hill; but by down-hill teaching become deliciously rapid because of nervousness enjoyed by hon. machinery. Japanese Boy is earnest to stop it & can not do until Baker Wagon ensue & leave Hon. Maizie broken among machinery. I am Hospital Corps for help; but Hon. Maizie become loudly thankless. Time there was  $\frac{1}{2}$  hr & no pay.
- 3 — Board House of Mrs. Van Horn. There I am guaranteed for experienced window-wash. This is high task of scrubbing and I am serious about it until suds-bucket overspill 3 stories to top of Episcopal Clergyman who notice it. Hashimura Togo depart with fire-alarm. Time there was 2 days, 15 minite.

- 4 — Golden West Garage where I am manicure for automobiles. "Are you acquainted to do?" say Hon. Boss. "O gladly!" I bereft. I try, but Hon. Gasolene object by explosion. I do not care for this place. Time there was 6 minites.
- 5 — I am nurse-maiden for delighted home of Duglas Willkins, Sausalito. I am request to perambulate Hon. Godfrey, which is a baby, out near some fresh air which he enjoy breathing it. There I meet Wanda, Japanese socialist, who discourse with me about Private Ownership. While this important talk is doing Hon. Baby get himself detached from buggy-ride by one method or another. I am conversing too much to notice this until Hon. Mrs. Willkins approach to say with hysterick, "Where is them Baby?" I should like to answer. By search for it I discover Hon. Baby aslumbering amongst huckledock bush by road. She do not miss me at departure. Time there was 3 days.

Hon. Sago Sadoyama, who is a professor of American magazine-reading, was found at them Employment Bureau looking for it also. While awaiting for jobs we was delighted to have a discuss. He say upwards of this:

“I read in populus magazine for 10c one article of title ‘Why Do Servants Leave Good Homes When They Are Fired?’ I ask to know.”

“Answer to this is, Because,” I snuggle.

“Ah no!” say this Sago. “It are because Declamation of Independence make them quit it.”

“How thus?” I delay.

“Because so,” say Sago. “Them Declamation pronounce ‘All persons is crated free & equal.’ That are nice maxim for school-houses, city halls, grocery stores & other patriotick edifices; but it ain’t no good maxim for put over kitchen stove. Each Household Lady what require to keep Hon. Cook in kitchen must keep pretty silent about Hon. Declamation of Independence, or Hon. Cook might get suspicious that there is one.

“Suppose that Hon. Cook should see such a Declamation while she was setting down to skin hon. potatoes for lunching. While there she hear Hon. Mrs. from parlour-room play tune of ‘Jolly Widow’ in key of piano. Of suddenly Hon. Cook drop pair-knife with immediate brain-thought.

“‘Sake of!’ she decry. ‘If all persons is crated free & equal, why to skin potatoe? No person what is free & equal ever skin a potatoe. Therefore not.’

“Silence from kitchen, then. Pretty soonly it

are 1.30 of clock-time and Hon. Mr. Phillup retire home from paint-works enjoying faintness.

“‘Hon. Mrs.’ he say-so to female wife, ‘where is them lunch to eat it?’

“‘I will seen about,’ say Hon. Mrs. from piano play. So she go kitchen expressing angry rage by feet. There she find Hon. Cook wearing Jolly Widow headware & setting on valise meaning good-bye.

“‘Bertha, kindly please, where is them lunch to cook it?’ she deserve.

“‘Can not do, thank you,’ deliver that Hon. Cook. ‘I are crated free & equal. Also dam gas-range enjoy large leak. Therefore I am delight to tell you farewell because I am a decent average girl.’

“That Bertha then depart from kitchen taking part of it with her,” say Sago.

“Servant ladies what is too free & equal is found at liberty nearly all-time,” I rebate with Asiatick salute.

One wise Professor which is mistaken say “Trouble of these United State is that servants is no good.” Such childhood to say! Trouble of these United State is that servants is *too* good. Most of them is too good to work except when drove to by hungry symptoms of esophagus.



Cooking lady are too good for sweep; sweeping lady are too good for window-wash; window-wash lady are too good for scrub; and scrubbing lady are too good for anything. Frequently at least some Hon. Employer when he hire Hon. Servant forget how good them person is. Then he must be snub.

“Are you a drunkard by habit?” enquire Hon. Employer.

“I are,” relapse Hon. Servant. “Are you?”

“Are you careful of frugality, industrious, steady moral, nice sleep-hours, early-rise man?” require that Employer for nervus shock.

“I are not,” reply them Servant. “Are you?”

Hon. Employer now enjoy transom of angry rage.

“You must be unfitted for any good job of work to do it!” he corrode.

“Of sure I are,” flotat that Hon. Servant.

“How nicely you are guessing things!”

Hon. Employer stand gast for fluttering brain.

“You know who I are?” require Hon. Servant.

“I am aware at last,” say Employer. “You are Upton Sincere the Boy Noveller attempting to give me write-down for famous novel ‘The Meatropolis,’ which will describe my disgusting wealth. You are fired in advance,” say Hon. Employer escaping to hide self under bed.



In Japan, China, Corea & other happy islands where persons has sense enough to be entirely Heathens, Servant Problembs is not there because it is absent, thank you. There, when Hon. Servant are awaiting on you, you are aware of it. Tea is served by crolling on seat of stummick & bumping with forehead to announce it are ready. If Japanese Servant require to cease job he are legally require to ask Hon. Employer. If Hon. Employer give his consent, Hon. Servant are legally require to do hari-kiri with dull knife to show how grateful he feel.

This custom make Japanese Servant bashful about asking to quit.

Servants is exceptional to most golden rule, I am at liberty to suppose. Are it not glory-bird feel to be Independent? Ain't not them Independence a grand motion for hearts what makes hero go fife-drumming to blaze of fireworks & sley something or be dead about it? Hon. Vergil say in Latin class, "How nice it is to die for your Country!" And yet so, what American of intelligence would care to employ one Hero to do servanting around house? Would it be pleasant to have one Cook what is fond of sleying something to fife-drum music? Answer is, No!! If Hon. Butler absorb gin-wine & march through dining-room with purpose to die for his Country he are

immediately discouraged by remark, "Hush! Baby is asleep."

When a patriot are Independent he are called "glorious."

When a Servant are Independent he are called "undependable."

Here is some tuneless poetry about a domesticated cook:

*CONVERSATION WITH A NEGLECTED AMERICAN*

Alice O'Rafferty, Swedish Servant,  
Tell me to know,  
What hast you forgotten to make you have such wild-hair  
expression of look?

Hast you forgotten  
Childhood home & don't-forget-me blossom  
Of dear old mother neath  
Apple-tree bud?

Hast you forgotten  
Some very nice love-song of early springly time  
By shade of water-cress  
And daffy-dills sweetly blend?

I require answer, please!  
"Ah no, I ain't forgot them things,"

Response Alice-Sit-by-the-Stove,  
"But I hast forgotten

To put any carrots  
In Hon. Soup."

She weep.

Alice O'Rafferty, Swedish Servant,  
What volume of book  
Have you got hid under wash-board?

Are it some technical work

On heating buns ?

Are it entitle,

“How to construct a mince pie on an income of \$1,000 a year ?”

Are it entitle

“Dainty Dishes for Peevish Palates” ?

I ask to look.

“Ah no,” response that estimate female,

“It are a fairy-story entitle ‘Marriage of Wm. Ashes,’

By Mrs. Humpley Ward.”

Sighs from her.

“Life of cook are very mean and sordy,”

She say,

And splotter tear-drop on Humpley Ward book.

Alice O’Rafferty, Swedish Servant,

Tell me to know —

But hark!

I hear something burning with smudge!

Maybe it are a house afire,

But it smell remarkabilously like

Soda biskits what has ignited themselves

In oven.

Hoping you are having no trouble with your  
Public Servants, I am

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.



“I require to leave message for Cousin Charley at Washington,”

ROBERT  
CRANE



## XXVII

### THE FEETSTEPS OF SCIENCE

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 24th.

*To Editor New York Newspaper who I include  
to list of wireless friends.*

DEAREST SIR — One thousands of year previous to now time-date what was heard in America from both ends? Howeling of savages who enjoyed it. What is heard by to-day time? Considerable more howeling, thank you; but it is being did over Columbus, Mr. Editor, Hon. New York *Journal* telephone. Before discovery of Manhattan by was embarrassed for awfully little quantities of scientifick interest to print. By present time of date Hon. Reporter for them *Journal* are heartsick to keep 100 years ahead of footsteps of Science for Sunday edition. Such is vast straddel of Modern Education. If all them Scientifick Fact I read about is truthful, then this world of which we live are getting along too fastly to be good-healthy. If it keep on going at thus rate some day Chicago will explode & be off map.

Science, Mr. Editor, am a very benefital thing when took in moderate doses. It keep Profes-



sors from going to Congress, it make murder-by-machinery very pleasant and give Naval Construction Board chanst to insult itself. Yet do Science of such quantity compel persons to be more happier in sweetheart surroundings of home-life? Simple candlelight of our New English ansisters beampt on happy glow-faces of dear family gathered at table-cloth to eat local bean off cob. Do Newport Father & Mother of present to-day felt more entranced setting below 100 horse-power chandelier awaiting, O so vainly, for their female daughter to elope with some Duke of foreign arrival? To disappointed heart, Mr. Editor, Science can't do nothing despite of electrick fans, all-night elevator and 5-day Cunard to Liverpool. Electrick fans are impossible to drive away Hon. Care, all-night elevator can't not lift a sorry man out of himself and it ain't no use to go Liverpool in one 5-days boat if Hon. Trouble have got there first.

In newspaper-press I see about one Professor of Oklahoma University which discover a very surprised Science. He have found how to do it to abolish Old Age by electricity. Following is recipe to do it at home:

- 1 — Choose one ripe old man enjoying decline of years.

- 2 — Take him in very dark room and soak him 24 hours in bath of sulphurick acid.
- 3 — Rub to delicious dryness, simmer him over oil stove & expose to sunstroke, 20 minutes.
- 4 — He is then ready to abolish by electricity. Do this by fastening storage battery to base of brain and increasing dose till 105 centigrades is enjoyed.
- 5 — Old man ought to be pretty active by this space of time. If not he is too spoiled. Try another one.

I am excitable about this recipe, Mr. Editor, because I got one Grandfather residing in Yeddo who is now 97 old and will not keep very longer in that climbate. If I arrive back to dear Japan before he pass off I shall do friendship duty to abolish Grandfather by electricity.

In newspaper press I discover about Sir Olive Lodge, nearly related to Senator Lodge from Boston. Hon. Sir Lodge say-how that disembowled spirits of departed dead-ones is frequently discovered by Science. By evening time, say Hon. Sir Lodge, when intelligent person is setting alone to unrobe by bureau he must be sensitive about knocking. You hear *bump-bump* on high wall-paper of bedroom? That are not cause by Hon. Johnson, boarder upstairs, dropping shoes

to carpet. My nervus sakes! What is? *Thump-thump!* It is wireless Ghost from Away Off trying to act interesting.

"What require?" you must ask to know from Hon. Ghost.

"I am Napoleon Bonaparte," say Hon. Ghost by signal-practise. "I require to leave message for Cousin Charley at Washington."

"What to say to this Hon. Charley?" you dictate for answer.

"Don't be too dam fierce about Predatory Richness," say Napoleon Bonaparte to Charley Bonaparte. "Remember us Corsican family got ours by taking it."

He is going to say-so some more, but is shut off by Central for them profane swear he said it.

Hon. Edison say-so he is going to make one invention of Spiritualistick Telephone so Americans can talk with dead persons more conveniently. This will be nice subject to improve. By present method when persons wishes to correspond with Ghosts, etc., they must go to Medium who require 50c to throw herself into trances and connect you with wrong parties. But when them Spiritualistick Telephones is invent them conversations with graveyards may be got for price 10c sum. On them happy time Japanese Boy can go

to any telephone booth and require of lady Operette.

"Hello, thank you! Give me to telephone 3604 Spiritland, please! Yes sir! Hello-it — is Hon. Wm. Shakespeare residing there to talk? Thank you again! Is them you, Mr. Shakespeare? One question to reply for Japanese Boy, please. Who wrote them trajick of Julius Cæsar? Hon. Bernard Shaw? — No? — He improve it, you say? Oh, them ain't no news! Hon. Shaw know that already. One more reply, please — hello — get from off the wire, please, Mr. Thackeray! — "

I am sincerely to hope that persons will get more better telephone service between Here and Hereafter than between San Francisco and Oakland.

An eminent surgery of Columbus University have invent new species of laughter-gas call "electrick sleep." Both tooth & appendix might be pulled by this Science, Sydney Katsu, Jr., tell me. Hon. Patience will be in bed dreaming of something different while everything is removed. Electrick shock is applied to loeb of brain to create calm which is followed by whatever knifing is necessary to create a good-healthy. Absent treatment may be gave by connecting victim to telegraf wire.

Hon. Prof. Monsterburg have devise one crafty Machine which can discover prevaricus Liars by clock-work. This Hon. Machine are called a Ananiascope. The apperatux is glued to mouth of one poor malefactor what is telling his testimonial to Hon. Judge. While that poor malefactor say truth Hon. Machine remain very polite about it; but when he say lie, then Hon. Machine is so shocked that it ring one alarm clock & that poor malefactor enjoy lock-away in jail. Hon. Machine have not yet been experimented on mouths of rich malefactors. Some says it will be took to White House soonly. Some says it will not be necessary there.

One machinery of name called "gyroscope" is very immediately to revolutionize in circles. This wonderful whirler can be put on any railroad train, and behold! with immediate quickness them train proceed along on one wheel. Irish gentleman what invent that gyroscope promise for it to do everything. It will abolish all crimes of railroad, including accidents, collisions, rebating, lobbying & Pullman porters. Hon. Harriman will be very fond of them gyroscope railroads, because they will be run on one rail. Railroads with 1 rail can merely be fined  $\frac{1}{2}$  as much by Interstate Commerce Commission.

This week, Mr. Editor, them mysterious prob-



lemb of Mechanical Flight have been solved by Hons. Bell, Farman, Wright, Santos-Dumont & Ben F. Tillman. Lighter-than-air balloons is no longer consider in vogy. Hotter-than-air machines is now fashionable for flight. Hon. Bell make sensationous flight of 8 seconds and travel 14 feet, breaking New Jersey record & machine. Hon. Tillman stay up in air 2 hours 14 minutes and travel from Panama Canal to Philippine Tariff, landing with considerable jar on the Administration. This break Congressional record.

Famous Doctor of Switzerland have discry sure cure for cancer by moonlight ray. If this do not discourage the finest cancer in 10 lessons it can be used on tuberculosis with equal benefit of result. This is a very positive remedy which have only been known to fail in cases where persons has really got cancer.

Mr. Editor, them is but a few number of Scientific renovations discover by me in this morning press. I am not doubtful that I could found a great number of more by looking in more yellow colour of news. Science advances, Mr. Sir, according to speed of paper for which you subscribe to.

In age of Wm. Jennings Bryan there was one



famous Frenchman, Hon. Jules Verne, who write polobrious adventure-book about flying to moon on cannon-ball, tripping from New York to Pekin by subway & annexation of America to Africa by floating islands. In age of Roosevelt Hon. Verne is consider one very truthful old gentleman, but too slow & quiet about telling facts. Any Hon. Reporter on newspaper what can not discover more exciting scientifick news for morning edition would be suppressed for lack of talents & put to writing real-estate forecasts on back column.

Time of Medieval Superstition are pass-by, Mr. Editor, and I am congratulate on it. Christians is very skeptic about believing that Hon. World are schedule to come to end-up because of sins. But if extra edition of *Morning Bagpipe* should make red-tipe announcement:

!!WORLD TIPPING OVER!!

SIR ARTHUR WALLOP, NOTORIOUS SCIENTIST SAY, "EARTH IS OVERLOADED ON EAST SIDE!"

INHABITANTS OF CHINA MUST MOVE BEFORE  
AWFUL SPILL!

If I seen them headlights on paper, Mr. Editor, I would enjoy great fright and spend 25c to get more later editions.

Mr. Editor, I did not noticed your signature among them 97 rulers of America mentioned in

statistick of Hon. La Folette. Maybe I subscribe to wrong paper.

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.

S. P. — Will Mr. Abruzzi be entitled by marriage to seat in U. S. Senate? I am confused for reply.

H. T.

## XXVIII

THE HON. MARS

SAN FRANCISCO, September 30th.

*To Editor New York Newspaper who make me  
to think of astronomical subjects.*

DEAREST SIR — Considerable scientists has been making observations of Hon. Planet Mars by very recent time; so I have also been doing so by use of opera-glasses which I borrow secretly from Sydney Katsu, Jr., Japanese dentistry. For time of several nights I have regarded this Star with fixed eye for long moments together, but I have not enjoyed to discover them famous Canals because I not could see them, thank you. And yet perhaps this was no fault blame of Hon. Mars, but of them disgusting Katsu glasses what are dimmed all over and enjoy breakage of right eyelid. This must make very wrong astronomy.

However is, I am excited to wrote Popular Science about Hon. Mars because any intelligent person can do so after turning eye-glasses to heaven.

Is Hon. Mars inhabited by people? is question for Japanese Boy. Even if-so it is, why should

Americans become excited about it? We know by thoughtful knowledge that nearly all places is inhabited by something. Are we not-so familiar with fact that Ireland is inhabited? No excitement about that! Does we not know exactly that New Jersey is inhabited? No excitement about that, except on Presidential year! Then why should Hon. Mars receive all this free advertisement? I ask to know.

American scientist say, "In near adjoining future we shall make talk with them Mars persons." So foolish to try! We are acquaintanceship with too many people already. Then why should we travel by telescopes trying to make back-talk with stars? Maybe Americans will be peevishly careful about associating with Mars persons when they see them. Maybe American labour unions will send letter of protest to Emperor of Mars about allowing them disgusting immigrants all over California. Maybe coolie gentlemen from Mars will try get job of work in Vancouver cannery and enjoy kick-out by race-riot. Oh! such delicious laugh for all Japanese Boys!!

No, Mr. Editor, it is a very nervous task for these U. S. to encourage foreign relations with stars, planets, islands and other heathens what they do not know nothing about. America one time did open up Japan in them careless manner

and very soonly she have one Yellow Peril on fingers. By same operation she open up Philippine Islands and immediately Hon. Taft become embarrassed by enormous family of brown complexions. If Hon. Roosevelt is appointed Emperor of America once more-time would it be convenient to send Hon. Taft on trip to Mars to make once more Manila speech about "Our Little Green Brother?" I ask no reply

No human person have yet been to Mars with exception of Hon. H. G. Wells, who stops at nothing. So he write freely for the Magazines. He go to Mars, he say, with letter of introduction to Mayors, Politicians, etc., and have intimate & confidential chatter with them inhabitants. These Mars persons, say Hon. Wells, lives in elaborate cities what closely resembles Coney Island. They are very swift about place-to-place movements which is done by shooting the chutes. By government they are Socialistic with a Pianola attachment. Children of these Mars persons is born in incubators and educated by Absent Treatment. The inhabitants of Mars is delightfully different from the inhabitants of Maine. The inhabitants of Maine talks through their noses while the inhabitants of Mars talks through their ears.

Mars, say Hon. Wells, is so circumscribed by light-minded atmosphere that persons can talk there on heaviest subjects without enjoying pain. Persons with feathers sprouting from them in inexperienced places may be seen in balloons speaking about Tariff, Aldrich Currency Bill, Ultimate Destiny of College-bred Womans and other topical thoughts what can be dropped in that delicious atmosphere without causing sounds. This planet is pretty ideal. Old Age has also been abolished by Congress.

Mr. Editor, if Mars is like Hon. Wells say it is, somebody should be punished for discovering it.

Some other Professors has wrote for magazines about this Hon. Mars in very statistical language. Sydney Katsu, Jr., when he arrive to remove me from them opera-glasses, show me one respectable magazine full of alarming portraits of Mars with stripes all over it. He say they was took by Hon. Prof. Lowell, an astronomy who went to Arizona.

"Why should a tame Professor go to Arizona?" I require with suspicious expression.

"Hon. Prof. Lowell go to Arizona to see Hon. Mars," collapse this Sydney.

"Do Hon. Mars live in Arizona?" I deploy for ignorance.

"It is estimated to be beyond it," signify Sydney.



"You are a very toothsome dentistry," I dally forth. "Please, then, told me what species of Politics is enjoyed by this Hon. Mars?"

"Hon. Mars is solidly Republican by Politics," say Sydney, "because I am aware."

"What make you so aware?" I require for curiosity.

"Because-so this," manifest Sydney. "Some distinct Professor say in Magazine, 'Mars is considerably cut up with 10,000 Panama Canals!'"

"What do this prove about Hon. Republican Party?" I require.

"It prove plenty," say Sydney. "Would Democratic Administration dig 10,000 Panama Canals on such a planet? Would Hon. Henry Watterson permit such a great shovel? Ah, no!! Republican Party is blame for putting all them surgery on face of Mars!"

"Them 10,000 Panama Canals must took several Presidential terms to dig it," I say for philosophy.

"Third terms is often followed by more of it in some Solar Systems," embark this Sydney with J. B. Forker expression.

In discussion of how get there to Mars we was considerable discouraged persons, thank you. Railroads might go there by Government Ownership, but would they? Distance from U. S. to Hon. Mars is a very extensive row of arithmetic.

In speaking of such compendious figures it is easy to drop several millions of miles without feeling bad about it.

“Such a trip is too expensive,” said Sydney. “If one Japanese Boy desiring to go to Mars should travel all over Earth and collect \$1 each from each man, woman & children, he would not yet have sufficient money-pay for trip to Mars.”

“If I had possession of such ability to collect \$1 apiece from all men, women & child of this Earth I would not be particular about going to Mars,” I replied with American eye-wink.

I then go to bed for brain-ache full of astronomy.

While sitting at my bureau to-night I drop inkstand and look up at midnight sky, but I discover its absence because there is not a window in the frugality of my bedroom. So I am satisfied to read one newspaper-print which is published on Earth each evening. I read about Hon. Aldrich Porous Plaster Finance, some useless information about Hon. Terry McGovern, some intelligent elopement of Bank Presidents and several other crimes of etiquette with portraiture on front page. But there is no news about Hon. Mars. So I am supposing that nothing happens there frequently. That is a nice fact to know about Mars, if nothing else is discovered. It is

pleasant for Japanese Boy to imagine that this planet is not civilized like Hon. Wells and other prophets say-so about it. It is sweet to thought that none of them machinery like sky-scrape, elevator, hot-and-cold-water, subway & gasolene is inhabiting that Hon. Star. How much more dearer would it be for Japanese Boy if Hon. Mars was just one plain-finish Planet where refined persons could go after death to set inside their souls and get away from this noisy panick of ottomobiles!

Therefore I got a poem —

*TWINKLE, TWINKLY, LITTLE MARS*

Twinkle, twinkly, little Mars,  
 How I am mistaken to understood you!  
 So far removal  
 That you are wholesomely educative to Hashimura Togo,  
 If nothing else.  
 Is n't there not something about Stars  
 Similar to Ladies?  
 I bet it there is!  
 Sometime, by watchful gloam-time  
 Loving gentlemen sit to watch for come of Fiancee.  
 He look —— Ah!  
 She is approaching with light footsteps.  
 He feel so exclamitory ——  
 Then, of suddenly,  
 When she is so near as to be more accurately inspect by eye,  
 That lover seems mistook;  
 So disjunctive!  
 Alast!

It is not her of which he waited —  
It is some other else  
Wearing similar ostrich in her hat.  
She is maidenly, but elderly.  
That lover reverences her respectibility,  
But he is considerable quiet about it.  
“Good evening, Miss Murphy,” he say,  
Then make fudge exclamation in deep breath  
And depart by trolley-ride.  
Are you like them things I told, Mr. Mars?  
Are you more suitable for astronomy  
Than for farming?  
Are you nice for telescopes,  
But poor land for potatoe-grow?  
I enquire.

Twinkle, twinkly, little Mars,  
I demand you this:  
Reply with some intelligence to answer about yourself, or else  
I am suspicious.  
Can you guarantee them Canals  
To be entirely  
Antiseptic? No malaria, no mosquitos?  
Good place for Japan-American Annual Picnic?  
If you have not got no Oceans,  
How can you enjoy  
Naval battles, sea-illness, whales  
And all summer amusements what proper persons require to  
be good-healthy?  
If I should go to there, Mr. Mars,  
Would you give me contract  
For steady job?  
Could I have Sunday off, please? —  
Or don't you enjoy them holidays?  
Could I have evening-time  
To study piano-play

And works of Darwin, Huxley & Jack London?  
 Could I have good bright room with steam-pipe in winter  
 And warm bath-room for splunge?  
 Oh! Hon. Mars, I require to know.  
 Reply to me in vision of nightmare,  
 Telegraf in dreams.  
 Answer before 10 o'clock Wednesday  
 Because I have got offer to work  
 In steam laundry of  
 W. G. Sullivan, Oakland.

This, Mr. Editor, is a fancy poem which expects  
 no reply because it is too literary. Therefore I  
 will accept that Sullivan job. It is more easier  
 to go to Oakland for a laundry job than to Mars  
 for a Cabinet Position.

Hoping you are enjoying some of that financial  
 distrust,

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.

S. P. — Last Friday night Japanese Thinking  
 Society wished very much that you was there  
 among it. They indulged a debate on "What is  
 a Superman?" Cousin Nogi say "Theodore  
 Roosevelt." I. Anazuma say "Bernard Shaw,"  
 but Hashimura Togo say "Arthur Kickahajama  
 is it, because his wife is happy about twins." I  
 was made a prize for this of 50c which will be  
 Carnegie medal to Mrs. Kickahajama. H. T.

## XXIX

### STANDARD OILING ACROSS PARTY LINES

SAN FRANCISCO, October 4th.

*Editor New York Newspaper which ought to act  
kind of sweet & gentle to Prairie Dog Refined  
& Oily Co. of Oklahoma because they are a  
Small Dealer and has a Hard Struggle.*

HON. MR. — "There are nothing more meaner and sneaky than to took money from children, cripples & other idiots," say Arthur Kickahajama yesterday with brite smile of truth.

"There are one thing more meaner & sneaky," I dib for Loo Darkstutter expression.

"What could be?" are sharp report for Arthur.

"To took money from Standard Oil are more meaner," I say it.

"Can not Hon. Standard Oil afford to lose such money?" corporate Arthur.

"Ah yes," I stupify, "but seldom persons can afford to accept it."

"I could receive such a gifts," say Arthur.

"Hush it," are hiss from me; "who knows what? Maybe Hon. Hearst have got you already on sporty page beside portrait of Jno. D. Rockefeller



at sinful age of 13. Maybe you are already politically dead and buried under following headline:

HE TOOK IT !!

PUSSITIVE PROOF THAT ARTHUR  
T. KICKAHAJAMA, FOOLISH MISSIONARY  
BOY, RECEIVE 2C STAMP FROM  
OIL TRUST !!”

“O please excuse!” say Arthur for pale chop. “I have not yet took them Standard Oily money have I?”

“Not yet, but when?” say I nervusly. “You must now be in constant state of collapse. Any moment something might happen. Each hour post-officer might make door-ring with yellow envelop.

“‘Why I get this envelop?’ you require of post-officer with Japanese puzzle of brain.

“‘Perhaps something are inside of it,’ snuggest Hon. Carry-it.

“‘What would be inside of such a envelop?’ you ask to know.

“‘From experience I suspect it are a letter,’ say Hon. Mailer.

“‘You rap open envelop — and O surely so, it *are* a letter! It begin with usual form,

“‘MY DEAR SENATOR — I enclose a tiny check for household expenses. When front porch needs paint & carpenter telegraph me by wire & don’t mention it.

“‘Your obedient master,

“‘JOHN D. ARCHYBOLD.’

"From envelop fall a slice of paper. You pick up & read with entirely cross eyes. It say \$50,000."

"What I do then?" muse Arthur with moist lips.

"If you are a decent man you will faint slightly. But it are no use. Already you are a ruined Japanese.

"You go forthly to street-walk revolved to lead a better life & brace uply. You should like to be honest. How useless! With quaker feeling of ankles you straggle to saloon of Hon. Strunsky, Irish patriot.

"Please Hon. Mr.,' you sub, 'one humbel job for poor Japanese who can still mop away beer at \$.10 per hourly payment.'

"What references got, please?' dib Hon. Strunsky.

"You become entirely tonsilitis for answer. Shameful blushes from ears & eyebrows. You gollup & your breath is full of pants.

"Speech immediately!' growly them famous bartend. 'Already I have 6 costomers awaiting to get drunk. Again I ask to know: What references you got?'

"I got here letter from Jno. D. Archybold of 26 Broadway,' you reject with soul full of clams.

“‘What say?’ dib them Strunsky with N. Y. *Journal* noise. ‘You come to my clean saloon asking for 1 position of publick trust and are sneekretly carrying around with you a letter what would not be tolerated in the U. S. Senate? You would be noticeable even in Pennsylvania!’

“And with them remark he roll you over beer-kag by family entrance. Night approach and you are alone with your scratches.”

“And what next?” require Arthur with bumped imagination.

“Ain’t no next for you and Gov. Haskle,” are reproach from me.

“Yet a singed worm will twist,” submit Arthur. “Would Gov. Haskle make sweet-dog smile to Hon. Roosevelt when he are enjoying all them delicious scratches?”

“Perhapsly might,” am regard I make.

“What-say famous saw-wisdom?” require Arthur. “It-say, ‘Scratch a Russian and you strike a Tartar.’”

“Scratch a Senator and you strike Oil,” are smart quotation for Japanese Schoolboy.

Hon. Roosevelt have just called Hon. Bryan a Chimera. That were a very mean curse. A Chimera, Mr. Editor, are a horid nature-fake

discovered in a vacant lott by Baccus, a prominent Greek drunkard. This queery mammal start in to resemble a goat, but he lost interest in the subjeck about the middle of his body, so he continue on backwards in a squimyform appendix to look like a bow constrictor. The goatly part of this beast, Mr. Editor, are mild and fond of common people and he love to nibble vegetarian diet in Utopia where he live; but the rear extension of that Chimera continue to point in the direction of Wall Street where it make wig-wag signals of distress. The farm-yard part of them Chimera were born in 1896, but the wiggly part were nailed on at the Denver Convention this year.

Hon. John Burro say that animals do not think. The Chimera are an animal. Hon. Roosevelt agree with John Burro on all subjecks.

Hon. Hearst, when he discover Hon. Haskle and Hon. Forker in act of Standard Oiling, done a pretty fine servis to this kingdom of America. When I think of all that good he done I extend my hand to Hon. Hearst—and then apologize to my Hand. That were a pretty nice stab which Hon. Hearst made, not because he hated Haskle less, but because he hated Bryan more.

S. Wanda, Japanese Socialist, say that Hon.

Hearst done what he did for love of truth & justis. Hope so he did! But when Hon. Hearst do things for love of truth & justis I enjoy suspicious feeling of elbow. I am reminded of a mustylogical legend of antique Japan.

Ten thousand entire years before Hon. Darwin discovered monkeys in England there reside in Kyoto a politician name Suki-ho who run for Supervisor on Democratick ticket & was beat by a nother politician name Yen-Yen. When this result was happened Hon. Suki-ho enjoy such angry rages he turn entirely blue & blow smoke through ears. Oftenly he motter, "I make a lay-to for this Yen-Yen."

One day when it was serious heat of July Hon. Suki-ho meet a entirely mad dog & enjoy being bit on ankle.

"O banzai of joy!" decry this patient. "I soonly shall develop a rabbi. Then I shall bite my dog O-Fido so he will get it."

"Why you wish bite O-Fido?" require all neighbour for shocky voice. "You got grouches for them nice pet?"

"O-Fido are sweet companion," arnicate that Suki-ho, "but I shall deelight to see him bite pet dog of Hon. Yen-Yen with a wild germ."

"You got gruj for them lap-dog of Hon. Yen-Yen?" they ask it.

“Not by no means,” erupt Hon. Suki-ho, “but if I bite O-Fido & O-Fido bite lap-dog of Yen-Yen, then lap-dog will bite Yen-Yen — and *he* are the sinful crawfishing malefactor I are anxious to get equal with.”

Mr. Editor, they was not no Pastor Institute in them days, so Hon. Suki-ho were hit in skull with pick-ax before he could snarl at O-Fido. And it were too bad, because Hon. Yen-Yen’s dog were a pretty predatory canan.

Mr. Editor, what-say Hon. Matt Luther in Germany some bye-gones since? He say, “Be true to your trust and you will get reward in Heaven.” Numerous American patriots has make hark-up to them words of Hon. Luther & been very useful to both Parties. But they got their rewards in several kinds of elsewhere. Hon. Haskle was true to his trust & got his reward in Oklahoma. Hon. Forker was true to his trust and got his reward in bank deposits. Both are good ways to know.

Them two extinguished statesmen are alike to Matt Luther in another way. Hon. Luther enjoyed a Diet of Worms. Hon. Haskle & Hon. Forker are now enjoying a Diet of Wormwood and feeling considerable gall about it. And Hon.



Roosevelt are having more fun than he can shake  
a Stick at.

Hoping you are the same,

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.

*SPIRAL SONG OF AMERICAN CLAW-BIRD*

O screaming!

Last night when it was entirely p. m. by larm clock (kindness  
loan of Cousin Nogi)

An American claw-bird

Made perching on my dream

And skreech!

I enjoy a very swift night-horse.

I dream them claw-bird

Approach to me with yellow envelope

Of deliciously oiled appearance.

I ope it for rapture,

Then wisht I had n't.

For inside were a note which say

"My dear Senator —

"Please find enclosed check for \$30,000 which ain't here but  
are on deposit in second pawnshop around corner. Make  
eye-wink signal to clerk and see what happen. We  
received that pipe-line you sent us from Washington.  
Awful thanks. Send another.

"Yours for business

"Jno. D. Archybold.

"S. P. — Mr. Hearst have already got a copy of this letter, so  
you can destroy."

I read them dreamy letter

With laughing soul —

I are famous already!

How proud my Ancestors and their folks will be to know that  
Hashimura Togo, ambitious boy, have stole \$30,000 and  
done so honestly!

I put on derby,  
I put on gum-slippers  
And make sneek-walk to second pawnshop around corner —  
But alas!  
When I got there it were closed.  
I knock-knock —  
I hear noise like a mystery behind door-knob,  
“Who there?”  
“Friend from Oklahoma!” I dib deceptively.

When low!  
Door burst outly  
And earnest gentleman  
With expression of eternal vigilance committee  
And Big Club by brite spektacles and teeth  
Rush out for hit.  
“Haskle!” say he,  
“Rascal!” say-me.  
“Then you are him!” say angry Vision making dents in my  
thoughtful brain.  
“No, I are another Haskle,” I choke off —  
“I are Jim Haskle,  
A far distant cousin,  
Or something else.”  
“Ha-ho!” laugh them Vengeance,  
“Then please to told me ——”

But I are saved such humility  
By being kicked out of bed  
By Sydney Katsu, Jr.,  
My share-bunk.  
O praise to Heaven,  
Praise to Ancestors,

Praise to Sydney Katsu, Jr.,  
I have rather be kicked  
Out of 1,000 bunks  
By a Friendly Foot  
Than out of 1 Democratick Party  
By a Independence Leg.

### XXX

THE HON. BOMB

SAN FRANCISCO, October 14th.

*To Editor New York Newspaper, who is there,  
I suppose.*

DEAR SIR — “Hon. Russia have no Constitution,” say Cousin Nogi from newspaper. “She require to get one with considerable quick.”

“Of what use is Hon. Constitution to got it?”  
I enquire for answer.

“It is good thing to follow flags,” dictate Nogi who presume so.

“Constitution would have had delicious job following Russian flag in Manchuria,” I collapse with Port Arthur eye-wink.

“Hon. Russia expect to obtain freedom in soon space of time,” simplify this Nogi.

“How she expects to got them freedom?”  
I ask to know.

“By bombs & bombast,” agitate Nogi.

“Do Hon. Bombs get freedom for persons?”  
I exemplify.

“Of sure it do!” say Nogi. “If one Revolutionary gentleman make step-up to me with hand-

clasp full of lit bombs and decry, 'Give me freedom for Hon. Russia before I excite this dynamite!' what I reply to them speak? I reply, 'To be certainly, Mr. Murder. Took all the freedom you require for Hon. Russia and do not worry about returning it.' "

"You are ashamed!" I snub for scorn. "Japanese samurai should not enjoy fear of explosions."

"I ain't not afraid of explosions," he-say. "I am merely modest about loud noises."

Nogi would make very neat Czar for Russia.

Of recently, Mr. Editor, I hear one Hon. Anarchist speak about them Revolution which is being postponed in Russia. This gentleman is very courageous with whiskers which he wear in all directions. He say following statistick about Hon. Bomb:

"Something are wrong about them Hon. Bombs made in St. Petersburg. They don't never explode when requested to do so. Hon. Bombs made in Japan is more better for assassinations, because they is very faithful about going off." This from Hon. Anarchist.

Them truth about Hon. Bombs, Mr. Editor, is difference between all-every-thing did by Russia & Japan. Japanese persons make war; it go off, thank you. Russian persons make war; it

sizzle out by oratory. Hon. Bomb of Japan is very energetick & dutiful; Hon. Bomb of Russia is full of free-love policies, vodka, Gorky, shoe-buttons & face-powder. When requested to go off it hesitate with insulting splutters, make deceptive pretence of going to sleep; and when, of finally, it *do* explode, it enjoy that eruption in vest-pocket of Hon. Nihilinsky, who is waiting on steps of Sts. Peter & Paul to salute Little Father.

Russian Revolution is entirely like that way. Nothing Russian goes off on time. Even their boots is difficult to remove promptly and with their hair it is impossible to do so. Some wise Revolutionals say, "What Russia need is one good program." So fudge to think! Genius of Russia people is all-time making delicious programs which is forgotten, thank you, before Hon. Duma gets a chance to talk about something else. Russia has greatest statesmen and poorest politicians of all-world.

When Russian Revolutionary leader gets took with a dream he say, "Ah! I have got a Program!" Immediate sensation enjoyed among Red Wing of Holy Terror Synod.

"What to do with?" require Hon. Snortsky, Radical Leader from Dynamitovitch Province.

"To read it," say Hon. Leader. So he fold out



following Program which he read with considerable elocution:

- 1 — 10.30 P.M. to-night Russian people will meet at Smithsky's Vodka Parlours and declare themselves free of the yoke of Ramanoff.
- 2 — 11.30 they will go sneekretly with brass band to grocery store of Samsky Jonesoff and sign Declaration of Independence.
- 3 — 12.30 they will stand together and give pass-key word of Revolution "Potempotemp-tomjinvery," which will be sign for up-rise of peasants in Baltick Province.
- 4 — 1.30 they will go to bed, setting infernal machines for 8.29, when get-up will ensue.
- 5 — 9.30 all common people of Russia will go to Nevsky Prospeckt, where Hon. Czar & bullet-proof procession will make pass-by going to Peace Conference at Hague. Hon. Czar, wife & family, Grand Duke Splurgius, Grand Duchess Nazimova and all other persons with such names will enjoy blow-up with infernal machines.
- 6 — Russia will then become Constitutional Republick with plans furnished by Bluejean V. Debs.

This delicious Program are given to Russian people who, with fanatick enthusiasm, carry it out as following:

- 1 — 10.30 P.M. enormous number of Revolutionals meets at Smithsky's Vodka Parlours. Speeches, vodka & debate. All infernal machines cleaned & repaired. Debate, vodka & speeches. Famous Liberal Leaders made welcome. Vodka & debate. Red Wing of Holy Terror do some very serious politicks. Vodka.
- 2 — 11.30 they all forget to go to grocery store of Samsky Jonesoff where Declaration of Independence is waiting to be signed.
- 3 — 12.30 they forget how to pronounce "Potempotemptomjinvery," so they don't.
- 4 — 1.30 they forget to go to bed.
- 5 — 9.30 they forget to go to Nevsky Prospeckt and Czar forgets to go by in procession to Hague.

Sometime, Mr. Editor, this Program are one trifle more fortunate. Sometime 12 or 13 of common people of Russia remember to go to Nevsky Prospeckt at 9.30, carrying mottoes, flags, infernal machinery & other patriotick devices. Pretty soonly along come Little Father in bomb-proof carriage.

"Gen. Creepoff," he say to Chief of Police, "what are all them tick-tock sounds I hear like busy day in Waterbury Watch factory?"

“Them,” say Gen. Creepoff, “are infernal machinery of Russian people waiting to give your Majesty God-speed.”

“What time is them machinery set for?” say Majesty rubbing pale nerves at elbow.

“For 9.30 A. M., Hon. Sire,” say Gen.

“Drive onwards, Hon. Coachman,” say Little Father with smiling expression. “Them infernal machinery will not go off before 1.30, because every clock in St. Petersburg is 4 hours slow!”

And so it do happen. Them patent exploders lay in gutter waiting with loud clock-work noise till afternoon-time. They don’t see no aristocracy worth blowing up, so they don’t. But with immediate promptness at 1.30 P. M. all them machine make smash-off and kill parade of Cigar Makers’ Union out on strike.

Mr. Editor, one gentleman of New York, of recently, throw bomb to Hon. Police who afterward pick him together from fence & trees. He was Nihilist gentleman who was practising. Bombs is more noisy than pianos when practised on, but they has less endurance. When Hon. Police with club enquire of them Hon. Nihilist, “Why did you done them explosion with Hon. Bomb?” he make reply for answer, “Because-so I am disagreeable about your politicks.”

Bombs is very wrong things to have around when you are disagreeable about anything. I ask to know; what would be result if all persons done that for argument? I am disagreeable about W. Furo who come around with Italian garlick in his voice. Must I bomb him for it? I am offended by Hon. Strunsky, Irish gentleman who keeps saloon. Shall I make bang-up of him because of? Must I explode all labour unions, Democrats, Christians and troubles of life, including Cousin Nogi, who is secretive about my refined shirt he borrow for Sunday next? Ah no! Dynamite are too expensive to be so generous with.

I am regretful, Mr. Editor, to see them foreign species of explosions being brought over to this kingdom of America where murder has always been very simple & democrattick. It are nassuating to Japanese Boy to see them Baltick propoganders dropping deathly fireworks into Union Square, N. Y. It is one sneaky trick. How much more honest and straight-fronted are it to see one Southern Congressman shoot negro vote in street-car of Washington! Black Handed Association of Italian secret knife-stick are very doggish case of lowdown deprave; but Night Riding Association of American lynchers is considered very necessary band of patriotick terrors.

When Black Handers shoot Italian banker it is call "imported crime;" when Night Riders shoot Southern farmer it is call "American custom." There are great difference between them acts, but both are good ways to know.

There is some philanthropists what goes around Hon. World bombing kings, emperors, etc., whenever one is met.

"Why you explode them kings & emperors?" I enquire to know of one Hon. Asassin I meet at sidewalk.

"Because-so," say Hon. Asassin, "by sufficient bombing, shoot-gun & poison of soup I expect to rid Hon. World of its entire rulers."

"Such childhood thought!" I decline. "When you kill Hon. Emperor, what happen? There is still Hon. President. When you kill Hon. President, how yet? There is still Hon. Sec. of State. Him assassinated, then there remain House of Representatives, which might be blew up, but Governors of all States must be also exploded, to remove rulers. Then which? Then there is Mayors of towns to gunpowder, then political Boss of each election district. When them is erupted Hon. Aldermans must enjoy gunshot wound. They are dead. What next? Then city hall employees, street cleaning department, board of healthful & all clerks of city treasury.



All buried with funerals. Oh my! We have forgot to dynamite Hon. Police Department. *That* are a job for considerable chemicals, but it can be done by patient bombing. Pretty soonly nothing of Hon. Police but smoke & occasional brass buttons as souvenirs. What then? Each grown man with American moustache arise to wife and say, 'I am ruler of this homested!' Bang for him! Pretty good job of explosion. After this, basso voice of mans is very hard to hear. No gentlemans left in Hon. World except small collection of Hon. Anarchists which is all running for President on Independent ticket."

"And what must ensue then?" aggrope Hon. Anarchist with bomb.

"Then," I snuggest, "country must select ruler. Nothing to do but to elect one Anarchist, which do not believe in rulers. Therefore Anarchists boom bomb to each other till all are minus by decease."

"Banzai!" say Anarchist. "When all are thus dead there will be nobody remaining to be rulers! Such ideal affairs!!"

"Such is wrong statistick," I say. "When men is all dead, then will be fine politicks for Suffergettes."

Hon. Anarchist hear this and disjoint himself with groans. When person sets out to explode



all Rulers in this Hon. World we have got too large Fourth of July for Powder Trust to handle.

Hoping you will be in time for red flag before blow-off,

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.

S. P. — I know it! Last night by street-corner Anarchist oratory say-so “soil of Russia is wet with tear-drops of walked-over peasantry.” Maybe that is trouble with Russian bombs. H. T.

## XXXI

### ENJOYMENT OF HUNGER AMONG POOR MANS

SAN FRANCISCO, October 18th.

*To my friendship companion, Editor New York newspaper, which is a very warm thing.*

DEAR MR.—When Hon. Taft make Presedential Speech to idle labouring classes in N. Y. of recently, one Hungry Man in audience send up following question to know:

*“How can I get job and food when I have not got it?”*

Hon. Taft, which had been answering with prompt delivery such fearful difficult questions like “How to shut up the Tariff?” “What was dying speech of Ralph Waldo Emerson?” “Was Hamlet insane?” etc., make moment of solum hesitation before large simplicity of that Hungry Man question,

*“How can I get job & food when I have not got it?”*

For sixty-four seconds of clock-time he pause wiping dew-drop from neck, then, standing seriously with elbows in pockets, he make following famous reply,

“God knows!”

Mr. Editor, I don't not believe that Hon. Taft referred that reply to higher authority because of ignorance inside of brain. Hon. Taft is kind & wise Judge of considerable practice — then why he not able to answer in 64 seconds that Question what labouring classes have been enquiring to know in North Dakota, South Dakota, Europe, Asia & Africa for 64 centuries? How can he be very nice President for these U. S. if not?

May be-so Hon. Taft will give some serious brain-thought to this problem before nomination-day. If he is too busy with himself to do it, Japanese Boy will told him how to find out. Go, please at once and read editorial-page of Hon. Hearst, where all Great Questions, including marriage, socialism, underwear, care of teeth, religion, horse-racing, etc., is answered to delicious satisfaction of all persons who read nothing else. Hon. Taft would not say “God only knows!” after such instructive course of reading.

But in the meanwhile, what have happen to that Hungry Man? If he is still waiting for meal-time he must be enjoying considerable Social Unrest, because Hunger and Social Unrest are very affectionate chumps. Hon. Wilshire have heard of this Hungry Man question “How to

get food when not got it?" and Hon. Wilshire answer with considerable speed, "By changing the Existing Order of Things." That is very intelligible reply, but I ask to know: Can that Hungry Man wait for lunch while Hon. Wilshire changes Existing Order of Things?

There is considerable conversation to be heard about changing Existing Order of Things. Maybe so it can be. But some kind gentleman what would change Existing Disorder of Things would receive more solid Japanese Vote.

I. Anazuma, Japanese barber of Taft enthusiasm, deploy, "Hungry Man can enquire of Charity for it."

I make considerable banzai with laugh.

"Faith, Hope & Charity is celebrated triplets for sculptors to make," I allude. "Persons must have elaborate amounts of Faith & Hope to obtain some Charity out of them organizations of it."

"How deserving must poor be to obtain groceries for it?" ask this Anazuma.

So I tell this Japanese barber following yarn-tale of charity while he was putting hair-cut on my head:

Hon. Oscar Casey, dough-baker for wages, suddenly become unemployed by no job. He would be delighted to make bread somewhere, but he is not required there, thank you. So he soonly

begin enjoying hunger & faint symptoms of esophagus. He make street-walk to see what. In midst of promenading he observe one intensely beautiful sky-scrape palace with sign on it

“ORGANIZED MAGNATE CHARITY CO.”

“Oh ha!” say Hon. Casey for blissful ankles. “I will apply myself to this charitable place and require some of it.”

In Italian marble hallway Elevator Man meet him to enquire,

“Name, if convenient!”

“I am name Hon. Oscar Casey, formerly skillful at dough-baking.”

“This is very wrong doorway for bakers,” collapse Elevator Man. “Apply to trademan entrance.”

So down to trademan entrance this Hon. Casey go, where he is collided by Hon. Janitor.

“What suffering from?” declaim this Hon. Janitor.

“I am enjoying hunger,” signify this Hon. Casey.

“What degree of hunger?” he inquire to know.

“Thirty-third degree, please,” pacify Casey who is sure of it.

“Have you one Doctor’s Certificate to prove such a conditional appetite?” decry Hon. Janitor.

"I have neglected to get!" profess this Casey.

"Then go get!" say Janitor. "Come back next Wednesday-noon with doctoring Certificate to prove you are habitually hungry; also deliver references from 3 clubs and 2 banks to prove that you are financially responsible."

Saying-so thus Janitor make slam-door.

Hon. Casey exist, maybe, on Faith & Hope waiting for Charity to arrive by Wednesday-noon. That day he apply again to Janitor of Organized Magnate Charity.

"Have you brung them certificate?" demand that stern office.

"No, not to do, because I feel foolish to," say Hon. Casey.

"If you feel so foolish," say Hon. Janitor, "apply for ade to Home for Feebly Minded." So to Feebly Minded Residence elope that hopeful Casey.

"What required, please?" say lady matron of that weak-thinking place.

"Something to eat it!" demand Hon. Casey. Matron of soft-memory headquarters look very severe with face.

"Why did you not require at Organized Magnate Charity Co. for it?"

"I done so, please," say Casey.



“And what of?” collapse Hon. Matron.

“They treat me like dog!” say him.

“Quite well,” deploy Hon. Madam. “Then you should apply to Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals for helping aid.”

Hon. Casey limp to Animal Cruelty place, but is kept outside with other sickly dogs while fashionable millinary inside listens to lecture on “Crimes of Vivisection.”

What, then, can Casey do for luncheon which is becoming impatient? Where he go to obtain job of situation? When man ask for work in Pennsylvania they say, “Go to California.” When he inquire for employment in California they decry, “Go to Arizona.” When he report for job in Arizona they proclaim, “Go to Blazes!” But by this time he no can do, because car-fare is too exhausted to continue travelling.

Hungry Man desiring to become criminal might burst in some bank — but what would he find if he did?

I am a schoolfriend of Frank the Jappanned Bootpolish, who is a very thoughtful caretaker for shines on all feet with no extra charge for tan & Russian leather. His name, which is pronounce “Frank” in America-language, is called Kurumazitsu Ubunodzuruma in Japanese-talk.

Nearly every *u* in this name is pronounced silently, please, which make a very delicious noise for all Japanese to hear. But America-mans cannot neglect business to finish such words: therefore they say "Frank," which is good short-order name for Christians to use.

This Frank, who is studying to be a Anarchist, come to me yesterday to use my room-rent.

"One million mans is now idly looking for work," he-say.

"In what city?" I require to examine. He is hesitated by confusion.

"I am neglectful to enquiry," he profess. "Maybe it was in New York or Chicago. It is difficult to suspect Syracuse or Toledo of so much idle population."

"Figures is habitually truthful," I suffocate in kind voice. "Therefore it is important to discover how to obtain jobs of employment for them 1,000,000 mans."

"Some 150,000 of them persons belongs to idly wealthy classes," renig this Frank. "It would be insulting to offer them jobs of employment."

"I am relieved to hear," I report. "It is our duty, then, to find work for merely 850,000 human persons who are not now doing so."

"This is not hard problemb for 2 bright Japanese

Boys to answer," promote that Hon. Frank sharpening pencil.

So with immediate quickness we find employment for them 850,000 workers by following statistick:

- 100,000 is to have jobs on Police Force which is never sufficiently enough.
- 250,000 is to be joined to Stand-up Army which Gen. Hobson requires to fight Japan or any other friendly Power.
- 75,000 to be kerosene-sprinkles & encourage mosquitos to race-suicide.
- 100,000 to be Bill-collectors & take fines away from Quelled Corporations.
- 50,000 circus-riders to join Roosevelt's Rough Officers' Class.

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575,000 for sum-total who we have got jobs for.

That leaved 275,000 still looking for work which Frank refused to find for them because he was enjoying considerable head-ache. We might have did some kindness of act for them, but could we? If Hon. Taft, when asked "How shall able-body worker get it?" must reply for answer "God knows!" is not Japanese Boys excusable for forgetting a few thousand?

Them 275,000 workers might do digging opera-

tions on Panama Canal, but would they? Climate is too much miasma down so low in the map. Hon. Frank the Japanned Bootpolish say-how that Hon. Roosevelt might move Panama Canal to New Jersey where climate is more callabrious. This is a very brilliant plan for Congress to ignore.

If them million mans is idly unemployed is it fault of America because? Many American patriots who says these U. S. have very wicked government are persons which comes from Baltic provinces of Russia where common people is not wonderfully successful about governing themselves. Can Pres. Roosevelt obtain cheerful advice from them persons which is only happy when enjoying misery?

Yet it is not best-beautiful thing for any kingdom to have 1,000,000 mans idly unemployed. Hon. Chancellor Day, famous Socialist, say it is all to blame of Pres. Roosevelt who done it. Maybe so it is. In great Christian country like this it is very dangerous experiment to preach the law "Thou shalt not steal." Panick of fear is apt to follow with general shut-up of factories, trust companies & other religious institutions.

Hon. Forker say, "This kingdom need some new President what will restore publick Confidence."

Such brightness of idea! Let us have get-together and elect Hon. Forker so that all publick Confidence Men can be restored to power!

Hoping you will be one of them,

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.

S. P. — If you have got anything & wish to write it to me by letter, my address of residence is as following:

*H. Togo,*

*Patriots of Japan Boarding and Lodging,*

*Near Water Front*

*Back room by Kitchenette*

*Care Frank the Japanned Bootpolish. San Francisco.*

Sometime I am not to at-home, but Frank, which is one sweet schoolfriend to me, will poke it under door till I return from permanent seek for employment.

H. T.

## XXXII

### THE ALCOHOLIC TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT

SAN FRANCISCO, October 22d.

*To Editor of New York Newspaper which is often read by all Japanese who can afford it, I assure you.*

DEAR SIR — I am given to be told by some wise Editors, etc., that these U. S. is now enjoying the temperance of Prohibition in many States and more too. Although I can not notice such a movement in this street, perhaps it is slightly true. In several sections of this kingdom whisky-drinking is becoming unknown by law, salooners is quitting that sinfulness & all bar-keeps is retiring from that public office. In South, army of reform is playing "Marching Through Georgia" on water-pitchers. Is this a truthful news what I hear? I enquire to know, so I can go there, please.

By newspaper print I read this early morning: "Wave of temperance against salooners is creeping in direction of New York." First I greet this with glad banzai, then I am depressed of thought. Wave of temperate prohibition is on road to New



York, but will it arrive there? And if it should do this, what will happen to it when got there? That is problem for Japanese Boy.

And yet I am earnest to say it. Prohibition of drunk is a comfortable blessing to demand, because it is very difficulty for white persons to be tame when exposed to wild beverages. Irish, Swedish, Italian & Jewish is most useful for calamities by feeding them whisky. Japanese is also too patriotic when enjoying bun-bun.

In the great cities of America where persons is brought together for living over each other by sky-scrape apartment the sell of whisky spoil the low layers of society. Labouring classes stop being it because of alcohol poison and other ingredients to be found in it. Labourer so poisoned can not support dear wife & child because he is resting in jail for what he done. This is especially true of Chicago.

Tip-top layers of society also enjoy poison from this liquor curse, but they are less pitiful because they do not rest in jail. Salooners must not be forsaken by wealthy persons because these can still be respected when least respectable. But salooners must be closed up from low layers of society which must continue to work and keep up appearances of great city. If not these, who would?

Whisky is divided into four kinds of bottle by following statistick:

1. Whisky of Scottish descent to be drunk standing up.
2. Whisky of Irish descent to be drunk setting down.
3. Whisky of American nationality to be took in bed.
4. Whisky of patent medical origin to be took before death.

None of these beverages must be taken without family physician. Alcohol do most injury to cities. In country districts it is less harmful because there is more room for it to stampede.

At the Sunday school of which I am a membership to learn languages, etc., we there have Japanese Boy Temperance League which meet every Tuesday night for prohibition conversation. I attend to this meeting regularity, because free lemonade of delightful sourness is furnished free. Hon. Miss K. N. McGee, Christian lady of light-weight beauty, come there to teach us how to do so. She instruct us in the song-sing melody, "Cold Water is the Drunk for Me," and explain about the various mocking qualities of wine. When she say "wine is mocker" do she mean

about some wine which is imitation of some other brand? She does not answer to reply.

She say, "Mr. Togo, you must not drunk any drink however mild, because this lead to stronger and stronger yet till gray hairs to sorry grave."

"Do water-drunking lead to lemonade drunking?" I require.

"Maybe so it might," she otter.

"So thus, do lemonade-drunking result for soda-water thirsty?"

"Perhaps is," she contradict.

"Then if, do soda-water collapse to ginger-ale tonic?"

"I signify it."

"And this then: Might Japanese Boy what is raised by ginger-ale crave for beer-drunking from this?"

"I am dangerous to reply," say this Hon. Miss McGee.

"So sorry to hear!" I terminate. "Because weak-drunk lead to strong-drunk, strong-drunk to powerful-drunk — and yet you say it! What for you teach Japanese Boy 'Cold Water is the Drunk for Me'? Water lead to lemonade, lemonade to soda-water, soda-water to ginger-ale, ginger-ale to beer-glass — sakes of living! What to do with this thirsty?"

"Togo," she commute, "you are too foolish

to learn what of. This evening-time when lemonade is pass around you must avoid it because too tempting.”

I listen, and yet I will not do so.

The reason why I make disagreeable argument about the temperance is not because I do not believe it is good for all human animals. O no! It is most best blessing for those communities which desire to be cleanly and modern plumbing. But why should this hon. lady be so Christian in the way she say it? Can only Christians be prohibition? What about heathens like I am-so who do not care about wine-sip & beer-gulp? Must they accompany this quietness of thirst with song-sing about cold water? Answer is, No! Many heathens is very abstemperous of stomach. Many Christians is not. Many Christians when become filled up with alcohol feel obliged to make crimes including boastful talk which lead to murder of something. Will driving out of salooners in business do good for those bad persons? I hope to be.

To enquire about what will happen to salooners when drove out I go to Hon. Strunsky, Irish gentleman who conduct saloon.

“Honourable sir,” I magnify, “if the legal laws of this San Francisco become prohibition, so sorry

for you! What would you do with this saloon to make profitable wealth from it?"

"That is easy to reply," say Hon. Strunsky. "I would turn it into a drug store."

I am shuddering when I think of that deceptive man.

I have obtained a slight job of employment waiting on table-board of Fujiyama Restaurant, H. Sunigawa, Prop. This profession give me \$2 weekly sum, also three times daily to eat it. As addition to money sum I receive \$1 weekly from my cousin Nogi to help him do Japanese spy work. From this sum of \$3 weekly pay I expend it away as following:

Schoolbooks which I can not borrow . . . . .	.55
Cigarettes & other dissipated joys . . . . .	.15
Shoe-strings & neckties . . . . .	.20
Contribution to church when necessary . . . . .	.05
Car-fare for Japanese ladies . . . . .	.45
Poker-playing & music . . . . .	.26

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Total of this . . . . . \$1.66

After this money has went you can count it, Mr. Editor. I have to keep \$1.34 of weekly cash which I will save together for sufficient boat-fare to go back Japan. Maybe I will not go at that time — if so I will do something else and get married.

Of evening time I am frequent to attend lectures where I learn facts of intelligence very cheap. Last night I go to speech of Dr. O. Sumuchi, Japanese surgery, on subject of "Alcohol Inside of People." Hon. Dr. Sumuchi had most beautiful lecture because of magic-lantern showing human stomach under surprised conditions. Following charts was showed during lecture:

No. 1.—Pink of colour. Exposure of stomach during calm moments before alcohol has got there.

No. 2.—More red of colour. Exposure of stomach which enjoys happy, smiling expression because alcohol have arrived.

No. 3.—Angry mix of colour. Exposure of this stomach when alcohol have remain there too long for polite welcome. Stomach now enjoy angry rage and desire to quit.

No. 4.—Colour of Scottish plaid. Exposure of stomach when alcohol have continue to do so too late. I am sorry for this stomach because it look so brilliant, yet feel so dull!

Dr. Sumuchi say so about that stomach when so fanciful from decoration of alcohol. He say, "Such stomach is so satisfied by alcohol it will burn up by striking match to it."

"Persons enjoying such a stomachs must avoid swallowing matches," is answer of Japanese Schoolboy.



This is translation from Japanese temperance legend:

Some time back in astronomy before the world got a very good start and homely giants of disgusting profile was employing timber-trees for tooth-pick, there reside in high top-mountain one bad Drink Dragon. Now when that there Drink Dragon got thirsted he was a very serious snake, thank you. When them giants would hear one grand roary-sound from mountain they would make considerable eye-wink and decry, "Hon. Dragon is enjoying trouble!"

One morning by daylight this great Worm made landslide down mountain in search of something with which to squelch his thirsty. Soon again he come to Hon. Ocean and snuggest, "Good morning, Mr. Ocean, I have come to drunk you up, please."

Then Ocean laugh considerable joke. "This is pretty wrong place for thirsty Snake to come for gobbly rejoicing. I am great Prohibition Wave. Nothing to do, Hon. Serpent!"

Then this Drink Dragon throw fire-engine sparks from his gills making earthquake and he go at that Hon. Ocean to devour it up. And Ocean, with cyclone of storms, rise up on back legs to meet Hon. Dragon. One, two! they

arrive together! Such mixing of destruction, such powerful struggle! Ocean make hiss on red-hot steam-pipe of Dragon and this Serpent make hot stew of Ocean. O great jiu jitsu! First Snake push Ocean to moon, then Ocean drag Dragon to North Pole. But finally, when both is tired out, Dragon say, "Excuse it, Mr. Ocean, while I scratch my eyebrow." And while Dragon was doing that peaceful act, Hon. Ocean took mean advantage and gollup Dragon to deep-down bottom. But he was not dead. Oh no, thank you, Snakes is not slewed with this quickness of speed. Ninety-nine thousand years relapse and Dragon swim up, one day, on wave of temperance. And this time he is called Sea Serpent and is permitted to remain, please.

Moral for this tale is thus:

Water-Wave can not drowned Drink Dragon, but it can cause very unhappy feelings for that brutal beast, thank you.

Hoping you are the same,

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.

## XXXIII

### THE SALOON IN OUR TOWN

SAN FRANCISCO, October 28th.

*To Editor New York Newspaper who offer prize  
to letter-writer what can tell storey of best  
Drunk and can prove it.*

HON. DEAR — In our town resides many Saloons; and when you have saw them all you will be surprise to find there is several more just around corner. Many of them Saloons can be told apart by looking at them. Some of them is paint bright & goddy colour of a ottomobiles with screeches at doors where they are red & purpal. Drunkerds what see that mad-coloured outside must go inside & forget it. And when they are inside they must stay there long time for nervus collapse. When they are inside they can't not see the outside — and in such a state who knows what?

Other Saloons is managed with entire plate-glass and completely wooden polish all over it to make deceptive resemblance of First National Bank, so that refined drunkerds can go there with a stock-broke feeling. Such Saloons require

a paying teller to do barkeeping and be pretty civilized, thank you. Them palaces is incomplete if they ain't got over Hon. Bar a horbly artistick oily-paint pink portrait of Mrs. Venus the way she looked when Hon. Columbus discovered her. She got a hansom gilt frame around her and nothing else. All them portraits cost \$10,000 apiece, because Hon. Barkeep say so.

All Saloons has got a phonograf with exception of Hotels which has a okestra. Americans which wishes to become drunk in silence must join a Club. Hon. Strunsky, Irish salooner, make his phonograf play "I Am Long about My Old Contucky Home" because he wish to serve sweetheart influences with his beer; but Hon. Sheehan on opp. corner make *his* phonograf play "Happy Widow Waltz" and "We Won't Go Home in the Darkness" because he-say drunkerds often gets stingy & reforms when they hears homesick musick. Hon. Strunsky say they drink to drown trouble, Hon. Sheehan say they drink to cause it. Both are good ways to know.

Tuesday Hon. Strunsky, Irish salooner, give me temporarial job of work to help persons get drunk by doing so. I am now not there as usual. But I learn how-do while I was. In salooning whisky-drunk are applied to them for price

\$.10 and beer-drunk for price \$.05 each goblet. Green persons unacquainted with salooning have suppose it would be cheaper for drink beer at \$.05 for one long quench when whisky cost twict as much for 1 tinty small splatter of. But such is truthless. One (1) small jounce from whisky contain 2 or 3 times more vixen as a grown-up gobble full of beer. Howeverly, iced drunkerds perfers beer because of pleased trickle.

I are not permitted to sell it to them thirsts at Strunsky saloon, because I are not sufficiently intelligent; so I must rubb glaswares & mop to floor, also become attentive to Hon. Phonograf which require 68 wind-up with squeek about "Old Contucky Home" which please G. W. McCann, prominent Drunk, till he weep because it sound human. I am seriously worked to keep this job; and yet I am entirely educational about all intoxicants when doing so.

"There is some good salooners and some bad," say letter-writer to newspaper. I have sneeked farly & wide with gum-slippers, but am disabled to find such a bad salooner. Whenever I speek uply to a salooner for question, "Are you such a bad salooner?" he answer for reply, "Ah, no! I are an entirely good kind."

"Ain't they no such things as Bad Salooners?" I ask Hon. Strunsky for queery.



"They *are* some such," he say for chased expression, "but they are horbly difficult to discover."

Hon. Strunsky are a very nice variety of Good Salooner. He acknowledged it himself. G. W. McCann say Hon. Strunsky have a heart like a watermelon. I noticed it. It are large, but often deliciously iced. He are a sweet & liberal man to all persons what got sufficient cash-money to pay for it. When the poor calls to the bar of Strunsky for loan of money he seldom turn them off with empty grouch. The safe of Hon. Strunsky is full of watches, stuck-pins, repaired clothing, deed of house & lott, and other hardware what the poor has left as security. Them sweet salooner will never turn deaf eye to want & misery as long as want & misery will leave month's wages at Hon. Bar. A kindy man are Hon. Strunsky.

This benefacting gentleman believe in keeping his saloon clean & full of home influences. He don't not believe in no rye-bald scenes of debutchery around place. So when a coal-chuck become entire paralysis there, Hon. Strunsky remove remainder of wage from pockets of them unforchnate man & he are nex discovered in street. When U. S. marine sailor enjoy stab-cut in this Strunsky home his remainder are dragged quietly



to a alley full of shadows so he will not die all over nice saw-dust floor.

Last Wednesday while Hon. Strunsky was elsewhere talking about it Hon. G. W. McCann, prominent drunkerd, come-me sneekretly with Standard Oil expression and request 1 free drink as a loving gift.

"Why you deserve such free gift?" is question for me.

"I are a large tank-line & therefore entitled to occasional rebates," he betray.

So I give him considerable goblet of and interview him for temperance movement.

"Why do men drink alcohol?" are first question I make.

"Because they can not eat it," are relapse for him.

"Do whisky-booz do harmful injry to interior when took in excess?" I repent.

"Suppose so," smack he, "59 successive tumblers are sufficient for a strong man."

"Are a moderate drunk good for persons?" next come out.

"O sure of!" he negotiate, "I can feel it doing so."

"It are no true joy what leave a dark brownny taste in morning," I say for David Star Jordan expression.

"It are no true joy in the morning, but it are a very fine imitation of it the night before," commute that sinny drunk.

"Hon. Horce, famous Roman writer, say-how whisky make poets sing," is arrival for me.

"Suppose he are right," say Hon. McCann. "I have often enjoyed singing in ears by early morning."

I make note of this phenomenal.

"All saloons looks alike to me," regret Hon. Drunk.

"So sad to hear!" I rake out. "Saloons is entirely different in appearance. Some is red, some pink, some plate-glassed by door to look like National-Bank — how you no tell difference?"

"We cross the bar at different places," he report, "but we all come out in the same boat."

"You regret downly path you took?" I ask it.

"I got no regret, thank you," he reject. "With another drink I could beat the world."

So he go home and beat his wife, as usual.

In night-time I burst soda-syfen to mirror of Strunsky saloon, so I decide to be a temperance Japanese & resign before discovery & kick. So I go back to my bedstead at Patriots of Japan Board & Lodging where I find O-Fido who make

joy-signal to me by snubbed tail. He are merely a doggly pup who ain't got no soul to skare with Demon Rums, etc. He ain't go no ambition & are fond of milk. He imagine Hashimura Togo are Emperor of Japan, I suppose. I permit him to be decieved.

I remove off my shoes for comfert & took down book of Rubbert Burn, famous Scotch, for read it. I study them soft musick about "Flow gentle, sweet Afton" — and then I think how people say-so that he were most greatest Poet when most drunk. Maybe-so he were; but I never seen no drunks act that way around saloon of Hon. Strunsky.

When — of suddenly — come rap-tap at door. And inwards arrive Bunkio Saguchi, fly-away Japanese, with jaggly expression of one who has.

"I wish to give banzai to entire human race to include Nick, Zar of Russia, who are merely a mistake," gollup Bunkio. "I wish to telegraf happy greet to all politicians in & out of office to include Col. Guffey, who ——"

He make set-down to floor because he think it was a chair.

"You are in a toxic condition," I dib frownly.

"Many persons are most intelligent when so," he motter.

"Many persons are least so," I flap back.

"General Grant, great leader, enjoyed spells of drunk," say Bunkio for argument.

"Alexander the Great enjoyed allepeptick fits," I smoke up, "yet every person what takes a snasm cannot conker new worlds."

"Many a battles has been won by gin-wine," rasp that jaggly boy.

"Battle of Mukden were not," I dib. "In them battle Japanese was full of banzai, Russians was full of vodka. To-morrow when you are calm some brite Japanese Schoolboy will told you who won them famous target-practice."

I put him in my bedstead & tock under covers for wet towel on brow. Soonly he enjoy tear-drop of eye & say he was cris-crossed in love; then he make good-night for eye-brows.

Me & O-Fido go take walk & forget such scenery. At Oisoya Hotel, Pine St. near Kerney, I see several Japanese Schoolboys doing a conversation.

"To-night I are a Aunty Saloon Leg," I say-it by virtuous chest. "But to-morrow I may feel better & enjoy slight beer ceremony."

"Would America be more better without no saloons?" require Uncle Nichi who was there.

"Perhapsly," I snuggest. "Hon. Rev. Chill-worthy say, 'If there was no Drunks there would n't be no Murders.'"

"Occasional Murders makes life briter," reflect Cousin Nogi.

"If there was no saloons there would be no crime," say Arthur Kickahajama.

"There would also be no fun," say Sydney Katsu, jr.

"There would be no poverty," say Frank the Japanned Boot-polish.

"There would be no trusts," say I. Anazuma.

"There would be no enthusiasm," say Sago Jokai.

"There would be no insane asylums," say Albert Sudekachi.

"There would be no Poets," say Hashimura Togo.

If the saloon must go, Mr. Editor, see that it are put away in some convenient place. I ask it.

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.



“O, sweethearted Mrs. Madam, I enjoy a brainache this morning, thank you”





## XXXIV

### ELECTION DAY

SAN FRANCISCO, November 1st.

*To Editor New York Newspaper who have been frequently nominated to be President by loving Japanese subscribers; but he must refuse such jobs, thank you, because too busy with ink-pen — and he would rather write than be President.*

HON. MR. SIR — Election Day are now within short gasp of here & all Japanese Schoolboys of my acquaintanceship are running back and forthly. Symptoms of tense patriotism for them. I. Anazuma, Japanese barber, have pasted in window-pain of his shave store 2 portraits of fat & famous Americans. On one portrait he have wrote following description in Japanese:

HON. WM. JENNY BRYAN

*He Will Deliver the Nation out of Peril*

On other fat portrait he have wrote:

HON. WM. H. TAFT

*He Will Deliver the Goods out of Kindness*

I were a-standing by sidewalk making eye-glances at them 2 sweet portraits & choosing which

to vote for (if Yellow Peril could do so, thank you) when uply come Arthur Kickahajama with sad-dogged expression of dizzy heart.

"Hashimura Togo," he unpack, "why you gaz at them 2 Presidents with rapture of ears?"

"Soon one will be elected," I apply, "& then troubles of this Kingdom will be all over."

"Over!!" dib Arthur Kickahajama for shreech. "Over!!!" He make thrills of knuckles which are sure symbol of allepeptick fits.

Then he drag from interior pocket of coat some rippings from newspaper-press which he read me with hearse voice. From *Daily Hoot*, violently conservative Republican paper, he read as following:

"'If Bryan are elected ruin will be enjoyed everywheres. Heaven are expected to fall any minute. Corn will refuse to grow in Kansas & National Guard will be called out to make it do so. In South niggers will be darker & more lynched. Hens will neglect to surrender their eggs. America will be considerably cursed. Election of Hon. Bryan [should be cause of great national funeral.'"

"So glad to hear this in time," I riggle. "Therefore I shall vote for Hon. Taft if I could."

Arthur for glum read following editorial from *Daily Riot*, seriously Democratick hand-organ:

"'If Taft are elected America will quit. Common People will be scrunched by drowntrillery. Truth will also receive hourly chops by ax. Kings will appear everywheres riding in

automobiles. Daily excursions to Siberia will be enjoyed by masses. Groans. Right of free speeches will be denied to Henry Watterson & bloodshed must therefore ensue. Patriots will grunt with deranged hair. Election of Hon. Taft should be cause of great national mourning.' "

"So sad!" say Arthur, "America must therefore go to complete doggly smitthrine on date of Nov. 3."

"Are they no way to escape this?" I alarm with face.

"Only one," commute Arthur. "Perhapsly Bluejean V. Debs might be elected by mistake."

Mr. Editor, I go way from Arthur full of damp thoughts about Election Day. I go to grassy yard of Mrs. Lusy Macdonald, 286 pounds complete gentleness, and there I work my job assisting shrubbage to grow for \$1.25 weekly payment. My dog O-Fido company me there & are entirely useless, as usual. While I are to work soothing her lawn with rakes I are continually thinking for selfish brain: "If I merely had 1 day lie-off from work I might do something to save America." So I wish I could & O-Fido agree with snubbed tail.

Soonly come Mrs. Lusy Macdonald in dainty pink rapper which look like 3 queens. Angelick expressions for her.

"Togo," she say-it, "have you got a ill to look so languish?"

"O! sweethearted Mrs. Madam, I enjoy a brain-ache this morning, thank you," are complain from me. "Could I not obtain a lie-off from Work, thanks so much, please?"

"Why so you require such a lie-off?" are burst from her.

"With sufficient leisure I might save America," I mention.

"Such worthy thought!" she relish. "Therefore you are permitted 1 day lie-off from rakish labours on lawn."

I make back-away with humbel bows. O-Fido do somewhat similar. When we arrive to gate-post Mrs. Lusy Macdonald exclaim for sweetness.

"How you shall spent this day of idle enjoyment, please?"

"I shall spent it in worrying about the ruin of America which should occur on Nov. 3," are fuss I make & do a vanish. O-Fido do same way.

So I go to street corner & set on water-plog to enjoy sorrow without interrupt. O-Fido devote time smelling rats which is not there under pavement.

Near off by lamp-post I see several carpenter-mans at work in middle of street a-building 1 tiny house of delicious sheet-iron. It were a awful temporary-looking struxure of 6 x 10 architexure.

Pretty soonly long come one Hon. Police, by

name Paul Smutz, who get my affection by arrest of Bunkio Saguchi for gin-drunk. I are a proud acquaintanceship to this hero.

"Such oddy house!" I say-it with points to place what them carpenter-mans was a-building. "What you call such a cabin in American language?"

"That house," say Hon. Police, "are called a Pole."

"It do not look like a Pole in appearance," I otter. "To Japanese Schoolboy it look more like a penitentiary for white rabbits."

"So wicked thought!" say Hon. Police with buttons. "That tiny house to which you now look at are Palladium of American Liberty."

"What do Americans do in such a Palladium?" are next question for me.

"They votes for Presidents," ollicute Hon. Smutz with helmet.

"So happy!" I say-it. "In them tiny doll-cabins Presidents is manufactured by ballet-box every 4 years! Were Pres. Roosevelt made in a little tin cottage like that?"

"Absolutely similar," snuggest that coply man.

"I are surprised he did not burst it!" are notation for me.

Silences by Hon. Police. Waggish signals by O-Fido.



"How could Hon. Taft be accommodated in such a toy temple?" are intelligent query I make.

"Fat candidates gets slim votes in some districts," complain he.

"What makes Americans more freer than any other kingdom?" I ask-it because Hon. Smutz are not yet savage.

"Americans is more freer because they are permitted to vote," compute them official.

"So happy Americans!" I snagger. "How free they should all feel going to Pole on Nov. 3 eech with a ballet in his hand to vote it!"

"They should, but do they?" revoke he with club. "Many Americans make long journeys on Election Day to escape that Palladium of Liberty."

"Could they feel free without that sweet privelage?" I require.

"They feel most free when they forget it," he dub. "I prove this by following tabloid statistick:

"1 — Out of eech 3 Americans only 1 Registers.

"2 — Out of eech 3 who Registers only 1 Votes

"3 — Out of eech 3 who Votes only 1 cares who is Elected."

"How shocky!" I gasp. "By such sinful statistick America must be going to doggly bow-wow!" (Howels from O-Fido.)

“Can not some patriots do something to make more votes for Election Day?” are next queery I ask.

“Many of them do,” say he. “Many persons votes 5 or 6 times eech election to make fatter ballet-box.”

“Such noble patriots should receive at least 1 Carnegie meddle,” I lapse.

“They should, but do they?” are repose he say. “There will be much gladness of rejoicing shot off in this Hon. City for Election Night,” he add for information.

“I read by newspaper this morning how Election of either Candidates would be cause for great national mourning,” I reckon.

“You read the wrong paper,” say Hon. Smutz. “When announcement of new President are made entire lid will be removed from America & 4th of July will shoot through. What patriots are not already in saloons will be tied together in magnificent blockade on streets mixed with brass bands, tin-horning, full dinner-pails, Glad-It’s-Over Marching Clubs, automobile axidents & other demonstrations of peaceful banzai. Musick-waggons will ocasionally sonter by with all office-seekers trying to get on at once. Maddy yalls from crowd when eech newspaper bulletin-board announce that another doubtful State has gone

Republican, as usual. Rockets. Occasional fights to make everybody completely cheerful. Fire-engines go by to some joyful blaze. Telegrams arrive. Romp-girls dance along with tickle feathers. Then O!! Portrait of Future President are flashy to screen. Bells go off confused by whistles & drumcore exploded by throats of 1,000,000 yalling Americans."

"And what next?" I enquire patiently.

"Following this," say Hon. Paul Smutz, heroic Police, "following this are complete silence for 4 years."

And he depart off to catch an excessive automobile what done a crime.

Mr. Editor, it will require more than explosions to awake Hon. Washington from sweet sleep which will go on for next 4 years. When Associated Press hears slight shock along Patomac it will not be sounds of unrest — it will be merely snores from happy Congressmen. By time this loving letter are there in your post-office, White House furniture are already preparing to be sat on by another kind of Person. Perhapsly he will be a bigger man, but I bet my bootware he will not cover so many places at once. In Executive Offices a new Voice will kind of quiver & flutter through corridors which is used to being cracked

by a Real Racket. In Aunty Room outside will set distinguished statesmans in awful neat rows with eyebrows full of Thought and nothing else. Gentleman inside may say, "Prevaricatorius ugly lyre!" now & then, but sound of this curse will be less hearty than of yore-time.

And in that Crowd Outside following sweet faces will be missing:

- 1 — Shaggy Pete, Louisiana guide.
- 2 — Harvard football captain.
- 3 — Mrs. O'Rafferty, mother of 6 twins.
- 4 — Rev. Lyman Abbott.
- 5 — Spike McGhoul, heavyweight swat.
- 6 — Charles Scribbler & Sons.
- 7 — Duke De Buzzi and staff.
- 8 — Nero, famous trick elephant from Hippodrome.

Them features, Mr. Editor, will be seriously lacking. Cabinet will come together occasionally for slight confap but it will seem quiet, like directors' meeting of Ice Trust. Treaties will be made in sneaky gum-slipper manner. Panama Canal will be finished & nobody will know it. New President of America might declare war between U. S. and Germany with less dramattick effect than Hon. Roosevelt got by chasing 3 boys off from White House steps.

Next 4 years will be healthy climbate for old persons & delicate children. People will live longer but not so much. And what will happen to us in 1912? Hon. Nick Longworth will explain with American eye-wink!

Thou, too, climb on the Ship of State,  
Climb on, O happy Candidate! —  
And favoured Nations shall proclaim  
The deeds of You who drag to fame  
Your good-for-nothing Running Mate!

Hoping you are entirely aware,

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.

S. P. — Banzai! America fleet reach Tokyo and international friendship are glued together by sticky ceremonies. Most sweetest exercise of all was when them 10,000 Japanese school-children sing, "Hail Columbia, Jappy land!"

H. T.

## XXXV

### FALL HATS AND THE LADIES INSIDE OF THEM

SAN FRANCISCO, November 6th.

*Editor New York Newspaper who must wear grandy Robe of Literature & Science embor-deried over with tucks & jounces which represents Art; but he must also retain a calm Derby Hat to make himself sensible in order to do so.*

DEAR SIR — If my Uncle Nichi would not go roundy town seeing America he would not come home & talk about it. I should like to remain his affactunate Nefew, I should delight to reverence his bald hairs because he are my Ancester — but I will be lynched if I can remain faithful to all them fooly Questions he ask-it! Eech moment by clock-time he come to me with Queery & when I are giving sweethearted reply he are pre-paring another Enquire for answer. Only a mean dib can plug his voice, thank you!

“I observe something,” he say-me yesterday because he think he did, “I observe it how female women of America is entirely beasts of burden.”

“That are something to observe,” I deploy.



“Where they carry them beastly burden, please, if proper?”

“I observe it,” he remain, “how they carries them burdens in enormed & sometimes overbearing quantities on top of their heads. Oftenly ladies of minus 126 pounds of complete frailness is seen totering from walk to walk with awful monstry platforms on their skull while on top side of this are piled fruits & vegetables, glassware, window-curtains, fuel, iron & wood, office supplies, general groceries, flours & other provisions. What you call them platters full of merchandise?” require Nichi.

“Would you get amazed if told?” I ask it.

“I shall attempt to,” he report.

“Them platters,” I say slow for gentle break, “is called Hats!”

Uncle Nichi is staggered to believe it.

“In Japan,” he tangle, “they would be called roofs. Such a Hat are sifficiently sized to support a entire family.”

“In America,” I falter, “it oftenly require a entire family to support such a Hat.”

Uncle Nichi set down because he are a oldy man and got a faint nerve.

“I will told you more,” I revoke. “Those Hon. Hats is pinned on to them Ladies what forget how painful they feel & drag them from places

to places with smile of sweet resign. They are even happy while wearing them because they Imagines something."

"What could they Imagine after that?" are enqueery for Nichi.

"They Imagines they are beautiful!" are report from me.

"Hashimura Togo," rasp them feebly Unc, "up to now I have believed everything. Please tell lies more gently. I are not prepared to swallow too much."

"When foreigners talk about American Ladies they must be prepare to swallow anything," are argue I make. "This are customary."

"Ladies must be oftenly scrushed to death beneath them awful lids," require Nichi with Hearst editorial look.

"Such are the untruth," I let go. "Them Hats is frequently more lighter than they looks by appearance. Although they are huge enormal-osities amassed all over outside with riotous debree, yet they are kept light by fact that there ain't nothing inside of them."

"What-so!" say Nichi. "Ain't them Ladies got their brains inside of them Hats?"

"If Ladies had sifficient brains enough to fill such Hats they would wear them much smaller," are jount from me.

"Can we expect something worse soon?" suppose Nichi.

"Of surely we can!" say me. "In *Woman's Homely Companion*, stylish paper, I read 1 page of fashionable hints wrote by a elderly clergyman who sign himself 'Frou-Frou' because he need the salary. He make following alarmy prediction:

" 'Stiles for 1909 will be built on Delagrange models with box-kite planes fore and aft to look awful tasty. All them patterns for winter wear will be heavier-than-air types which is very chick. Them Zepellin hats, so popular last season, are now being frowned at by Dam Fashion who says they are clumsy & apt to catch afire. Them new hats will seem kind of horble when first looked at, but when they got a fan-shaped propeller going at full speed in the rear, you got to acknowledge they look mischievous & expensive.

" 'Many poor girls is making them at home after Butter-milk Patterns furnished by request & 10c extra please. Some light ashwood ribs, 90 yards mercysified silk & a trifle of wire (which can be took out of any piano) are sifficient for.

" 'By sending \$7,000 to Paris you can get one of them ready-trimmed by the Wright Sisters.' "

"If it was not printed in that *Homely Companion* paper I would enjoy a suspicion that Hon. Frou-Frou was talking about airships," contract my poor Relation.

"Hats & Airships is very dear cousins," I rotate. "But they has some delicious differences. Some Airships can't lift nothing — but Ladies is often entirely carried away by Hats."



“‘Do not hide your light under a bushel basket,’ are smart quotation for me”



"Where would they be carried away to?" ask Uncle Nichi, who are studying American jokes by correspondence school.

"To any extreme," I choke off for fear I shall hit Uncle Nichi with a angry Dib. So he go way for read newspaper & learn some more intelligent Questions to ask it.

Mr. Editor, it are fashionable to appear smarty & suspicious when conversing in print about Ladies. Any colledge child not intelligent enough to learn bookkeeping & stenography can publish at least 1 book called "Sneery Thoughts of a Snappy Cynick" & sell from 10 to 1,000,000 copies. This to include several epigrams about Mrs. Eve and other famous Parisians. ("What are a 'epigram'?" ask Little Annie Anazuma.

"A epigram are a cheap Joke in a dress-suit," are reply for Japanese Schoolboy.)

Even Hon. Rud. Kipling, who write many novels and speak fluidly in both English & American, make sinickal talk about female Ladies. He-say "A Woman are merely a Woman, but a good cigar cost 25c."

In Manila a good cigar only cost 8c, and yet Ladies is found growing there in tropickal bundance. So you see it are useless to try & compute the worthlessness of them in terms of tobacco.



Mr. Editor, I know only 3 Ladies to my acquaintanceship; but there is a 4th one now which I am learning pretty quick. Among this crowd are Hon. Mrs. Lusy Macdonald, 286 pounds of entire beauty, to her I enjoy a tender business relation. She reward me \$1.25 weekly for barber her lawn & comb it with rakes. Oftenly I speak to this lady with pathetick expression, because she may rise my salary if I look sifficiently unhappy. Sometime she bring me tea by side-porch to include ginger-snaps & I tell her delicious lies about myself so she will think what a fine Jobber I am.

This Lady are very expensive in clothes which appear hellish & also include dimonds. She obtain her gownds in Paris where they hates Americans and shows it by the stiles they sell them. It are a mean revenge. But Mrs. Macdonald can afford to dress in stile, because she are rich enough to be exentrick. I do not yet notice that she wear Directory skirt at knee. I shall telegraf you if she gets one.

Next in my acquaintanceship of feminines are Little Annie Anazuma, 9-year-age daughter of I. Anazuma, Japanese barber. This childy Japanese are too young to be a lady, but she are already quite foolish.

& 3rd on this List of Ladies are Miss Alice

Furioki, wife to my Cousin Nogi. I was once her finance, but when she marry Nogi I broke my engagement to her for spiteful reasons.

But 4th of them are a Girly Person to which I must own up. She are by initials Miss Evelyn Suki & have become a dear schoolfriend to Miss Furioki and very oftenly they meet together to do some chumming & other giggles. And very oftenly I make drop-in to home of Cousin Nogi for borrow opera glass or cigarette or what he got. And oftenly Miss Suki make door-knock for see Miss Furioki & Japanese Boy are axidentally there. I make eye-wink of soul to think how fox I are.

By last Wednesday P. M. I get nervus about Cousin Nogi & go see him offhandedly. Miss Furioki come to door and I make very humbel signals to her with derby hat.

"I am delicious to ask it, please, Mrs. Madam, thank you so much, so sorry I come. Are Cousin Nogi inside, thank you?"

"No, he are entirely out!" dib Miss Furioki, who despises me earnestly.

"Then I shall remain, thank you," I say for cheerful smiles & take set-down to parler where I see Miss Suki doing a fancy task in companionship with Miss Furioki. On centre-table was a large object to resemble a clothes-basket &

them Ladies was fondly triming it with smilax, ribbons and other laces. Occasionally they stand off-side, mouths confused by pins; sometimes they make critick faces and speek in milinary language.

"What you call That what you are doing?" I wander.

"Intelligent persons calls it a Hat," snip Miss Furioki.

"By Bible you could not wore such a Hat," are mope from me.

"What-say Bible about it?" require Miss Suki who are studying to be a missionary.

"Hon. Bible say, 'Do not hide your light under a bushel basket,' " are all sound I make.

Deep breathing from Miss Furioki. Miss Suki look slyly joyful. Pretty soonly them Hat are sifficiently complete for have try-on to head of Miss Furioki, who make poze before mirror with cowcattish expression.

"You hide cozily inside," I arrange.

"It are a very theatrical hat," lapse Miss Suki fairly.

"It look like a famous Play to me," I commune for pious regard.

"What famous Play you meant?" queery Miss Alice. "You meant the 'Jolly Widow?'"

"Maybe 'Payed in Full' are Play them Hat look like," beseech Miss Suki.

“Ah, no!” I revolve, “another from them!”

“Then which play it look like, if so smart?”  
rasp wife of Nogi.

“It look like ‘The Devil’ to me,” I assassinate,  
and go out by door. Sound of crashy furniture  
inside, and other simptoms of an American Girl.  
Also some delicious snickkers from Miss Suki.  
Thank her so many!

Foreigners visiting America for first time is  
expected to say something about American women  
before getting off the boat. A very sublime Prince  
from Island of Borneo of recently come over &  
say following statistick about American Women:

- 1 — They are naturally very foolish, but are  
less so when educated.
- 2 — It are easy to distinguish their Sext by their  
clothes —
- 3 — Except in the case of Literary Ladies who  
wears derbies.
- 4 — They are awful extravagant.
- 5 — They are terrible stingy.
- 6 — Many of them has more snippy espree than  
Frenchwoman.
- 7 — Many has less.
- 8 — They have got such quantity of Charm, etc.,  
that it are difficult for a Foreigner to look at  
them without enjoying Lovesick simptoms.

American Ladies hear them compliments, Mr. Editor, with pompadours swole up with pride; but they are forgetful that what that Hon. Sublime said about them are true of every national Lady in the entire world — with the exception of the Ladies of Zeeweezi Land where it are the custom for them to cut off their noses to spite their husbands.

Hoping you can afford it, I am,

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.

## XXXVI

### FEETBALL FOR MOLLYCUDDLES

SAN FRANCISCO, November 10th.

*To Editor New York Newspaper which must give large Colledge Yall to see such great Yale-Harvard feetball combination when Hon. Roosevelt pushed Hon. Taft across line.*

HON. MR. — I have discovered more yet. America are no sooner through making one Loud Noise than she are prepared to make another. Her screams for Spring occupy Baseballing; next come Presidential Election where every person are ready to banzai & make provoked hollers; soonly following this arrive Feetball when talented Colledge Ladds is glued together for chorus of howels & rores which you would not believe except when it happens. Then America gives Thanksgiving because they are glad it are all over; but so vainly to think! With immediate quickness arrive Happy New Years when the roof of Hon. Heaven are entirely shrieked away with steam whistles. After this who knows what?

“You have forgot to put in Fourth of July,” say Uncle Nichi.



“That Hon. Explosion must be mentioned all by itself,” are contort for me.

Mr. Editor, all newspaper-prints is now filled with scandal about feet-ballers & what happen to them. I understand how Carlyle Indians would be champions of America except for fact that Chief Kick-in-the-Head have received something like his name; also  $\frac{1}{2}$  back, Hon. Hoopi, have fraxured both legs;  $\frac{1}{4}$  back, Crazy Buffalo, are now in hospital enjoying 2 or 3 ribs, & Young-Man-Who-Butts-Like-a-Goat, famous tackler, have come apart & must be sewed together. White mans has been entirely unjust to Indians. Not satisfied with teaching them whisky-drunk they now educates them in football. The Nobel Red Man are thusly fast becoming a bursted race.

In another news-print I read-it how there are a general move in America to make football more kindly. How foolish to think! Football without an occasional murder would be like a bullfite without no Hon. Bull. It would be gentle, but who would come? I require no answer.

Howeverly all grandest California Colledges is now playing Rugboy football which is English & therefore entirely polite. And yet necks can be bursted by this way if required.

Last Saturday in early P. M. I make a very stylish appearance to my clothes which include frockaway coat, derby hat, respectful gloves & whatever shoes & socks are necessary for most beautiful way to look. With such ornaments I could not wear my familiar necktie which are getting too shabbed; so I borrow one of angry red complexion from Arthur Kickahajama who was not there when I took it. Thank you, Arthur, for kindness loan!

With them fashionable haberdash I make my joyful footprints go in direction of sidewalk where all Japanese what see me revoke, "Where would Hashimura Togo go so completely decorated?" But for answer I make American eye-wink & nothing else.

Pretty soonly I arrive by door-mat of Yoshima Suki, Japanese carpenter, & there I do rap-tap with nervus knuckles. After deliciously long time Miss Evelyn Suki, dreamy lady of entire youngness, come to knob & look surprised because she expect it was me.

"Kind morning, Mr. Togo," she say-it with deceptive expression of a female, "which of my Parents did you come to see?"

"How many of them Parents have you got, please?" I remove with polite derby.

"I got two to include 1 Mother & 1 Father, both enjoying nice health," she response.

"You are fortunate to have so many," I corrode, "therefore permit them to enjoy their nice health without disturb from us."

She do so, thank you.

We set in parlour & have a few conversations & occasional topicks. I get more charms eech moment by her sweet looks & cowcattish smile. I could throb forever in such lonesome company. Pretty soonly I say-so.

"Hon. Miss Suki, excuse me, sir, I ask it" (such nerves from me!). "Please may we go forthly together this afternoon for some sporty amusement?"

"Where we go to find such a sporty amusement?" she dement, tucking away her hair with morsel wave.

"In Japanese Y. M. C. A.," I snagger, "Hon. Rev. Chillworthy will speek an entirely harmless lecture about 'Onward & Upward for Little Missionaries.' We could go there for minus expense because it are free."

Stillness from Miss Suki.

"You no care for such an excitements?" I ask it.

"Slightly, perhaps," are response from her. "Where else could we go for it?"

(I make sneekret count inside my pocket which contain 45c wealth.)

"Trolley-ride to Cliff House & peanuts by beach would be somewhat fashionable amusement if it was n't raining," I suggest.

"It might, but would it?" are next question for her.

I begin to enjoy go-home feeling for such discouraged talk.

"To tell you truthly, Mr. Togo," she apply, "I got 2 tickets for one Feetball Game which will be kicked off this afternoon. You like to be chaperone to me for this ceremony?"

"I am reckless to try," I cheer up. (For only a very fooly person would omit to be chaperone to a Angel what got 2 tickets, price \$4.)

So we go there & seen what was.\*

Mr. Editor, with what crippled penmanship I got how should I attemp to describe such scene of banzai, hari-kiri, stroggle & push what we seen for them 2 tickets? How can poor Japanese Schoolboy tell of such delicious race-riot all over mud which them heroes plowed with their faces?

Therefore I shall do so.

Me & Miss Evelyn Suki we set on bleached

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\*Mr. Togo is describing Intercollegiate Football; still played by minor colleges in California. Rugby is being played by the principal colleges there.

seats between 6 maiden co-eds and 2 colledge boys of average age 63 years. Heart-bursting screams was enjoyed by them for entire afternoon. When most fiercest play of football happened them oldy colledge boys would strike me in ankle with their cane which was a insult. Rainy weather & slight westerly showers.

Game of Football, Mr. Editor, are played by 22 enormous boys which are divided equally into  $\frac{1}{2}$  to look even. One  $\frac{1}{2}$  wear stripes & other  $\frac{1}{2}$  wears New Jersey sweaters of entirely blue colour. None of them Players is allowed to be killed before the game begins.

Delicious mud all over grounds which are good to slide on & show how graceful it can be done.

Considerable rah-rah cries indulged in by all specktaters to include Miss Suki & 10,000 others. Talented howels from all colledge boys who set in bleached seats around football grounds which is called a Griddle because it look like something else. Of suddenly OH-H-H-H!!!

To middle of griddle with brave runsteps come 11 striped athletes followed by 11 blue youths. More rores. In centre of Griddle Hon. Football (which resemble a leather melon) are placed down. Whistle from Foreman & suddenly one blue youth rosh forwards & give them Hon. Ball one very brutal kick which send it to Heaven



where it intend to go. Splendid rushing together by all youths which do knock-downs with rage. Hon. Ball, when he make come-down, are lovingly embraced by a striped youth, but one blue youth see him & get jealous, so he throw him to mud with deathly thump. Each member of both teams are now permitted to jump on this young man when he are laying pronely. Then Hon. Foreman holler "Down!" & all are sure of it.

Next Player to arrive are Hon. Doctor who do a hospital corps and remove 3 players with limps. Banzais from all. Game then go on for all afternoon by following rotation:

- 1 — Savage ball-kick.
- 2 — Wildy rush together.
- 3 — Delicious throw-down.
- 4 — Everybody jump-on.
- 5 — All get off, if possible.
- 6 — Doctors collect broken boys.
- 7 — More ball-kick, more banzai, etc., till twilight.

Pretty soonly when 1 colledge player of striped appearance make grab-up of ball, blue colledge boys forget to knock him down; so with them pigly sphere clasp dearly in arms he make hurrysteps across field; and them blue players get very angry, so they chase him with fierce hair. How useless!



Soonly he carry that ball behind goal-sticks & Blue Colledge cry, "Shah!" while Striped Colledge cry, "Rah!"

"Oh!! that count 5 for our side," say elderly youth next by me.

"Why it count 5 when only 2 players was killed?" was question I ask-it; but that antique child was too busy with banzais for answer.

So I took away Miss Suki for ice-cream soda ceremony, price 20c., where we could be more lonesome together.

"It must require great strength to kill so many people in an afternoon," she say-it with sweet sips.

"With a ax I could do much better," are reply I make.

This week my chumb, Sydney Katsu, Jr., who went to Harvard for study mollycuddling, come back here enjoying great damages. I could see by the expression of his legs how much they was broke; also bandaged elbows indicate smashy condition & his brain was held together with a towel. Most of his teeth he was carrying in his pocket.

"O Sydney!" I report, "who done you all them delicious injuries you got?"

"Them Mollycuddles done it, thank you!" he dib, pointing to draped eye which was minus.



“All of them persons is related to each other in some way and another — some by proxy, some by regret’ ”



“What must a person do to become a Mollycuddle?” are next review I make.

“He must first go to Harvard & play on scrubbed Freshman team,” explain Sydney. “Some mollycuddlish person will say ‘6 — 11 — 44’ and toss him a entire football. Soonly all Harvard are on top of him to include the Library Building & Germanic Museum. Groans from this youth who are trying to play that game. Finally brickage are removed from him and he are permitted to be carried away. If he lives he are a Mollycuddle.”

“Shall you return to study gentle ways of efect East?” I announce.

“Ah, no,” corrugate Sydney. “Wildy West are more peaceful place to be. I shall follow advice of Hon. Roosevelt which say, ‘Don’t be a Mollycuddle.’ ”

So I leave Sydney resting in arnica.

Hoping you are the same,

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.

## XXXVII

WILL HON. SO. DAKOTA BE A BLISSFUL  
MARRIED STATE?

SAN FRANCISCO, November 16th.  
*Editor New York Newspaper who suppose he  
knows what will happen to America next.*

DEAR MR. SIR — “South Dakota are now very strickted & respecktable,” say Cousin Nogi with expression of deep glum. “Only choice, selected persons is permitted to get divorces there.”

“What must these choice, selected persons do now to obtain such a privilege?” are queery for me.

“A gentleman wishing to be entirely divorced in Sue Falls must reside there one year & must be drunk at leastly  $\frac{3}{4}$  of time. He must beat his wife occasionally to prove it.”

“If he pass such examination will he then obtain ticket of leave?” are next I ask to know.

“Scarcely already,” are corrode from Nogi. “Firstly he must possess a certificate signed by 2 Aldermans or 6 State Senators showing that he enjoys a famous record for bad moral character, that he have allepeptick fits & served at leastly

1 year in some good penitentiary. If he got such papers he are permitted to be lonesome again."

"Few persons has sufficient talent to pass such a high test," I submit.

"Howeverly, many persons will try," say Nogi for knowledge.

"With that strick law So. Dakota will soonly become one of them blissful married States," I dally forth.

"So sad to think it will," say Nogi with W. J. Bryan elbows. "Thusly are greatest landmarks of America departing off. Niagara Falls & Sue Falls, grand gushing monuments of Fourfathers' pride, both is being swep away by toothless hand of commerce. No longer can pressed & weary persons turn footprints to South Dakota like Pilgrum Fathers ——"

"Why were a person what went to South Dakota like a Pilgrum Father?" I erupt with voice.

"Because they both journeyed Westward to find freedom, did n't they not?" are request from Nogi.

I get shocky sensation by such news.

"So sinful comparison!" I reproach. "History-book say, 'Them Puretan Parents made excursion to Plymouth Rock with entire singleness of purpose.'"

"Singleness of purpose also makes excursions



to Sue Falls," dib my corrugated cousin. "Hon. Dan Webster notice it in oldy days."

"I have never found such talk in Webster's Dixionary," I imagine. "What did Hon. Dan say about it?"

"He-say, 'United we stand, divided Sue Falls,' " are smart quotation for Nogi.

"How you obtain such divorce in sweet old days?" I exclaim for excitement.

"Maybe you can imagine it," say Nogi. "Imagine, please, that Miss Alice Furioki, who is my wife, got peeved to me because of my slouched ways & feeble mind."

I do so easily.

"Imagine, please, I say to her, 'Fare-bye forever!' & am next discovered on Pullman car."

"Where you obtain sufficient cash for such a ticket?" are suspicious question for Hashimura Togo.

"You are permitted to imagine that also," dib Nogi for snub. "I are next discovered on main street of Sue Falls. It are 6 o'clock P. M. by time. With immediate quickness I make feet-steps to Court House. It are closed, thank you. 'Where can persons buy a divorce so late & catch train?' I require of Hon. Janitor at door-knob. 'Hon. Justice of the Peace has nice fresh ones,' explain Hon. Janitor for polite smile. By running



“Obi Obi and the Willy Sparrow”



I get there quick — but alas! too late. ‘My husband are away attending funeral of man he shot,’ say Mrs. Justice. ‘Howeverly, you can buy choice divorces from Hon. Notary Publick around corner.’ At home of Notary Publick I meet Office Lad who say, ‘Hon. Boss are away setting up with a ill horse.’ So I depart off entirely nervus about that Divorce I did n’t got.”

“What you do nextly to stop being married?” I compute.

“Nextly,” say Nogi, “I make aimlus wander through deserted streets. Despair for me. Of suddenly I see one news stand with large guilty sign,

“‘DIVORCES WHILE WAITING FOR THEM—\$5 APIECE.’

“This are stiff price, but I must. Already by news stand are considerable line of 100 Americans talking at each other as if acquainted very dearly. I enquire of one Hon. Police who stood by, ‘Why does them Americans talk together so corjul?’

“‘It are a family reunion,’ collapse Hon. Police. ‘All of them persons is related to each other in some way & another — some by proxy, some by regret; husbands twice removed is talking to outlaws-in-law. Them tall gentleman with otto-mobile glasses is Senator Guff. Lady he are talking with are his forgotten wife, now Mrs.

Billings, who will marry Captain Swift, her chaperone, when both are freed from hated trammels they now endures.'

" 'On what grounds of domestick grief will they obtain their divorces on?' are next for me.

" 'For \$5,' say Hon. Police who has been in Sue Falls for long time, 'for \$5 you can take your choice of following grounds:

" 'Failure to provide witty conversation.

" 'Baldness.

" 'Coming home chronic late from Lodge, such as Elks, Y. M. C. A., etc.

" 'Not coming home from them places.

" 'Habit of cracking nuckles.

" 'Being impolite to ladies.

" 'Being too polite to ladies.

" 'Expressing grief by snores while asleep.

" 'Reading Sunday *Journal* & believing it.

" 'Warts.

" 'Any slight excuse you may think up while waiting.'

" 'Thank you so plenty!' I say to Hon. Police and go home by return ticket."

" 'You go home without them Divorce?' I say for disappointed quivers.

" 'Ah, yes,' nibble Nogi. "It are useless luxury for poor Japanese to afford it. I could buy one slight divorce, but what then?"

"That habit are like drinking," I approximate.

"Of surely it are!" influence my Cousin.  
"First drink are innocent pleasure, but it lead to more of and continued. First divorce are harmless amusement, next two or three are only slight damage to young man—but after that it are apt to become a fixed habit, and who knows what?"

So Nogi borrow my collar-button & go off for righteous Sunday walk with his wife, Miss Alice Furioki.

Mr. Editor, I am reminded of a mothological legend. In awful pre-historick date of Japan famous poeter, Obi Obi, were a-wandering through crying-willow grove endeavouring to try & think up a good poem to write for a magazine. While full of ponders of suddenly he seen a Willy Sparrow dancing mongst twiggly branches like he was suffering from huj jokes. Often & at times them maudly bird laugh "Ha-ha!" and do a kick & six comick capers. So Obi Obi, famous poeter, he tune his Japanese Jews harp and enquire with rimes:

"Dilly-darrow, Willy Sparrow,  
Why you do such dance & caper  
Like a crazy piece of paper,  
Chirping, cheeping, shrieking, peeping  
With a piggly motion giggly  
On that wriggly willow twiggly?"



And that dafty Willy Sparrow, who also had a talent, make laughing tear-drop & reply:

“Tabby-toby, Obi Obi,  
Thus I flutter, flatter, caper  
Since my Wife I did escape her  
From her scratching feather-snatching —  
Hence my piggly anticks wiggly  
On this wiggly willow twiggly.”

Obi Obi, who are notorious to this day for his book full of morals, were shocked talkless by rye-bald remarks of them horid Willy Bird, so he flop hands to heaven & decry:

“Wirro-warro, Willy Sparrow,  
Baddy birdie what has flirted,  
Eggs neglected, Wife deserted  
With your cheeping, shrieking, peeping —  
Birds of feather winds should weather,  
Live together whither-whether.”

So this wise Obi Obi he make one delicious figger-4 trap & he fill it up with olives and other lunch. Pretty soonly that fooly Willy Sparrow make hop-down to food — and *snap!* Catch for him. Then very briefly after this Mrs. Willy Sparrow, who was hungry & peeved about non-support, *she* make hop-down to trap — and *snap!* Catch for her.

So wise Obi Obi he gather them two birds & he put them in goldy cage together with 2 childish eggs of which they was parents.

“Ha-ho!” he say musely (for he were a poet).  
“It are pleasant to think how I has united them  
quarrly fowels into love-companionship.”

So he hang that goldy cage in front of his  
Poetry-Shop & invite the entire World to come  
& see them Willy Birds enjoying happiness.  
And all the entire World come that very after-  
noon to observe this Peace Conference.

But alast! When Hon. World looked it seer  
Mrs. Willy Bird chewing off ear of her husband  
with talented claws. Rawcuss screams. Feathers.  
Applause from World which always enjoy fites.  
Pretty soonly that Happy Cupple retire to opp.  
corners of cage, do some glares & make following  
song with voice of tough eagles:

“Yarrow-yarrow! nasty Sparrow!  
Ruffled feathers, noises frightful!  
Always doing something spiteful.  
Chirping, cheeping, shrieking, peeping,  
Cacklin’, kickin’, peckin’, pickin’  
Like a silly stricken chicken!”

And when the entire World seen them antick  
they stopped their ears & say:

“Perhapsly Hon. Obi Obi *do* call this Doomes-  
tick Harmony; but it sound to us like the musick  
of hand-saws playing on rusty hinges.”

So they retire away. And next morning when  
Obi Obi go-see Hon. Cage, what he find there?

6 feathers & 2 claws which was still disputing with each other. All the rest of them Sparrow Family had disagreed till they were entirely minus. Except them infant eggs which was broke.

So Obi Obi write following epitaph & sell it to a second-hand book-store:

“Hilly-harrows, silly Sparrows!  
When a Poet tried to fix it  
You continued for to mix it  
Chirping, cheeping, shrieking, peeping —  
Little birds enjoying jawing  
Perish thus enjoying clawing.”

If Obi Obi, the wisest Japanese for 1,007 years, could not make 2 little Willy Sparrows happy by locking them together, how can Governments & Laws be more successful with people who are bigger & more foolish? Peace Makers is often proud because they brings Man & Wife together after quarrels. So sad to think! When Man & Wife have combattable tempers it do not take great talent to get them together; but as soon as they resume talking it often require entire State Militia to drag them apart.

Will law what bolish Divorces wipe out household unhappiness? I shall vote for it, if so-do. Maybe it will make drunken gentlemen sober & lazy gentlemen reliabilious employees for more salary. Perhapsly fooly ladies will begin

study of intelligence, flirtating will cease & all dull children will go ahead of class. Mischief will be neglected by old & young.

Maybe, if Divorces is forbid, girls what marries for money will find sentiment & girls what marry for sentiment will find money. Maybe tired husbands will aid sick wives in dish-wash; maybe plumbers will stay home nights; maybe soft answers will turn away flatirons. Maybe everybody will own a ottomobile.

& maybe they won't.

If Jo-Uncle Cannon would pass some nice law what would keep persons from *wanting* to get divorced this would be very good-healthy for all races, including Chinese, who are human in many respects. In England where Divorce are most difficult to obtain wife-beating are most deliciously common.

I ask something. Can U. S. Government put happy glow & family affection into a house where it ain't? When Hon. Love flies out of window can he be pinched by Police before escape?

I require no answer.

With immediate hopes,

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.

## XXXVIII

THE HON. MARY CHRISTMAS

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 12th.

*Your Highness Mr Editor which know everything,  
or know where to look for it.*

DEAR GENTLEMAN — I give you the Hon. Mary Christmas and hope you will finish it. Tell me to know, Mr. Sir, what is so important about this festival that Americans make such holly-day blow-up of it? "Christmas arrive but once annually," many persons explain, making handshake. Is this peculiar to Christmas? Do not all other dates arrive annually also? Then why such happen on Dec. 25 as do? I ask to enquire.

I answer it, thank you. The Hon. Christmas is a great give-away festival for all persons of white extraction. Negroes is permitted in this Christmas custom, because negroes is always present when something is being given away. But Japanese can not be Christmas persons, thank you. Why so is it? Because Japanese is all heathens, which is not eligible to Christmas present. If Japanese would obtain valuable presents on this date they

must become Christians. This is too much trouble to do. Is it not more better for Japanese Boy to become Christian for Christmas-time and heathen for all other purposes? Thank you, I will try.

All Japanese living as naybors to me enjoy belief in Buddha with exception to Arthur Kickahajama who is Methodist and W. Furo who believe in Hon. Roosevelt. Hon. Rev. J. W. Chillworthy, American missionary, desire to do something to us heathen, so he look everywhere and find what is necessary. He prepare large Xmas tree at Asiatic M. E. Church and go around to all Japanese Boys with tempting speeches. To me he approach to say,

"Hon. Togo, do you wish to expect valuable Christmas present to equal price of 25c?"

"Would this be cash-gifts or merchandise?" I report.

"Merchandise of considerable merit, because Christmas presents must be this," command that Chillworthy clergyman.

"I would accept such dry-goods," I commit.

"Very well. Then give me 25c money to collect, please."

"No thank you, Mr. Clergyman, not to do! If Japanese Boy give 25c to collect, what graft would this Christmas present be of value 25c?" This question from me.



"Togo, you are heathen, therefore blind. At Christmas you will receive get-back of 25c to pay for put-up of 25c which you now do. You will be generous to give this price, I will be generous to give it back. This will be Christmas Spirit and keep money in circulation."

So I deliver this quarter of dollar to Hon. Chillworthy as price. As reward he invite me to Christmas tree for persons of yellow extraction at church where I will please to be, thank you. All Japanese of S. F. has become Christians for this date because free ice-cream will be served.

Last Christmas date Japanese Schoolboy was very recently arrived to America. Therefore I did not know about Christmas. My cousin Nogi reply that this was annual good-will Peace Conference ceremony. Persons having bricks, bottles, shoot-guns, stick-knives and all other political convictions must conceal these under mattrass, thank you. Enemies must meet under kissletoe-vine for sweet-heart conversation. Therefore I remove all firearms, bricks, etc., from my clothing and go out to sidewalk where I watch how Christians enjoy this great festival.

I notice there large flocks of Christians bringing earth-peace feeling together by drinking considerable whisky. City is filled of sailors, plumbers, hack-drivers and other patriots making side-step

to each saloon where more earth-peace is poured in. Finally good-will become very energetic and front of saloon is carried away by excitement. Peace-on-earth continue to make more noisy riot by each minute until pretty soonly police-gentleman whistle for jailcart and all these Christians, broken in several places but making splendid noise with songs, is carried away to city lock-in.

Of course these is very wild Christians what make such behaviour. It is more comfortable to be tamer Christian and take Hon. Christmas home to wife & baby. Such persons get small timber-tree from mountain and plant it in parlour of home. (Some Christians have not got parlours, so they need not feel responsible for Xmas trees.) Branches of this tree is used to hang things on — glass, tin-ware, clothing, groceries, candles or anything else that is very cheap & convenient. Then alarm-clock is set to get-up family by lamp-light. When joy-bell go off all retire to parlour to watch Family Father set fire to Xmas tree by light of candle.

All Christians enjoy Christmas with exception of fire engine man who is too busy throwing water on the insurance.

It is very hard duty to explain to Japanese Infants about Santy Claus, that famous American saint which so closely resemble Marquis Ito in the

foliage of his whiskers. These children enjoy great mental struggles because of their heathen parentage. Little Annie Anazuma, 9-year-age daughter of I. Anazuma, Japanese barber, come to me to enquire like this:

“Uncle Togo,” she resume, “to what extent is this falsehood about that Hon. Santy Claus?”

“Little Annie,” I suggest, “I speak you honest truth, because you are one childish Japanese. I do not believe this Santy Claus is such person. Why? Because I suspect. Presents here, toys there, books, albums, jumping-up-jacks, photo supplies, sweet confectionary — all these scattered with such immediate delivery all at once and together — I suspect it can not be swallowed. Where would this Santy Claus person obtain so much moneys for give presents to all Christian children, including small negroes? Do Congress appropriate this price? Do Hon. Carnegie donate it? Is Hon. Santy Claus working for U. S. Government or some private corporation? I reply. If he was working for U. S. Government he would not get around so swift. If he was working for some Trust he would not give nothing to nobody. Therefore he is not.

“Japanese child, you are not insane to think. Forget this tell-tale of American mothology. It is too foolish to imagine this Mr. Claus dropping

chocolate-creams down each chimney-pipe by such wholesale."

"No, Uncle Togo," report this little Annie. "It is well known fact that Christians never give away presents in that sneak-dog manner."

I shall buy chew-gum for this little Annie Anazuma to eat for Hon. Christmas.

I am considerably sorrow for civilization when I make thoughts about this Santa Claus affair. Does not American missionary say to Japanese Boy, "Thou shalt not lie?" Why then is this lying-instruction given to American children? Hon. Geo. Washington was disgusted to tell a liar. Hon. Roosevelt enjoys faintness after entertaining such persons. He has frequently spoken to Congress about this habit which they enjoy. Why, then, does American gentleman donate presents to baby and lay all blame for the affair to Santa Claus. Is it not cowardly to get out of it in this way?

When American gentleman give Christmas present to wife he does not blame it to Santa Claus because those lady is too smart to believe such talk. Therefore he must confess that he done it himself.

In getting civilized all over herself must Japan do this Hon. Christmas also? I do not require this, because many Christmas customs is not best

good for all human races. Therefore Japan can get along more quicker without Hon. Christmas, which comes only once annually, but stays long time.

To what use is it, I will please inquire, to give Japan Baby jump-up-jack, toy shoot-gun, little squeak-dog? Would it not be more improving to his tiny brain-thoughts to present him with History-books, electrical apparatus, etc.? Is Mother Geese sing-song book of more knowledge to kindergarten intelligence as some happy treatise for Japanese children like "How to Build a Navy in 15 Lessons?" I enquire.

Also this. American young persons employ their Christmas holiday for make careless amusements like turkey-eat, merrying and flirtating. Would it not be more healthy for their souls if following program was served for Christmas?

8 A. M. — Get up for Sunday clothes.

8.30 A. M. — Light breakfast of rice & water.

9.00 A. M. — practise prize-fighting, football & other simple gymnastus.

9.30 A. M. — attend lecture on Art, Music & Shorthand.

10.30 A. M. — read together from works of John Greenleaf Whittier and relate 6 humoristick anecdotes of Hon. Mark Twain.

NOON—Vegetarian refreshments & light nap till



2 P. M. — Mass meeting of all nationalities to discuss Universal Peace.

5 P. M. — Tea ceremony at residence of some rich person.

7 P. M. — Dinner of fish, pickled turnips & other holiday foods.

8.30 P. M. — Attend performance of Ben Hur.

10.30 P. M. — Retire after sending out Mary Christmas cards to all friends.

This kind of Christmas enjoyment would make all Christians more healthy. For Christmas present they would give valuable advice and receive choice instruction as come-back. Foreign Americans which now make peace-on-earth by whisky-drinking would not do so. By eating Japanese food all would escape digestion which now makes so many angry groans in bed. Infants & babies would not be faked to by Santy Claus. Fire-engine man would hitch horse and attend lectures, because there would not be no Christmas trees to burn down the insurance. Professors would have fine time talking and all would be obliged to listen. This would be very cheap and natural for each human race.

Whenever I am talked to of giving something to merry Christmas people I tell following Japanese mothology:

In Kyoto, about 12007 B. C., there reside a



notorious Poet name of Washu who remain there tranquilly, enjoying blessings of great poverty, thank you. Governing this city there was a gentleman name of Hon. Mamayuki who was celebrated for stinginess and other virtues. On New Year day, time of Japanese Christmas-present, poet Washu send to Hon. Mamayuki following rhythm:

“Dear sir, heaven knows you are serene like the stars —  
 Therefore do you remember Poets now and then ?  
 Washu, the Poet, have sang songs for your benefit several  
 administrations,  
 He have handed out tributes to your handsome of face, good-  
 clothes,  
 Not forgetting praise of babies belonging to your several  
 Hon. wives;  
 Also Washu has been regardless about speaking of your  
 generosity.  
 Therefore, Commander of Heaven and Earth,  
 Is it not  
 About time  
 That you make trifling Christmas-reward to the celebrated  
 sing-songer Washu ?  
 I bow down, strike forehead and request reply by return mail.”

Hon. Mamayuki, soon as he receive this poetical rhythm, go to barnyard of Palace and there choose one camel-horse celebrated for hungry appetite. This brutal beast Hon. Mamayuki capture and send to Hon. Washu with following words:

“Little Gift to reward great Poet. Mary Christmas !”

Hon. Washu see this camel-horse and weep thoughtfully. Poets is not given credit for groceries in Japan — so how to feed this menagerie which was no use to Mr. Washu's profession? Yet it would not be safe for his neck to sell or give away present sent by Gov. of Kyoto. Even while weeping this poetical Japanese embrace that camel pet with one glad thought: Camel-horses is different from plain beasts, because they only needs to eat and drink once time each month!

"This is great economy for Japanese Poet," make Washu in brain-thoughts.

But when 1st day of next month come by them brutal animal begin complaining for lunch. Washu enjoy painful thought — but he is brave Samurai. So he lead this camel-pet to kitchen where greatest poverty ensues. "All which I have here you are welcome to and much obliged," he say to camel-pet. So he bring out 6 pounds rice, 72 pancakes, 14 packages tea, 2 bales straw, 9 yards matting from floor—all these delectatessance which camel-horse devour making lip-smack and other sounds of great thirst. Now at that time there was big drouth in Kyoto and water was very expensive, thank you. But this poetical Washu buy three barrel of water for that camel-horse at price of 2 yen per quart. But camel-pet continue making rusty sounds of voice to request more, please.

At last when this hon. brute begin to eat paper  
from walls Washu feed him shoes & straw hat and  
commit hari-kiri after delivering following invita-  
tion to Mamayuki, Gov. of Kyoto:

“Dear sir, when next you present Camel to one poor Japanese  
Please provide pension with which to pay board for this Zoo;  
For is it just to donate Palace to gentleman who cannot  
afford to pay for lawn-sprinkler ?

Is it generous to endow poverty-persons with ottomobiles  
when they have not got nothing to buy no gasolene with ?

Flour, potatoes, beefsteak,

Is enthusiastic Christmas-present for all literary Poets,

But since Camel came

I have felt White Elephant on fingers.

Therefore Washu the Poet

Goes dead.

If you look for his address,

Enquire of Ancestors,

For it is very cheap to live when you are dead.”

Thank you, Mr. Editor, I am going to be  
Christian on Dec. 25, so as to get back them 25c  
which Hon. Rev. Chillworthy has took. But  
I am going to eat like heathen, think like  
heathen, act like heathen, so that everything about  
me shall remain in good-healthy condition for 4th  
of July, when it is unnecessary to be a Christian,  
thank you. Hoping you get for Christmas present  
what is coming to you,

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.

## XXXIX

### THE ANNUAL NEW YEAR

SAN FRANCISCO, December 28th.

*To celebrated newspaper printers, New York City, etc.*

DEAREST SIRS — We are about to put away this 1908th year, thank you, because it is considerably used up. How many kind thoughts of neighbours, young ladies, labouring unions, sickness, food & drunk, poems of Hon. Mr. Byron, etc., come to this Japanese Schoolboy for sentimental intelligence to celebrate! O my, so soon this year have went! So short of time for 365 days, so full of everything what has happened to people! How can I speak for tears of voice? O happy date of Jan. 1st! Persons which are sorry for what they done on Christmas can now forget it by turning over and over: Give ring-off to old, give ring-on to new!

During this so happy annual that is past many National Events has happened to me. Brick-bat wound sent by labouring union has swole up, thank you, enjoying some agony; Miss Furioki which married cousin Nogi loves me so little; C. W.

Kurashuke, Japanese dentistry, operate on my toothache which I shall never pay for; Arthur Kickahajama, missionary boy, ruin the beauty of my derby hat by wearing it; I must suicide myself to hari-kiri on account of O-Fido who create expense & only wag about it; I have acquired a feetwet by searching for employment which brings me the result of great influenza and sneezing in hon. nose. All these blessings make Japanese Boy forgiving to turn over new leap-year.

I enjoy suspicious sensation, Mr. Editor. What make all-world persons so happy about New Year day arriving less? Because so. Persons say secretly in sinful brain-thoughts: "That last annual year were disappointing, thank you. It was good year when first made, but considerably decomposed by various gentlemen who was to blame. Hon. Roosevelt spoil this year with muddy feet-kicks, Hon. Rockefeller ruin it by robbery & prayer, Hon. Lawson make it sad with considerable foolish wisdom. This year may go chase itself, please, if convenient. By next New Year time we shall not enjoy so many curses. All world shall love itself and so on. Japanese shall join hands with Irish and population mix-up. Bankers, divorces, house-flies, and other grafts shall be prohibited by poisoning them. Therefore let us order another drunk."

"Of what value is this New Year time to Japanese persons?" I compel of cousin Nogi when I call to borrow 10 cents, price of Japanese cigarettes.

"For this," exaggerate Nogi, "because is."

"Tell me to know, please how?" I exhibit.

"Togo," cry Nogi, "New Year is for getting rid of sin. You have some expensive sin which you keep around — champagne, high-food, silk derby — New Year fine time to make swear-off of this."

"I am ridiculous to laugh," I commit, "what expensive sin I swear-off, please? I am enjoying too much poverty to be able not to get along without nothing which I have n't not got, have I?"

"One expensive sin you have got which you might resolution to get away from," magnify this Nogi, "you are educated to cigarette-smoking. Swear-off, please. Therefore I will not loaned you them 10c you ask for to have."

Since these conversation I have not called to Nogi or Miss Furioki which he married himself to. Nogi has got one jiu-jitsu comeing to him.

However yet, if I am sinful, I shall make some fine resolutions to give up many things which I have not got. But before doing so I shall be thankful to supply for you following review of National Events which has happened to this kingdom for year 1908th:



*Panama Canal* — This will be completed as soon as begun. No mosquitos.

*Politicks* — Hon. Roosevelt will not be doing so much longer. This kingdom have already chosen which Democratic president will not be elected.

*Warfare* — I do not know about this. America fleet is out hunting for it.

*Education* — Hon. Mark Twain is made laughing professor of Oxford, home for English school-boys. Humoristick anecdote of that great man was enjoyed by all and understood by some.

*Literature & Art* — Much is being done in this line, but very little accomplished.

*Socialism* — This talk is spoken in many languages and require much brain-thought. Some delightful speaker say:

“All men are equal.” “Equal to what?” is question from Japanese Boy.

*Business* — This is pretty hard to do just at presently.

*Athleticks* — A game of football was played between Yale & Harvard this year to celebrate the Battle of Waterloo. Both sides won except Yale, which did n't. This is fine exercise for young students which does not care for death by book-study.

*Real Estate* — Everywhere good corner lots can

be had for prices asked. Skyscape buildings is acting very valuable. Some empty lots still continues to remain in Canada and suburbs of Nebraska. J. Furo, Japanese hardware, who is dead, is renting second story of store to O. Jiijuwaki, Japanese undertaker.

Mr. Editor, because you are conductor of great newspaper I desire let you have some news which will surprise you. It happen in Japan 2016 years formerly. Following is it:

During that year I say about there reside in Hokadate, Japan, very sweet singer name of Obi Obi. In order to keep him in good voice for songs, which he could sang like nightinglory-bird, this man was oblige to take considerable rice brandy by each evening. Then he would sing pretty fine till stopped by friends and police. He continue this exercise for several years and never get tired out of it.

Come time to Happy New Years on the day before is. Obi Obi declare: "To-morrow will be January One on which all good Japanese are respected to reform theirselves. Therefore to-night must be the night."

So Obi Obi order to house large kag-barrel of rice whiskey, together with many friends to hear concert. After 2 qts of these was drunken up Obi Obi sing very fine from Japanese opera. Friends

applause for more and decry: "Too sorry this music-song must be stopped up to-morrow which is swear-off New Years!"

When midnight time arrive, Obi Obi, too tired to sing no more, so he fall to slumber under table and this he dream:

He dream that Angel of Dying drop to him out of sky and carry under wing one large literary Book.

"Obi Obi," she command, "these here Book is that Life which you been leading around this several years."

"My sakes!" commute this Obi Obi, "what disgusting literary job of writing is put down on them pages — such blots and woggly-letters with swear-and-tear places all over it! Who wrote them disgusting records of life, please Mr. Angel?"

"Obi Obi, sweet singer, it was *you* that done it all these years you have been singing and whiskey-drunking," devour that lovely Angel.

"Then I must have enjoyed great wickedness to have wrote my lifetime so badly," retort that great man.

"Yes, you have so," say Angel. "You are therefore to die and go to boiling-point on this New Year day — come, please."

"Thank you, Hon. Angel, one more chance for Obi Obi, be so kind!"

"Very well, once more chance," say spirited

Angel. "If you can wrote in these Book one page of neat-writing, Spencerian book-keep handwrite, no blotting-marks, then you may die and go Heaven."

"Thank you to do!" say Obi Obi, & took fountind pen & wrote once more page in Book of Life. But when done — O such bad disgust! That page was all blotty-marked with woggly ink-splatter letters and orthography.

"There!" say Angel, "you have wrote new leaf on New Year day, and see! It is worse job as formerly. Come, please, and die."

Obi Obi look at page and say this following philosophy:

"The reason why so I write it so bumly in Book of Life is not because of me, but because of bad pen and ink provided."

Then he wake up with head-split and throat-crack symbols of drunkenness. He make groaning sound and O Yucha San, wife of his, approach with that delicious ice-water.

"It is Happy New Year!" she relate, making smiles.

"Thank you for telling me so it is," say Obi Obi. Then he went dead.

And them dying words is to be saw on tomb which you may visit there to-day, price two sen admission.

Please to listen what I do with tipewriting last night:

*O JOYFUL NEWNESS OF YEAR*

O joyful newness of annual year!

Oh!

It is refreshing to watch the daisies sprouting all along the  
eternal cowpath of cities;

Is it not?

And yet I have never saw them do this;

But still they are to emblify hopeing-feel of New Year.

Shall I mail you coloured post-card,

O Love?

Telling about how Japanese Boy

Feel fresh?

On all gate-posts of American persons is hung emblems  
Of hope for future real-estate.

All Americans are coming home early of New Year morning,  
And some has forgotten to.

For New Year has came with legal holly-day

To put on derby hat,

To see friends and enjoy excitement of general custom.

I bow to Happy New Year, I reverence all them things about it,  
I rejoice, legally, I intoxicate, I syndicate my thoughts to all  
humanity-races —

And yet, to tell you honest true,

I do not care much for New Years time,

Because I do not.

Hoping you will be more wiser, if possible, next  
annual year and that all persons may be onto it,  
also, good-bye and some to friends,

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.









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